

Annals of Wyoming

Vol. 6

JULY-OCTOBER, 1929

No. 1 and 2

Grace Raymond Hebard
318 So. 10th Street

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STATE DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY
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CHAPTER 96

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian:

(a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.

(b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.

(c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.


(d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.

(e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.

(f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.

(g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.

(h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.



Picture taken on Brown's Canyon Road
Carbon Co. Wyo.

✓ Seminoe Mtn's.

Separation Lake

Dry Lake

Courtesy of Mr. Frank C. McCarthy.

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REMINISCENCES

Edward Ordway

(Continued from June number)

We were at our camp, but when we heard the cry of fire, ran over to help suppress the blaze. As the fire had made quite a good headway, it was some work to get the best of it, although there were ten of us to pack water from the creek that ran along about 30 feet in front.

The navvies finding some of the fluid left in their bottles did not bother us till we had the fire nearly out, and not then to any great extent. One came running up to McCurdy—who was a husky youth—swearing and flourishing an old knife. Mac, with a deft swing, draped an old army bucket full of water on his head and as far as he was concerned “subsequent proceedings interested him not,” for the space of an hour.

Long after we had the fire out and the place well soaked and out of danger of any further damage we left while the remaining four were busily engaged in trying to improve each other's none too prepossessing countenances. We had approached within about 50 feet of our camp when Quantrel, looking backward, called out, “Look at that son of a gun with the pitchfork.” One fellow was standing over the one who had been knocked out with the bucket of water and was making passes at him with the fork, but when he made a stab at him missed his mark and drove the fork into the ground so deep that it required some effort to pull it out, and when he did recover it, went over backwards and lost the fork in the creek. Then crawling upon his hands and knees removed the wreck of the bucket from the fellow's head and taking it in his lap began moaning and crooning over him. Perceiving that the war was over, we started to return to our camp and were within a few steps of it when the old house fell in with a crash like heaven and earth had come together. The antics of the drunken navvies had kept us from being buried in it.

We looked at the wreck and we looked at each other for the space of a minute, then Quantrel, who back in Mis-

souri had been a camp meeting victim, broke forth with the remark that the occasion demanded "O Death! By a breath we have escaped thy cold embraces but with a lot of our worldly goods have we endowed thee," and Mac and I said "Amen!"

By that time the boys from the store were over and as we had piled our goods in one front corner it did not require a great amount of labor to remove the logs and dirt sufficiently to recover them. Not much damage done except a sack of flour that was mashed and mixed with the dirt, and that same had cost fifteen dollars that morning. But we did not mind that nor other small losses. We were too well pleased that our friends would not have to nail a board to the old wreck whereon would be inscribed "Many have died and were buried because they did not know that the gun was loaded, but here lie planted three young men who did not know that the roof was overloaded." In those happy-go-lucky days, all one asked for was to be on top of Old Mother Earth. Granted that favor, we all felt that we could do all else that was needed.

Drunkenness, no doubt, has slain its thousands, but in this case the beastly state of intoxication that the other fellows were in saved the lives of three sober lads to whom life at that time was worth living. Two or three hours later one of the navvies came over to the store for a drink and they informed him that he had better get his companions on their feet and take the road for their camp. But a man had come down from the stage station and had left his horse standing reined up near the doors, and the navvie, I suppose, thinking that riding was better than walking, unloosed the rein and painfully climbed into the saddle. The horse, making a bee line for home, was in the middle of the creek when a shot from the owner's gun took the rider's hat and a lock of hair from his head. Luckily as the ground was very hard, he fell in the water. Men with a team coming back from Carmichael's camp, caught and brought back the runaway horse, and we all helped to load the delinquents who departed without one fond farewell look or wave of the hand, leaving us with the dull quietude that follows the "End of a Perfect Day."

Next morning the sun came up clear and bright from behind Laramie Peak, a hundred miles away to the eastward, ushering in a glorious spring morning, the likeness of which one never beholds in this part of California where winter glides into spring unmarked and unnoticed. For the space of four or five days we had nothing to do but enjoy the fine weather and kill some game and, as antelope were

plentiful, that required but little effort. About a week after the railroad graders' celebration South of the Bay of Monterey, the superintendent of the stage company came down the line and offered us a job of repairing bridges, the one on the Medicine Bow river requiring ten or twelve days work. We had a chance to hear the stock tenders tell about the Indian troubles, and especially what had happened at that station since the line had been established on that route. The stage company only had one building, a long log stable arranged in the usual way, stalls on each side for horses and spaces for hay and grain with an alley running from front to back through the middle and a large room partitioned off in the southwest corner for the stock tenders to live in, with a trap door in the floor leading into a tunnel which ran under the road into a small fort opposite the alley way through the stable. There was a lot of timber and brush on both sides of the river which made it easy for the Indians to watch an opportunity to slip in to the back end of the stable and get away with horses. And not a summer passed without one or more attempts to enrich themselves by what a white man would consider desperate chances.

The last attack was made in the summer before we were there, and, as they told it, happened at noon while the men were eating their dinner. They heard a disturbance among the horses and one man opened the door and catching sight of an Indian drew his head back just in time to miss a good chance to stop an arrow that the Indian had ready for whoever might step out. The boys lost no time in barring the door and getting into the fort. The first shot was from a shotgun that took off one Indian's arm and slightly wounded two more. It appeared that they were not wise about the fort. The Indian who made the noise that queered the game had jumped in alongside of a broncho that was, as the Spanish speak it, "Muy bravo" and resenting the intrusion upon his privacy by a heathen savage who smelled strongly of kini kinic and willow snake, pulled back, breaking his halter and immediately taking to the woods.

The others had better luck in the stalls but lost out when they came in range of the guns that raked the alley. Only one got away with a horse.

Early in May an enthusiastic crowd assembled on the south side of the North Platte River at the place where the railroad would cross and laid out a town of magnificent proportions. Most of them had some money and all were millionaires in expectations, firm in the belief that they could build a city that would make Denver and Cheyenne,

if merged into one, look like two bits in the Bank of England. One optimistical sport had staked a young Canadian whose name was Bob Weyms when sober, but on other and happier occasions it was "The Son of an Irish Lord". Bob came down and after depositing his money with Foot & Wilson, gave us a contract to make the logs to build a dance hall. A new arrival from Colorado, T. H. Hopkins, joining us, we got out the logs in good time and got paid for our work as soon as the job was done, and it was well that we did, as Bob's backer had neglected in his estimate to allow for the extra expense of supporting a title in a free and easy country and the project failed. But it did not matter much, for as soon as the river went down low enough to be safely forded the town moved across to a point two miles on the other side, and then when the railroad came, moved again to what is now Rawlins.

Shortly after we finished the logs Hanse & Hall arrived with an outfit to fill a big contract cutting for square timber, ties and wood, all to be delivered at a railroad station to be located seven or eight miles away—now named "Percy".

They were followed by others with bull trains, mule trains, and horse teams, and more than a thousand men working in the timber.

Then came all the usual accompanying amusements, so that no one need go away from Old Halleck to hear the sounds of revelry by night nor the groans and howls of repentance the morning after. Yet everything went on apace with only one disaster to be recorded. That happened in the early fall. One of Hanse & Hall's trains of seven teams was captured by the Indians as it was returning from Percy. Men were all killed and stock driven away, the invaders escaping without a scratch. Only one man in the outfit had a gun and he had fired that at something in the lake opposite the Butte where it happened, but a few seconds before the attack, as one man reported it who had climbed up among the rocks on the Butte and was yet alive when found.

I was not at the camp when it happened. Hopkins and I had left some time before on a prospecting and trapping expedition up the river, and southward into Colorado. We found plenty of all kinds of game, excepting buffalo. Got all the beaver skins that we could pack but found no mineral prospect worth returning for.

Saw plenty of signs of Utes moving southwest out of the high altitudes toward their winter camps. Tie cutters had worked as high up as Big Creek on all the tributaries

of the river, but we did not see a white man till we hit the Overland road on the return march during all the five months that we were away.

When we left Halleck we did not intend to go beyond the North Park, and did not take a sufficient amount of white man's grub, but as winter was late coming on we could not resist the desire to cross the Divide and therefore our bill of fare for about two months was meat straight, and that while varied and of the best quality, eventually became dismally monotonous. After the old year had passed out or as we supposed, for we had, early in the game lost track of the passing days, a deep snow fell in the high mountains, and on the last divide that we had to cross to get back into the North Park, the side we had to go up on was comparatively easy but to get down was rather difficult. From the top down the first hundred feet was very steep and the narrow gorge packed full of snow and crusted over but not hard enough to bear up a horse. A man could climb up and down it but our horses would have been buried in it. Hopkins had been with a prospecting party that had spent the season of '60 and '61 in the Raton Mountains in New Mexico and had learned all the tricks in the trade or we would have had to hunt some other trail. We slid our packs and saddles down to the bench below, which was easy, and luckily our ponies were small for we had to get them, one at a time, as near the edge as possible, throw and tie their legs together, roll them off and let them down with our ropes. All easy except the rolling off part which was more than good exercise for two men. From the bench down to the valley the mountain sides were not precipitous. We could keep out of the deep snow. Four days later we camped on the Grand Encampment river which was our last stopping place of any length of time.

There a snow storm kept us idle for ten days and compelled us to submit to a bill of fare of beaver meat straight, and then to a lot of exercise to find our horses, but got plenty of antelope on the same hunt.

Leaving that place, stopped two days on Jack's Creek and leaving there were lucky enough to find a place where the river was frozen solid all the way across, and thinking that Cherokee Pass might be hard to get through we struck out as straight as possible for the Overland trail at the crossing of Pass Creek.

A mule train going east was camped there, without loads except hay and grain for the stock. We were rather a hard looking pair as far as personal appearance went, but they made us welcome. They had been out of luck for sev-

eral days and had not killed anything excepting jackrabbits and, as we had two fat antelope and a saddle of deer on our packs they proposed that we wait till they could cook some of it. They were just beginning their supper when we arrived, but we said cook all you wish for yourselves but bread and bacon looks and smelled too good for us. I have since dined at many expensive resorts noted for administering abnormal kicks to blase palates but have never since enjoyed a meal as I did that mule skinner's dinner of hot bread, bacon and coffee.

As a relish there is nothing that equals a keen appetite along with the mercury hovering around the zero mark. The next day, first of February, '69, we got back to our old camp near Halleck. There were but few people left there, the crowd had moved on towards the west. Foot & Wilson and the Coad Bros. were mainly the only outfits left to finish up the work.

After disposing of our furs there remained a month of idleness. Hopkins concluding to keep on trapping and prospecting, I went into partnership with Wm. Ashby and getting together bull teams we joined with another outfit of eight or nine trains and put in the spring and early summer hauling wood to Percy Station on the U. P. R. R. Then till the snows of winter compelled us to quit we hauled saw logs from the mountain to Fort Steele which was being built into a permanent camp.

The next season there was plenty of work delivering timbers for the coal mines at Carbon and hauling hay from near where now is located the town of Saratoga, to Fort Steele. With no profitable work in sight for the next season we moved east to the vicinity of Cheyenne and camped for the winter on South Crow Creek near the foot of the hills about a mile below where Joe Vinine had a camp and about a hundred head of cattle that he had brought from New Mexico.

A mile or more above Joe's place a man by the name of Bond had a potato ranch. To the north on Horse Creek on the old Fort Bent and Fort Laramie trail two families were living, Davis and McMahon. As I remember it that was all there were then living between the Cheyenne and Fort Laramie stage road and the Laramie Plains.

Where we camped there was left standing the walls and chimney of quite a large sod building that had been used as a store by some one who catered to the needs of the lumber and wood haulers while Cheyenne and Fort Russell were building. We repaired and made it into a home camp and some time during the winter Darias A. Thorp filed on

a claim of 160 acres which was, I believe, among the first land entries in that vicinity.

After the spring opened I sold my interest in the bull train to Ashby and remained at the camp holding and delivering beef cattle for Durbin Bros. who had the contracts for supplying a group of five forts. Forts Fetterman, Laramie, Steele, Sanders were sublet, but Russell was to be filled from their own cattle on the range. It was an easy job through the summer and early fall as there were but few cattle on the range. Carey Bros.' first venture in the business was with about 500 head that they located two miles below my camp, where the North and Middle Crows unite.

Some time during the fore part of October, the Durbin Bros. bought from M. V. Boughton 400 head of the finest beef steers that were ever brought from Texas. We received them on Horse Creek 20 miles above the Circle Block camp where Edward Creighton of Omaha had put in 3500 cattle the year before. There was a heavy crop of grass that year, but unfortunately all the country between the Horse and Bear Creeks had been burned over, and winter setting in early with a blizzard that swept the bulk of the cattle off toward the south. That winter was the hardest that I ever experienced anywhere in the Rocky Mountain country. I had to hunt cattle all over the South Platte country and put them in the slaughter house corral at Cheyenne. Soldiers must have beef. They could not eat excuses about bad weather, and men were scarce that were of any use in the saddle. Even in good weather, one trip was more than enough when they had to kick the snow off their beds and climb into a frozen saddle that curled up like cottonwood shingles and rattled like a sack of clam shells while one was shaking the snow from it and then sing "Hail Columbia Happy Land" around a bunch of rollicky beeves while the mercury was sinking down through the twenties below. It would not have been a pleasant task for an Eskimo.

On the 22nd of January we were coming up with a drive. I had 125 head of beeves and A. H. Reel who had joined in on that trip had about the same number of beef and stock cattle. When within six or seven miles of the corral a blizzard struck us, so terrific and thick with snow that the cattle appeared like a dark mass as they drifted past. Had we tried to face the storm the result would have been providing a feast for the coyotes after our remains had thawed out. So we turned our backs to the wind as the cattle did and drifted along before it and a streak of good luck came to us some time in the night, the wind

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changed and we found a trail of a wagon. After the storm had subsided enough to allow the moon to give a little light, wisely concluding that the wagon tracks would lead into the bluffs, we took the storm on our starboard beam, as the sailors say, and finally got down into a canon that led to what was then called Geary's Point in Chalk Bluffs, just where we had camped the night before. There we got in the willows, made a fire and warmed ourselves for near an hour. Then skirted along under the shelter of the bluffs to Ilif's Chalk Bluff camp just as our watches told the hour of four o'clock in the morning. There we got our tired horses in the stable and ourselves in front of a roaring fire and partook of a supper and breakfast merged into one very square meal.

Then there was a little time for rest till the sun came up bright and clear, but shining down on a frozen thermometer. Our cook, Old Cherokee Bob, a derelict "From the days of old, The days of Gold, The days of Forty-nine", who had survived all manner of disasters from Missouri to California and had drifted back to the plains he had crossed many years before, having implicit faith in the theory of "What is to be, will be, regardless of any assistance or interference of human effort", was the only man we could find who was willing to risk life and limb, driving a team and cooking, down in that part of the country that had been described by a poetical tenderfoot who had been with me on a previous trip as "a blizzard swept valley of endless expanse that an All Wise God had forgotten, and cunning Old Satan feared to claim". But that stuff did not alarm old fatalistic Bob, who served us faithfully and cheerfully even in a bleak camping place where there was no wood for a fire and small brush and buffalo chips were scarce. But on the last day when leaving the noon camp he lingered for an hour swapping yarns with an old trapper which caused him to be three miles behind when the storm hit us. Had he been close behind the cattle he could have followed and would have come off equally as well as we did. But what might have been is always something that never happened.

Leaving our men at the Ilif camp Mr. Reel and I struck out to hunt him. Following the road up to a point about a mile from where it leaves the canon we found where he had stopped and turned the wagon with the tail end to the wind, unhitching from the wagon and tied the horses to it, or so it appeared. But as he told it, had hooked up as soon as daylight came and started for town. The snow that had fallen had been driven into the low places or had lodged behind tufts of grass and had frozen to the ground. His

trail followed the road for nearly a half mile and then turned toward the south and winding around in many different directions, but we followed it till late in the afternoon when we concluded if the driver would let the team have its own way it would go home as straight as the lay of the land would admit. We let our horses out for the same place and got there a short time before dark.

Our friends had given us up for dead as the storm had been so terrific that men had frozen their ears or noses going to their homes in town. It did not seem possible that any one could go through a night of it without shelter and live. The team left to guide itself came into Ilif's slaughter house camp in less than an hour after we passed and the boys thawed old Bob out and brought him up the next morning just as we were ready to start out again to hunt for him. He had frozen his hands and feet badly. As he told it he had opened two beds and the wind had blown them away before he succeeded in covering himself up and did not freeze any part of himself till hitching up the team about the time daylight began to appear and trying to drive with his frozen hands was the cause of his wandering course all that day, till he could no longer hold the lines then the wise old team brought him in, arriving at the Creek crossing about an hour after we passed. The boys at the slaughter house took him in, thawed him out by the most approved method and brought him up to town next morning. The doctor fixed him up by taking off some fingers, a thumb and some toes. A month later I paid him a visit at his favorite haunt and found him comfortably sitting before a big stove with a glass of unnecessary tongue relaxative in his hand, with the usual audience of eager listeners taking in his tales of adventure by fire and flood. Also his last one by frost.

The Commandant of Fort Russell, knowing that we must have been somewhere near, bringing in the cattle, came down early and was agreeably surprised to find us in town and alive, and congratulated us on escaping the fate he felt sure had befallen us and then paid us a compliment that we felt sure we had earned, to the effect that if he had one regiment of soldiers lucky enough and tough enough to come through that storm without a scratch he would be able to keep all of Uncle Sam's Indians on their reservations without any other assistance.

The big storm over, the weather continued rather cold and disagreeable through the following month, but March was favorable and we made the best of it. The rain storms during April and May were unusually severe but we kept

on gathering in the beef cattle till the contract ended on the first of July.

Shortly after that date Durbin Bros. located a permanent camp on Horse Creek, 20 miles above the Creighton Home Camp, and 30 miles north of Cheyenne, and bought from Snyder Bros. of Round Rock, Texas, 1500 cattle, the Snyders locating the remainder of that year's drive on Bear Creek, 12 miles north of the Durbin Camp.

If memory serves me rightly, that was all of the cattle that were driven from Texas that year that stoped in Wyoming. But many thousands went on through into the territory beyond, and a large part of the same going on into California the next year.

The great influx that eventually filled all of that vast country between Central Nebraska and California, north to the British line, did not begin till 1874. The winter of '72 and '73 was very mild, and lucky it was for us as we had winter work to do.

The Indian contractors were short of cattle. A hungry hord of Sitting Bull's young bucks had come down upon Red Cloud's reservation for their winter's grub. Like a thousand devils let loose from an old fashioned hell they were. In quantity and quality of "Shonta no Washita"—"Hearts bad"—they made Red Cloud's young braves appear as gentle mannered as the inmates of a young ladies' boarding school, having as they did in their scheming heads the idea of inciting the Reservation Indians to join in the war they were planning to make.

Soon after the New Year came in, Snyders and Durbins sold to the Indian contractors all of their cattle that could be gathered.

In less than two weeks the bulk of two herds were rounded up and turned over to the contractors' men who received the cattle on the range, leaving us with the most difficult part to perform, that of gathering the scattering bunches that had strayed off the main range and delivering the same at the Agency in small drives. The first drove that I took over was rather a wild lot of about 150 head with which we reached the camping place near five miles from the Agency. Leaving our camp outfit and extra horses in charge of one man and the cook, we were at the crossing of the river early in the forenoon. Henry Bosler, who was a member of the Indian contracting firm, was there with four men to meet us. There was ice on both sides of the river with a wide stream of open water between. The ice that was glare had been sanded, making it an easy job of crossing with a good chance for Mr. Bosler to get a count

as they went up the opposite side which was the necessary thing to do, for, as he explained it, the cattle they had brought in for the last issue had been stampeded by the Sitting Bull Indians, scattered and shot down anywhere and any way they pleased.

He had advised, before crossing the river, not to have the handle of a six gun in sight as an Indian would surely grab it and that would start trouble and in that case as one of his men explained, "a gun would be of as much use as a drop o' water in that thar Chicago fire."

We crossed the river and the count was made without a hitch, then we all drew in a long breath just as one would if he was about to drive into an ice cold river, and rushed the cattle on toward the corral, doing our level best to get there before the wild devils came to help us, but that scheme was a dismal failure. We were 200 yards from the gates when not much less than a thousand of the whooping fiends, like the "wolf on the fold" came down upon us, completely surrounding the herd, and had it not been running on a stampede, not a hoof would ever get inside of the pens, but as it was the Indians had to open ranks and let it pass through, but before we could get the last ones in they had killed several and many went through the gap with arrows sticking in them. The gates closed, our work was done and we were very glad of it for nearly all of the Indians belonged to the Minne Cozier (Minneconjou) tribe of Sitting Bull's band, and shooting into the cattle it was just good luck on our part that we did not stop some of the arrows.

We only made one more delivery there, which was not so bad, as it was late in April and most of the Northern Indians had gone away, and Red Cloud and some of his sub-chiefs came to our assistance and among the number American Horse, Slow Bull and others whose names I have forgotten, but all of the same calibre whom the young bucks knew were bad medicine to run up against, if orders were disobeyed.

Sitting Bull might have been a "loco" as many thought, but keeping a lot of his people continually mingling with the reservation Indians for the purpose of drawing them into an outbreak seemed to be the scheme of a wise leader rather than that of a lunatic, and he came very near getting things coming his way the summer of '74, or it might have been '75, when his Indians put their horses off the reservation across the river to graze which induced some of Red Cloud's young men to put theirs over with them, although there was a world of feed on their own side. Disregarding

the Agent's orders to keep their stock at home, brought an order from headquarters to the commandant of Fort Laramie to round up and drive to the Fort all Indian stock found off the reservation. Consequently two troops of cavalry, numbering probably 75 men, were sent down to execute the order, but they had no more than rounded up the ponies till not less than two thousand Indians had surrounded the soldiers and with arrows drawn to the heads, dared them to resist. A massacre was imminent! And it required all the force of authority the chiefs possessed to prevent it.

After much haranguing the Indians withdrew their stock back on their side, the soldiers returning to the fort. Their report of the affair caused the order to be rescinded. The Indians kept on their side except occasionally a few straggling parties of the Minneconjous that did some stealing, but I only remember of but one man being killed—one of the Coad Bros.' men, Charles Manchester—some time during the winter of '75, happening in Nebraska just over the Wyoming line.

Later on came reports of gold findings in the Dakota hills that started prospectors rushing in, and troops were ordered to turn them back, but of no avail. In a few months the country was full of all breeds of human beings and more on the way which was all the incentive needed to start the war that lasted till Sitting Bull and his tribe retreated across the border and their Cheyenne and Arapahoe contingent were rounded up and disposed of.

That so few of the Sioux joined the hostiles was due to the influence the old chiefs had over them. They had been convinced that war against the whites could only end in disaster, had made the best terms that were possible and intended to abide by them.

Their manner of government was always "straight goods" devoid of the schismatic quibbles that clog the white man's administration of the civilized forms of justice. After Sitting Bull's retreat Gen. Mackenzie was ordered to Red Cloud's Agency, then located on White River in Nebraska, and to investigate charges against some of that tribe's young braves that had gone on the war path. It was proven that a young buck belonging to American Horse's band had taken part in the killing of the Metz party in Red Canyon. The old chief ordered his men to bring him in but they reported that the accused was serenely sitting in his tepee with his gun across his lap, refusing to obey the order. Then the old chief went to this tepee and called for him to come out but got no reply. Two of his braves had stationed themselves, one on each side of the doorway, and at a signal,

pulled aside the flaps, then like a cat springing on a rat the old chief went in and blew off the top of the rebel's head. The two braves that opened the tepee carried the remains to the General, who grimly gave American Horse an approving nod, reached out his hand and spoke just one word, "Shake!" The performing of that ceremony not only clinched a friendship between the red and white chiefs, but determined the whole Sioux Nation to abide by the treaty through all hazards and, as the Indians speak it, "as long as grass grows and water runs."

In September, '76, I went from Cheyenne to the mining camps in the Black Hills of Dakota. At that time Gilmer, Saulsburg & Co. had their stages running in regular order only as far as Fort Laramie. Beyond that point, it was get there the best way you can some time in the future. One member of the company whom all of the old wild west knew by the sobriquet of "Stuttering Brown" was out with a gang of men establishing stations. Although his speech was slow his gun was swift and sure, and he had for many years escaped the missiles of his enemies, but as all careers however useful must end, so it came his time to pass out. And it happened one night as he and some of his men came down to what was called Indian Creek, a single shot came from out of the darkness that ended his long turbulent life. Investigation never solved the mystery of where the shot came from. But the work goes on. All the same in business as in war. One man falls—another steps in and takes his place.

At Fort Laramie, I put my bed on a freighter wagon and traveled with it as far as Red Canyon. It was a small outfit of ten teams, horses and mules. The Post Commander had been holding it there for several days as he considered it of insufficient force, but after a day or two nine more men, all well armed and mounted, joined. Permission was given to proceed. I remember very well one of the men who looked to be about 60 years of age standing in front of the trader's store. He was saying to another man who stood near that 25 years ago he had stood in that same place waiting to go west to hunt for gold, and that he was still hunting the same stuff and had come to believe that it would be from off this same job that Old Father Time would call him when the end came, which seemed to be all the reward that 99 out of 100 prospectors got outside of the pleasure they have in hunting.

Nothing was exciting on the first two days drive except the usual annoyances of something going wrong with the teams or wagons. But after passing Rawhide Buttes,

I caught the flash of a mirror and I spoke to Ransdel about it. He had been a captain in Wade Hampton's Black Horse Cavalry, a bright brave man, who had done good service on his side of the Civil War, but without experience in Indian troubles, and I explained to him that there were Indian scouts keeping cases on us, and the flash I had caught was a signal from one scout to others probably a long distance away, and possibly meant an attack some time not far distant. Or it might be some friendly ones out on a hunt, but that we had better keep the teams coming along in close order. That it was an old and true saying that one was never safe in an Indian country except when the enemy was in sight, which caused him to remark that that seemed to be a paradox but that there is often much truth in what appears at first glance to be a contradictory statement.

But all went on smoothly till we went into camp on Running Water for noon and had our stock out to graze near a half hour when two men who were on top of the high butte that stands by the creek discovered a party of what proved to be a small pack train that was coming from the north, and two of Gen. Crook's scouts that had passed us just as we were coming into camp who were on their way from Fort Laramie to Crook's camp at Custer City. One of the scouts was a soldier, the other a Sioux Indian, Good Hand by name. The Indian's name did not fairly describe him as he had an equally good head. They reported that there was quite a force of Indians passing toward the west and lost no time in climbing the butte, and I went up with them. It was a very clear day and from the top we could look over a large scope of country. The soldier with his field glass and the Indian's naked eye made out dust from passing bands that they judged to be eight or nine miles distant, but only one band of ten or perhaps twelve showed up for an instant in plain sight.

Leaving two men on top to keep watch, the soldier and I went down and advised the wagon boss that it would be better to pull out onto a ridge where if attacked we would have a better chance for defence. The pack outfit concluded that as they were not loaded, and the country to the south appeared to be clear, to take a chance and hit the trail for Fort Laramie, that being the place they were bound for. As the teams had to double to get up on the plain we had some time to scout up and down the creek for a short distance and get to the top of the first ridge and back to the road, and had a little time to wait for the train to come up and pass the men we had left on the butte. They said the band we had sighted had not appeared again. That seemed

to be good news to all but the two scouts and myself, and we held a short conference and when the soldier proposed that we move on up toward the foot of the ridge, the top of which we wished to gain, no one objected, and when we reached the right place the soldier gave the word to halt and stay right there till they got the signal to come on, then the two scouts and I rode down the draw for about 200 yards and then throwing ourselves on the opposite side of our horses, as they speak it now, went over the top and found just what we expected, a nice receiving party of twenty bucks ready to give us our passports over into the Great Beyond had we all marched straight up the hill.

But when they saw us come up on their flank they vanished like a puff of smoke in the wind and we saw no more of them only their dust as they went on to join the main war party. Neither did we see anything more of the whole bunch except the trail they left. Nevertheless we scouted every ridge till we found a camping place for the night. Good Hand, reading signs that no one but an Indian could have interpreted, told us they were Cheyennes going south after something big. That was the reason we got off so easy. That he was right was proven by what happened later when the country was raided from below Fort Fetterman down to within twenty miles of Fort Russell and 200 horses were driven off. The scouts left us after dark that night.

Four or five years later I saw Good Hand at Pine Ridge Agency, the war was over and he had discarded his glorious war togs for the plainer habiliments of peace. He was dressed as nearly like a white man as was possible for an Indian to get himself up. He was hauling freight from the Rosebud Landing and had a good team and could handle the lines and throw the buckskin "into 'em," if not with equal grace of an old stage driver, he got there just the same.

Mr. Cowgill, who was one of the Indian traders, told me that he had charged up on his books that year to Indians over \$10,000 and that when they drew their annuities they paid up to the last cent. Good Hand had a book and kept an account of all that he bought in a way that I do not think any illiterate white man would ever have thought of. He made a picture of the article that he bought and hung it up to a line drawn across a page of his book and under the same put down the price by drawing a large circle for one silver dollar, one half the size for a half dollar, another half the size of that for a quarter and then a small one for ten cents, which was the smallest coin they had.

We passed on without any other disturbance from Indians. About half way up Red Canyon the first of Gilmer & Saulburg's coaches on a regular run passed us. We had camped and were about to turn in for a night's sleep and all did except John Higgins and myself who saddled up and went on with the stage, as it had but a few changes of horses it was an easy matter to keep in the lead of it, arriving at Custer City soon after daylight.

A part of Gen. Crook's army was camped there. There were a lot of people there, many that I knew. I stayed there two days and then rode on to Deadwood, 75 miles, following a proposed new road that the stage company had laid out on as straight a course as it was possible to build it, but at that time after the first 20 miles I had only a blazed trail to follow through the timber and the hoof prints left by the two men and their pack horse across the open spaces. When within three miles of the end of my day's ride, I passed a camp of prospectors, six or seven men standing around a camp fire. The rain had been falling steadily since eleven o'clock and although they were all rich in expectations they did not present a very happy appearance and I, being as thoroughly water soaked as the wettest one in the bunch, was not putting on a very pleasant front. I knew one of the men—an ex-government mule skinner. He, after greeting me kindly, but shiveringly, said that he owned an eighth interest in one of the best prospects in the hills and would trade it to me for the horse and saddle that I was riding. But I could not see it and went on. He stayed with his claim till he realized a nice little sum of \$35,000 for it. And the horse I was riding died many years ago.

I remained in the hills a month trying to find some prospectors that Billy Moore and I had staked, but without success. Returned to Cheyenne, making the ride from Custer City to Fort Laramie in three nights, 170 miles. At the Fort I was informed of the luck the raiding parties had had. The losses to the cow outfits were variously estimated all the way from 100 to 300 saddle and stock horses, but what the loss did really amount to I have forgotten, but I remember there was a great demand for saddle horses the next spring.

That winter there were many stories told of the adventures the boys had on the range. Some were wounded but I do not now remember of any loss of life. About the hardest scrap was had by Dan McUlvan and young Dave Mack Farland. Dave was only a young lad not long over from Scotland. Dan was armed with a Winchester that was always loaded and Dave's needle gun reached a long

way and by a judicious use of both, a lot of good luck and plenty of old fashioned nerve, they managed to get through alive. The Indians jumped them in what we called the Dead Head Hills, shot both of their horses from under them and at the same time wounding both men. Fortunately they were close to the edge of the last gulch, and they lost no time in getting into it where Dan's Winchester held the enemy back until Dave gained the top next the plain and began sending an ounce of lead at every head that showed up on the opposite side, covering Dan's retreat to join him. Then all the way across the open country till near the breaks of the Chugwater, they stood the Indians off with their superior weapons, although the Indians had three very fair guns. But when near the breaks they all left them and gathered in all the loose horse stock that could be found.

The result of the raid in the country between Fort Laramie and Fetterman did not afford much gain for the raiders. Johnson and Walker, Clint, Graham, Douglas Willan and Long Bailey being warned by the fight they had on the north side of the river, kept their horses close in till the Indians had passed on.

They were all over on the north side for the purpose of throwing back any cattle that might have strayed across, and were near enough to the river to make a safe run for it when they discovered the Indians. But the only patch of brush they found was rather limited in area and too low for a good place of defense and was not a comfortable place to spend a quiet afternoon with nothing to do but keep watch that their cunning enemies did not crawl in on them, and they knew that they were too wise to make the attempt.

I knew all of the men very well and although they were not the kind to borrow trouble under any circumstances, as Walker said in relating the affair, a good shade tree would have helped out wonderfully, but the only tree in sight was near one hundred yards outside of the willows. Willan, who was a young English lad not long over from the old country and who was about the build and size of a young bull, complained that the others had the best of it as he was about as good a target lying down as standing. The boys used to call him the portable snubbing post, for while working in the corral on foot if any one got his rope on an animal that he could not hold he would pass it along to Doug, that being the same as tying it to a tree.

Graham and Bailey had been old time cow men in Colorado way back in the sixties, both middle aged men, the former always cool and perfectly composed in any situation, the latter, though he did not know what fear looked

like, was of rather an uneasy disposition. If memory serves me rightly he was a brother of the Bailey who was the founder and for many years publisher of the Denver Rocky Mountain News, but I would not be sure of it for in those days it was the man that counted regardless of his "cousins and his aunts." And Bailey was one of that kind. I knew Johnson and Bob Walker were partners, born in Texas, beginning life driving up the trail for Shadley Bros. of Kansas City. A happy-go-lucky pair, quick shots and always ready for any emergency—genuine samples of the men in their occupation of that day.

Soon after the middle of the afternoon, apparently with no one either winning or losing, the game began to be monotonous, especially to a man of Bailey's temperament, and he got on his feet and stooping as low as possible began to try to see what the Indians were doing, but about that time one brave had crawled up behind the tree, climbed it, and with his bow arm around it and an arrow fixed ready, Bailey was the first object that hove in sight, but he being in the far end of the brush patch from the tree it was rather a long shot for a bow and not making the correct allowance for the force of the wind, the arrow only cut his target across the "tummy," making a long red mark that burned like a red hot iron, and as he was already stooped over at a right angle posture, the effect was to shut him up like a jack knife, and then straightening out his six foot seven inches of length on the ground, where by rolling around for a few moments he threatened to spoil a goodly portion of their shelter. Johnson catching the flash of the arrow got the direction from whence it came and broke the Indian's arm with a bullet, that breaking his hold on the tree, let him fall to the ground which stopped any further attack from that or any other quarter.

When night came they crossed the river and went back to camp unmolested.

I believe that it was the same party of Indians that surrounded Frank Preager's camp on the Cottonwood two days later. Frank came to Colorado with his parents during the '59 rush. They were German Swiss, and located on the Big Thompson. In the summer of '72 Frank came to Wyoming bringing 150 head of cattle, all improved stock, camping on Boughten Slough about 7 miles below where Durbin Bros. were then located. Frank was a man that every one liked so well that they easily forgave him for bringing in a grade of cattle that were too slow to keep up with the procession. He was an odd genius in many ways. He had 15 head or perhaps more of horse stock and when he went

to town with his team, the whole bunch would follow. In the outfit was a fine race animal, a near thoroughbred that a young lieutenant had brought from Fort Garland, New Mexico. It was as nearly a perfect saddle animal as any man could wish for. A sporting man would have christened her some glorified name, but to Frank she was just Old Suzie—a dear friend that money could not buy. The summer of '75 he moved up on the Cottonwood and had, by the fall of '75, completed house, stable, corrals and other necessary appurtenances, including a big stock of hay, and was congratulating himself on being well fixed for the coming winter, when the Cheyennes came down on him, surrounding his camp completely on three sides.

Taking the situation in at a glance, he caught up a rifle, shot gun and two belts of ammunition and made a run for the brush but a short distance from his back door. They called him pretty close with a dozen arrows, but he dove into the willows without a scratch. All that long day, while part of the band watched the brush, the others made merry in the house. Some time in the afternoon one young brave, becoming tired, it is supposed, of the monotony of the affair, began a demonstration nearly opposite the upper end of the willows to draw his attention entirely from the other side thereby giving others a chance to slip in on him. Frank knew their game and did not neglect to watch all sides. The Indian after performing all manner of warlike antics and not drawing any response finally got a little too brave and made a circle around, coming within 75 yards of the edge of the brush. That being too much of a temptation, Frank poked the gun through the brush and let him have one barrel loaded with twelve buckshot which he sent straight to the mark regardless of the arrow the Indian sent him. Preager in relating the affair said: "I felt sorry for that fellow, he was the prettiest Indian I ever saw. I had to do it or I would never have gotten away from there. I knew they could not take him away till darkness came on and when they were performing that spooky job would be my time to get away and that was just the time that I slipped past them and was safe and none too soon as I was only just out of range of the light when they set the haystack on fire." It was a long walk even in daylight and then not an easy one, but he got into Snyder Bros. & Wolfjen's ranch before daylight, giving the boys there a surprise when he walked in with his shirt torn to rags by the brush, and wet and bedraggled from fording the river. But when they asked him what the trouble was he could only remember one loss and he replied, "O Jim! O boys! the damn

Injun got Old Susie!" His proud stepping old saddle mare comprised the man's loss. The other stock, hay, house, all the other improvements and the hard day's fight and all night tramp were not worth the trouble to speak of.

The country around the Laramie river and Sibylee was not molested by any of the parties on that raid, but later in the following winter a party of Cheyennes came in on foot and one bright moonlight night took all the horses of the Swan Company on the Sibylee and the Kent ranch on North Laramie that they had locked up in what they thought were thief proof corrals and got away with all but one small mule that came back dragging an Indian rope. There were big stables at each place that they could not force.

A new corral had just been finished at the Kent ranch made of heavy logs and big posts with a very heavy gate and fastened with a cable chain stretched taut from hinge post to the latch post and made fast with the strongest lock that the hardware store could supply. And to make all doubly secure they chained a bull dog to one gate post. And then the boys retired to rest and peaceful slumber, congratulating themselves with the belief that their good work had made all things safe. But daylight came showing an empty corral. The Indians had silently slipped away with its contents, and adding insult to injury, they had taken the dog along to make the raid complete. Now comes to mind an old Spanish proverb: "In the end God grinds the miller." The pride-bloated raiders were home with their plunder but a few days when Generals Crook and Mackenzie surrounded their camp and captured all that was left of that once powerful tribe. And now if you wish to know of the tragedy of their ending read Edgar Beacher Bronson's book containing the story of "A Fight to a Finish for a Birthright."

With the Arapahoes located on the Shoshone reservation, Indian troubles ceased on the cow ranges, and while the situation is comparatively peaceful I will end this story here for someone to finish whose burden of years is lighter than mine.

(Signed) EDWARD ORDWAY, SR.
Castroville, California.

ADDRESS REGARDING FIRST PHOTOGRAPHING OF THE TETONS

(Prepared for, but not read, at the dedication of the Teton National Park, July 29th, 1929.)

By W. H. Jackson

I have been called "the Pioneer Photographer." It could be better to say a Pioneer Photographer, for there were others, both before and during my time, who had adventured out into the West with a camera. Among the landscapists were Carvalho, with his daguerrotype apparatus, who accompanied Fremont out across the Snowy Rockies of Colorado in 1853; Savage of Salt Lake City, in the early sixties, photographed the central mountain region; Russell, official photographer for the Transcontinental Railway during its building, worked over all that line between the Missouri and the Sierras—and there were others.

Following these real pioneers I was fortunate, as the official photographer of the Hayden Geological Survey, in having first had the opportunity to give to the world the first photographs of places and scenes of more than ordinary interest, such as the Yellowstone in 1871; the Three Tetons, from the Idaho side, in 1872; the Mount of the Holy Cross in 1873; the Cliff Ruins of the Mesa Verde and the Southwest in 1874-5; Fremont Peak and the Jackson Lake region in 1878—and other places of less importance.

This pioneering in photography had its handicaps as well as other kinds of pioneering. There were no prepared dry plates or handy Kodaks. Instead, the photographer had to carry with him the material and apparatus, including an extemporized dark room to work in, for making his own plates as required for each exposure. A pack mule was required to carry his outfit sometimes too, depending on size of camera and length of time afield; and it had to be well packed for frequently there would be rough going. The photographer sought his views, as the hunter his game, in places far removed from beaten trails. There was some compensation, however, for his toil and trouble—the photographer knew exactly what kind of a negative he had before packing up his camera. It is unnecessary to mention the difference, in this respect, as well as in others, between now and then.

Regarding the present occasion in setting aside these grand old Tetons as a National Park, I first saw them from the Idaho side in '71 as our survey was on its way to the Yellowstone. Beautiful in a summer haze, they were not

photographable, for panchromatic plates and color screens were not then available. Later, on an exceptionally clear day, their summits appeared above the horizon in one of my views looking across Yellowstone Lake. In '72 one division of the Survey was camped for ten days in Teton Basin—"Pierres' Hole" of trapper days—parties being sent out from this base to explore the region in detail. One of these was the photographic party; with two mules to carry the apparatus, which included a 11x14 camera, and to carry the camping outfit, the canyons and plateaus were explored for views. Part of the time we were camped at timber line on Table Mountain, from where the close-up views of the Grand Teton were obtained.

Just before breaking camp for the continuation of our journey northward a party of about a dozen started from an advanced overnight bivouac to ascend the Grand Teton. Among them was Stevenson, in charge of the division of the Survey; Langford, recently appointed first superintendent of Yellowstone Park and guest of the Survey on his way to assume his duties there; and two young boys, Spencer, a nephew of Langford's, and Hamp, related to Sir William Blackmor, just guest of Hayden at this time, with another division of the Survey. These four with Bradley, the geologist, were the only ones to walk the lower saddle between the peaks. All except Bradley continued the ascent to the upper saddle near the summit. Bradley did not accompany there because Taggart, his assistant, carrying the mercurial barometer, failed to come up with him, and he waited for it until it was too late to follow the others.

At the upper saddle the boys were advised to go no farther while Stevenson and Langford went on, and what happened then has been a matter of considerable controversy which has been settled finally by confirming priority of ascent to the Owen-Spaulding party, 26 years later. A number of factors entering into the story make it improbable that Stevenson and Langford ever reached the real summit. For a time I was inclined to take their word for it, but when Wilson, one of the topographers of the Survey, and its best mountaineer, who had been among the first to ascend Mt. Rainier, failed in his attempt to ascend the Grand Teton in '77, I then felt quite sure that this honor had been reserved for the later claimants.

I saw the Tetons from the east for the first time in 1878. Going north, conditions were unfavorable, and but indifferent photographs were obtained. Later, returning by way of Two-ocean Pass, a detour was made down Buffalo Fork when everything favored my best efforts. In

'83, being then in business for myself, I joined the Hayden party of the Geological Survey, then at work in Yellowstone Park, and remained with it during the season under an arrangement whereby I duplicated all exposures and divided the negatives afterwards on a 50-50 basis. Most of my work at this time was on 18x22 plates.

In 1892 I was commissioned by the State of Wyoming to make a series of large photographs for the proposed exhibit of Wyoming scenery at the Columbian Exposition of 1893 at Chicago. With a small party, led by Elwood Mead, we reached this region by way of the Big Horn Mountains and the Yellowstone Park—at which time I got some of my best views of the range from this side.

I have returned here frequently in the meantime, for pleasure instead of profit, for there is, on our continent, no grander or more satisfying prospect than the one now before us in which beauty, as well as majesty, are combined.

OFFICIAL UINTA COUNTY VISITS STAR VALLEY

By John C. Hamm

At the first State election held under the Enabling Act on September 11, 1890, I. C. Winslow, John Sims and Edward Blacker were elected commissioners of Uinta County, Wyoming. John R. Arnold, present veteran jurist of the Third Judicial District, was elected county clerk, and the writer, John C. Hamm, was elected county and prosecuting attorney.

Historically thirty-nine years is a very brief space. To the youth looking forward, it is an interminable wilderness of time. When it is behind, we wonder at the swiftness of its passage.

In those early days, Star Valley was an isolated frontier settlement of Uinta County in the first stages of subjugation by the hardy Mormon pioneers. No telegraph or telephone line had yet penetrated the primeval precincts of the lovely vale of Afton and Auburn to apprise those quiet pastoral regions of the restless wagging of the outside world. No automobile had as yet gotten beyond the fantastic vision of the early dreamers. The slow transport of the work team and the farm wagon was the vehicle of necessity. A spring wagon or a buckboard a luxury.

No wonder those early settlers clamored for the improvement of their roads and bridges. Their butter and cheese and occasional meat products had to be brought to market over the mountain to Montpelier, then to Evanston, Almy and Red Canyon,—appalling distances when the means of transportation then in vogue are considered. There were no coal camps at Kemmerer and Diamondville, and the long hard drives over roads none too smooth and fords sometimes dangerous were tasks of real hardship.

So it was determined in the summer of 1891 that an official trip of investigation by the Board of Commissioners was necessary, and John Sims and Edward Blacker were designated to make the inspection with the co-operation of their clerk, Mr. Arnold.

There had arisen some dispute over the ownership of a calf in the vicinity of Afton, and the prosecuting attorney was called upon to investigate the affair in the local justice's court to see if a felony had been committed. Hence the all around utility and economy of the official visit.

This august representation of the dignity of official Uinta County, the first of its kind in the history of the Valley, drove a team of cayuses to a spring wagon, and were

piloted by Archie Moffatt, a noble son of that virgin land, who was returning to his home in the Valley after having delivered a load of butter and cheeses to residents of Evans-ton, Almy and Red Canyon who had become acquainted with the excellence of those products of the early Valley days. On the trip Official Uinta County camped in the open, slept under the wagon or elsewhere as suited convenience or necessity.

On the way out, the route chosen was up the Thomas Fork to determine whether this were the more feasible site for a county road into the valley. This route brought us out on the ridge at the southern extremity of Star Valley where we intersected the old Lander Trail at what was early called Sublette Pass.

Here we were on historic ground. Mr. Arnold and I especially felt the spell of the spirit of the old pioneers who long before had gone that way. Over this trail some of the best blood of New England, the middle states and the eastern part of the Misississippi Valley had braved the hardships of the desert and the hatred and revenge of ill treated aborigenes to do their part in confirming title of the United States to the Territory of Oregon and the great Northwest. Along this trail an occasional pile of boulders, a rude cross or rough hewn slab marked the spot where some tired mother or frail child was laid at what for them was the long journey's end.

We sensed all this the more because the very trees spoke of the passing throng. In this one's trunk were carved the initials of J. H. W. who had passed that way in 1859. On another and still another until all the aspens of the forest seemed to shout the tidings of a resistless throng surging on and on with its face ever to the West, determined not to stop until its feet were firmly planted on the shores of the far Pacific. Some had earlier gone that way and had carved their names on aspen trees so long ago that growth had so distorted or nearly obliterated the carving as to render them entirely illegible.

But illegibility only added zest to our interest and gave fuller play to our imagination. Mr. Arnold and I spoke but little and thought much as we stood in this sacred presence of a passing pageant whose spirit forms swept by in silence, ever onward toward the setting sun.

In our mind's eye we could see the crude covered wagon, the tired horses foot-sore and jaded by the long trek over the untracked desert; the lowing oxen, swaying under the burden of the yoke, yet always goaded to greater effort by their hard but well-meaning taskmasters; the sallow,

oftimes sorrowful countenances of the mothers of sick children whose heart rending sobs could not easily be stilled under the harsh environment of months of weary wandering over the limitless prairies and now the ruggedness of the Rocky Mountains.

These and more were the mental pictures we conjured from the meagre remnant of a record inspired only by the gnarled trunks of the aspens bearing the initials of some who had taken the trouble to carve them there, and the dates when they had gone that way. Our untutored minds could not sense the semblance of the sorrow, the heart-breaking hardships, the tribulations of life and the tragedy of death that these scant historians could have told if sentient speech had been able to translate the carved initials into the language of the chronicles of life.

So it remained for me nearly thirty years after to be brought face to face with the facts that surpass fiction, the fruitful verities that supplant fancy. When I left Wyoming and took up my residence in California, it was my good fortune to become associated with Mr. Alonzo F. Brown, a native of New Hampshire who had entered into and carried on successful business operations in Boston and at Saratoga Springs.

It was at the latter place, where he fitted dress suits for such men as Webster, Seward and Beecher, that he felt the call of the West, and in 1859 set out with his young wife and baby and a company of relatives and neighbors to make the long journey to isolated and far away Oregon on the Pacific Coast. And thus it was that this emigrant train of some fifty souls, with their horses, cattle and oxen wended their slow way across the Great American Desert ten years before the first Pacific railroad had bound coast to coast and reduced the time of travel from four months to two weeks, and which now may be encompassed in comfort in two days.

Although now in his ninety-fourth year, this veteran of the early pioneers recounts the incidents of the trip as though they transpired but yesterday. His description of the forage in the region along the newly completed Lander Trail, with its clear, cool streams abounding in trout, are but echoes of the well known hymn of praise that sings of the cattlemen's paradise in the vicinity of New Fork, Boulder Creek, Green River and Big Piney.

So vivid is his recollection of places and events that when the last crossing of the Sweetwater was shown on the screen in the famous Covered Wagon, he turned to me with

eager emotion and said "That is it, that is it, just as it was when we passed that way."

Mr. Brown recalls the pass from the headwaters of the western branches of Green River to the head of the Salt River Valley. This was the spot we stood upon. It was shortly after leaving the pass that they overtook another train of emigrants who had negotiated the pass only a few days before, and who had come upon the smoldering embers of the fires that had destroyed the wagons and other belongings of still another emigrant train. This last was one from Missouri. The men and women had all been murdered. Their stock had been driven off by the hostile Indians; and as evidence of the brutality so characteristic of war always, they found a small child, a little girl about four years of age, still alive though both her legs had been broken. Members of this train took the child, healed its wounds, and it grew up to be a useful citizen of the great State of Oregon, which, with its neighboring commonwealths of Washington and California, have added millions of people and billions of wealth to these United States as a direct result of such pioneering as found its way along the Lander Trail.

Thus at last, a little of the story of the aspen grove at the south end of Star Valley, in old Uinta County, Wyoming, has been told; and if some interested citizen of the new county of Sublette may perchance pass that way and have his curiosity and imagination aroused by the silent witnesses of the Trail, he may be able to supplement or surpass in interest the historical verity of these deeds of valor, these annals of life's restlessness and chronicles of tragedy that were the heritage of this migratory throng.

One left his mark
Carved in the bark
Of a tree on a mountain
side;
But that faded mark
Rekindled a spark
For a tale that had not
died.

It is thus we brand
With an unseen hand
Some deed on the scroll of
Time;
We may find the brand
In some foreign land,
Tho' writ in a simple
rime.

"THE ROMANCE OF OLD TRAILS"

A May morning forty years ago, a cloudless sky and the enthusiasm of youth for a camping trip that would last for days, furnished the setting for our start.

We were bound for my father's cattle ranch near Casper Mountain on the Little Muddy. No railroad went beyond Cheyenne, but there was a good stage road as far as Ft. Fetterman.

So from Greeley, Colorado, we started, father and the two brothers in the big wagon loaded with three months supply for the ranch, and our camping equipment; mother and we two little girls in the phaeton drawn by our small riding pony. One brother always said he'd as lieve ride the churn dasher as to ride old Billie for he just stepped up and down in the same place. But anyway he always got us there whether we rode or drove him.

That eventful morning of long ago he trotted off gaily, his step in tune to our heart beats of joyful anticipation.

Our first stop was in Cheyenne for added supplies, and along toward evening we drove on out past Ft. Russell to make our first camp. We were thrilled by the lowering of the flag at sunset and went to bed with sounds of the target practice guns still in our ears. I can imagine now the questions we must have asked our ever patient mother.

The wild flowers in abundance along the roadside and covering the endless hills as they stretched far off toward the horizon were a never ending joy. And we learned their names, the lococleome and peurtemon, the vetches, and oh the mariposa lilies! I shall never forget when we saw them first. Then there was the gilia or trumpet phlox and countless others. On our short walks about camp we found such wonderful agates, jasper, conglomerates, fossils and arrow heads, just dozens of them!

We were eleven days on the road, nine of which it rained more or less, mostly **more**. We barely escaped one very severe hail storm. The morning following the storm we could see as we rode along countless holes in the ground our father said had been made by the hail.

We became acquainted with the wild life as we progressed. Our brothers carried guns and often we had grouse or prairie chicken for our evening meal. Antelopes were everywhere, just hundreds of the pretty creatures, all over the green hills. Sister and I wore little pink and blue chambray sunbonnets and their bright colors seemed to attract the antelope. They would stop on the brow of a

hill to watch us with wondering eyes. Many times during that first summer we saw bands of young antelope, perhaps forty or sixty together with one old buck with branching antlers guarding and protecting them. Then it was that our mother who seemed always to be so well posted on all the wonderful mysteries of the outdoor life she loved, told us some of the habits of the deer family, how when it is time for the mothers to wean their babies, they gather them together and leave them in the care of the buck who leads them to pastures green.

Road ranches and an occasional passing of the stage coach were the only things that suggested civilization. We stopped at the Powell Ranch for dinner. We girls played with the little Powell girl out underneath some boxelder trees while her mother made noodles for our dinner. I was fascinated watching her roll and roll them and oh how hungry I was. Noodles always remind me of that morning, and I have just learned that that mother and little daughter are still Wyoming residents as are also some of the other friends whose acquaintance we made that and the succeeding summer.

The day we arrived at Deertrail where the big Wolcott ranch lay was quite an event. We were invited in to the big low adobe ranch house and served with tea and little jelly tarts. I never see or make a jelly tart that I do not vividly recall the incidents of that morning. The servants on that ranch were all Chinese. The Wolcotts had one little daughter. She and her mother and the child's governess were at the ranch that summer. I was invited to come back for a visit later in the summer as a companion for this little daughter. We played horse together, I was the horse, and recall being left tied to the hitching post while the little driver went in to her dinner. Why not? That was the way her papa did his horse! The governess came and rescued me, however, and I had a good dinner.

Arrived at the ranch, we found a new one room log cabin had been built near the ranch house for our sleeping quarters. Imagine the consternation of us all the first night it rained to have streams of muddy water leaking upon us from the roof. It seems the native sod covered with tree branches was used for a roof and it needed a few good rains to "settle" it before it was rain proof. But we were pioneers in that new country and were having experiences. They say an experience never leaves one the same as he was before. I know now that the experiences of those early days in Wyoming taught me many useful things.

Between the ranch and where now lies the City of Casper there was a remarkable red rock formation where we went by horseback for a picnic. The antelope were so curious to see us wandering over the rocks that they came and stood unabashed at our very feet. I remember we found a bat clinging beneath the crevice of a rock, and that mother showed one of the brothers how to tan the hide. It was pretty soft fur attached to the dry outstretched wings and we kept it for years as a memento. I understand these red rocks may be seen today much as they were then.

And now I have come back to Cheyenne for the first time in all these years. Pavements have replaced the muddy streets. City buildings tower toward the sky. Great beautiful trees line the streets and cluster in the parks, and beauty and signs of progress are everywhere about me. I am reading this morning a daily paper from Casper, a city larger than Cheyenne, I am told, where my mind's eye pictures just wild stretches of hills and valleys, unbridged wooded streams where wild creatures come to drink, and I am forced to realize that Wyoming is no longer a Territory but a modern resourceful state.

LUCIA G. PUTNAM,
1341 So. Humboldt St.
Denver, Colo.

June 15, 1929.

RECOLLECTIONS OF TAYLOR PENNOCK

As Dictated to Mr. I. R. Conniss, Saratoga, Wyoming, April, 1927.

Civil War

I enlisted the 20th of December of '62, 16th regiment of Illinois Volunteer Cavalry and served throughout the war. I was captured on the 3rd of January, '64, at Jonesville, Va. The Confederates took us to Scott's prison at Richmond, Va., right across from the great Libby prison. We were confined there three weeks. Then they moved us over on Bell Island in the James River. We were here six weeks. Then they sent us to Andersonville Prison where we were kept eleven months. We were moved to Savanna when General Stoneman made his raid on Macon, Georgia. When the Union gunboats bombarded Savanna, the Confederates moved us to the Melon Stockade. We were there six weeks. When we left Melon, we ate rutabagas for breakfast and were on the train two days and nights without anything more to eat. We slept in an open coal car in the sleet and rain. When they unloaded us at Thomasville, Georgia, they gave us each a half pound of shelled corn, and then marched us sixty-three miles across the country to Albany, Georgia. From there they took us back to Thomasville, then on the train to Blakeshear, Fla., near Clay City, and set us free on the 29th of April, '65, after General Lee's surrender.

I didn't like it in Illinois after the war as it was too tame. There was an outfit advertising for teamsters so I pulled out to move across the plains. I came out as a teamster in the fall of '65, freighting to Denver for the Skinner & Thompson outfit of Lincoln, Nebraska. The cars were loaded with corn and onions and freighted from Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, to Denver. There was twenty-one wagons with seven yoke of oxen to each wagon. They contracted at 11c per pound to haul the freight from Leavenworth to Denver which had a population of 2,500 to 2,600. We turned the oxen loose to water and graze out on the prairie where Capitol Hill is now. I went back to Ft. McPherson and Ft. Kearney, Nebraska, and spent the winter there. Part of the winter I traded bread, flour, sugar, rice, etc., to the Indians for furs and moccasins north of Fort Kearney, Nebraska, on Wood River. I was out there one and one-half months. Then I trapped some, beaver mostly, for the fur. There were about six hundred Pawnee Indians in one camp I visited. They were very friendly and treated me fine.

Then I came back to Ft. Kearney and stayed there till late in the winter and then moved up the river to Ft.

McPherson. I obtained a contract from the government getting out 10,000 telegraph poles to set along the old government road—the first transcontinental line, long before the Union Pacific was built. Once, while cutting wood in the mountains, twelve or sixteen miles from Ft. McPherson, about a dozen Indians attacked us while hauling telegraph poles out. They were just a little scouting party out to hunt, so we stood them off. I got another contract for 350 cords of fire wood from the government at Ft. McPherson. In the spring, I went back to the states for a year or two, then came west again. I went to Ft. McPherson with freight teams but was held up at Ft. Kearney till we were one hundred men strong in order to stand off the Indians. At Alkali station, near Julesburg, the Sioux Indians attacked us. They killed one night herder and ran off 230 head of cattle from the party which was following our train. The Indians followed for three days trying to get a run on us. We traveled in two parallel columns because we knew the Indians were liable to attack us at any time and by traveling in this way the two columns could form a corral when we halted. The Indians knew this, so would not attack though we could see three or four hundred Indians following us and watching for a chance. They made one run on us at Alkali station but did not get any stock because we were too well prepared for them. They followed us but didn't do any harm. A party of fourteen wagons with horse teams pulled out and left because they thought our ox teams were traveling too slow. The first night out the Indians ran on to them and burned seven wagons and killed four white men. They left seven Indians lying on the ground and took all the cattle and horses. The next morning, we came up and had breakfast there. We used to travel from very early in the morning and stop about nine for breakfast to rest and feed, then travel from three till dark. The wagons were still burning when we arrived there. Twelve soldiers, who were camped about two miles away at the stage station, heard the firing and came and ran the Indians off. We had no more trouble from the Indians.

I went back to Illinois after a trip to Denver, then came back to the West on the Union Pacific in March, 1872. I stopped at Laramie, which was then about the same size that Saratoga is now—about six hundred people. There were plenty of saloons there. I went out and hunted elk meat for the Union Pacific tie camp on Rock Creek. The buffalo had been cleaned out. There were about one hundred to one hundred and fifty men in the camp so it took three or four head of game a week. There was many elk

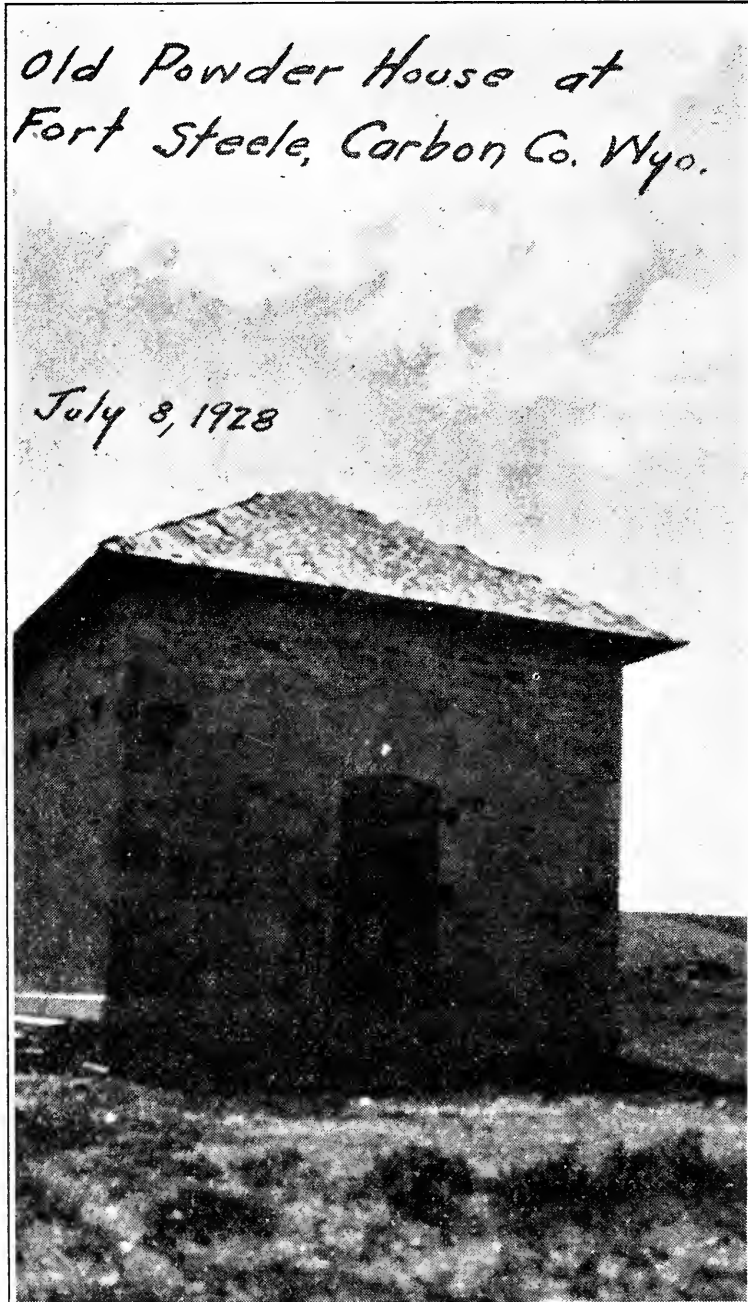
around in herds of thirty to one hundred and fifty or two hundred and lots of herds. The elk and deer stayed in the timber and parks. The antelope herds had thirty to one thousand in them and were scattered all over the open country. I saw ten thousand elk in one band in the early part of November.

I came to Ft. Steele about '72. There were very few citizens there at that time as nearly all were soldiers of whom there were from three to five companies. In the summer time, there were not so many as they would go off on Indian expeditions and then come back in the winter. The military post of Ft. Steele was maintained by the government for the protection of the railroad from the Indians.

A number of Frenchmen were cutting ties on French Creek. Tom Sun also worked there with them. The first tie camp was in '68. Coe and Carter's tie camp north of Brush Creek started in the winter of '72. In 1873, the Indians made a run on the tie-drive at the mouth of Brush Creek where the Tilton Ranch is now. They did no damage. I was with the tie-drive then. We had guns, so stood them off easily. Another time they did this at the crossing of the old Overland trail across the Platte River on the same tie drive. These Indians seemed to be after horses. They tried to start a stampede but the horses ran into camp. I was there when the attack was made.

I freighted supplies to the Coe & Carter tie camp in the winter of 1872 until the spring of '73, then came down from North Brush Creek with the tie-drive. There was a boom in the river at Ft. Steele to hold the ties. I helped with the ties there, taking them out of the river and loading them on cars for the Union Pacific. I made friends with Ed Alley on the tie-drive and later started trapping with him for beaver, mink and coyotes. There were thousands of beaver at the head of Cow Creek next to the timber. At this time, there wasn't a ranch in Platte Valley. The first three weeks at this work, we caught one hundred and twenty beaver. Then we moved on down to the present Huston ranch and built cabins there when the snow came. The Indians were very peaceable and we didn't have any trouble with them. The Utes used to come into the valley every spring and fall to hunt for meat but didn't molest us. There were two camps of Ute Indians—one Ute camp was on Jack Creek and was under Chief Jack, after whom Jack Creek is named. Chief Douglas, whose camp was on Douglas Creek which was named after him, was chief of the other camp in the time of the Thornburg Massacre when

the Indians killed all the freighters on the road between Rawlins and Meeker, all the men in Meeker, and took Mrs. Meeker and her daughter away with them. We trapped at the Huston Ranch till the streams froze up and then hunted for meat for the soldiers at Ft. Steele and freighted it in to them. When it stormed so that we couldn't get out to do anything else, we dried meat.



Courtesy of Mr. Frank C. McCarthy.

After the ice went out in the spring, I moved down to the Ed Bennett Ferry, which was about one mile below the houses on the McFarlane Ranch and six miles above the old Overland crossing where the emigrants crossed when the water in the ford was too high for safety. Seventy-five to one hundred emigrant wagons would cross at this ferry each day. The ferry used to be run with a rope cable. I would get ten or twelve antelope here in the mornings then bring them in and sell them to emigrants for one dollar each. I stayed there about one and one-half months till the high water went down in the river so the emigrants could cross at the ford again.

Then I went to the gold mines in the Seminoe Mountains and freighted in the first stamp mill. I hauled the gold ore from the mine to the mill. I was at this for all of two months. Then I bought some mining claims and started sinking a shaft for gold. I took out sacks of ore two-thirds full, worth sixteen dollars at the mill. One morning, the Nez Perce Indians ran in and shot one of the miners in the back as he was splitting kindling for his morning fire. As I opened the door to look out, a bullet went through the door casing right over my head, and I decided that I had all the mining I wanted. The miners stayed in their cabins till the Indians stole away and then pulled out for Rawlins and Fort Steele.

After I quit mining, I started out trapping for beaver again over by the Freezeout Mountains, east of the Seminoe Mountains. I spent the winter there, going in the first of September and not coming out till spring. I never saw a single person nor any horses or cattle except one wild horse. The Nez Perce, Blackfeet, Shoshone, Arapahoe and Sioux Indians were over in this country.

The next spring, I came back into Ft. Steele looking for a place to trap where there would be plenty beaver. As I was riding in, on a creek north of the Seminoes, I saw something go down the hill to the brush about one-half or three-quarters of a mile away. I supposed it to be an elk. After I went down a couple hundred yards, I thought it might be an Indian. I turned up a draw to the left and went round over the hill as I thought I would look down into that timber from the top of the hill. I saw I couldn't look down so looked over the creek. Just before I got to the brink of the hill, twelve or fifteen Indians popped up over the hill. I turned to run. Ten or twelve more were coming up behind me on horseback. Then I knew that the one I saw first must have been a sentinel instead of an elk. I saw there was no chance for me to run, so I thought I would

try a bluff on them and rode up to those on foot first. I asked for the chief the first thing. He was an oldish man and I happened to know all the old Indian traders on the plains so I commenced to talk with him about the traders. I told him I was Bouyer's wife's brother. (One of Bouyer's sons traveled later on with Buffalo Bill's show). The old chief thought I was all right so took me down to camp. He used the motion or sign language all the time. I tried to talk it too—meant well enough but made mistakes I suppose. I went down into their camp with them. A side of antelope was hanging up roasting over the fire. They treated me fine. I had supper with them then we sat and had a smoke. I gave them some of my tobacco but we used his pipe first and passed it around. They talked all the time in the sign language. After smoking, he wanted to see me shoot with my rifle at rocks on the hill side for targets. The Indians did not shoot at all as they never had any ammunition to waste, but I was a good shot so shot twelve or fifteen times. The chief called me brave but he lied like thunder because I was scared as bad as any man ever was. I tell you it makes you shake. At last, he motioned to a young buck Indian to get up a couple of horses. The Indians didn't have any saddle but rode bareback. Then he ordered all the other Indians to stay in camp and he and the young buck went with me about one and one-half miles towards my camp; there they shook hands with me and told me to go home which didn't hurt my feelings a bit. I rode off leisurely till I got out of sight. After that I don't know how fast I was going. I hastened back to camp where my partner was and we abandoned camp and went back up into the mountains.

There were twenty-six Indians in this party I spoke of who were traveling west of Rawlins. They ran on to a man with a six horse team and a hay rack twelve miles southwest of Rawlins and shot him through the ankle. He cut one of his horses loose, got on him and made for Rawlins. He told the news in Rawlins and twenty-five men from there started out. John Foote, Bill Horn, Bill Maikey, Bill Beyers, Joe and Jim Rankin were in the party. They found these Indians camped at Pine Grove. The Indians had several horses belonging to Rawlins people. The Rawlins men wanted them to give those horses up to them. The Indians got saucy and started for their camp, supposedly after their guns. The Rawlins men opened fire on them and killed seven, took what horses they could cut off easily and went back to Rawlins.

I came back to Ft. Steele and then went to working in a dairy owned by Tom Ryan, who used to live eight miles above Saratogo, and stayed there throughout the winter. Then the next spring, I built a hotel in Ft. Steele which I ran about six months and then sold to Mrs. Dillard. It caught fire and burned down about one year afterwards. Charles Scribner owned it when it burned down. In the spring of '76 after this, I went to work tending bar for J. W. Hugus, who was Post Sutler at the Fort. Bill Forney, who lived in Saratoga until a year ago, was Post Commander at that time. Jim Candlish was Post Blacksmith. J. F. Crawford, who was editor of the Saratoga Sun for many years, was Union Pacific agent and telegraph operator.

I was on the road for the government on several trips going as guide with General Crook on three trips, on hunting parties. Two trips with General Marcy on hunting trips north of the Seminoe and Freezeout and Ferris Mountains, after antelope, deer and elk. The second trip with General Crook was south to Battle Lake and the head of Snake River. We never saw a soul on that trip but all kinds of game everywhere. There was hardly a hill but what you could see antelope from it.

On the first hunting trip when I went out with General Marcy, we camped close to the present site of the Pathfinder Dam on the North Platte River and General Marcy said that he wanted to get some mountain sheep. General Whipple, who was in the party, said that he wanted a bear. So I told Whipple if he would go up the river about one mile to a canyon that turned off to the left he would find plenty of bear and I went with General Marcy out after the mountain sheep. General Marcy and I went about three miles up the Seminoe Mountains, close to the Platte River. Among the rocky ridges, we ran on to a band of fifty mountain sheep. We killed three, packed them on a mule and started back to camp. A short time after we got to camp, General Whipple came riding in. General Marcy asked him, "Where is your bear?" Whipple answered, "I've got him up the canyon." He said that he rode up this canyon a short way till it became so rocky he didn't think that he could ride further and got off to lead his mule. After leading him five or six hundred yards, his mule stopped, pulled back, and wouldn't go any farther. General Whipple looked around to see what the trouble was and saw that the mule was looking up the canyon with his ears pointing forward and his eyes sticking out. He turned and looked up the canyon and saw three big bears sitting up looking at the mule. It didn't look good

to him so he turned and got on his mule. "I didn't have to use my spurs either!" General Whipple told me when he got in. "I wish I had had you with me and we'd have gotten bear."

When I was guide for these hunting parties, I was never supposed to shoot unless they told me to. I had a forty-five seventy Winchester rifle which was a much better shooting gun than the Springfield army rifle with which the troops were armed. We hunted duck and elk too. The next day, we went out east of the river and killed five elk, and packed them into camp on our mules. It was after dark when we got into camp. About one and one-half miles from camp, the Sergeant said he thought I was going too far to the left and told the soldiers to bear off toward the right and go down towards the canyon. I told him if they went down in there they couldn't cross anywhere as that was the place called "Bad Lands" and they would have to come back to the divide to get around. He said, "This isn't my first trip in the mountains, and I know where I'm going." I told him to go ahead but said, "I'm going to camp" and went on into camp. When I returned General Marcy asked me where the Sergeant of the party was. I told him he was down the river hunting camp somewhere. Then we had to send a man across the river on the hill to signal to him by shooting to bring him back. He came in at last and wanted to know where I was. Marcy told him I had been in camp and had my supper an hour ago. He told me, "I think I'll follow you after this." "That is what I am paid for," I said to him.

We went off in the mountains in the timber after game the next day and killed two or three deer. We packed the deer on our horses, behind the saddles. The next day we just laid around camp and took it easy. We played cards but **didn't gamble**. As there were lots of rattle snakes, we had some whiskey along for **medicine** for snake bites. No one was ever bitten by rattle snakes but they always had to take the **medicine** just the same. We moved camp the next day and went over around Ferris Mountain on Pete Creek. We hunted elk there for a few days. Thousands of ducks and geese were there and we shot them with our shot guns. We soon had all the duck we wanted, so General Whipple thought he would go up in the mountains and kill some more elk. He hunted up there and when he had killed three elk by himself, he came back to get pack mules and help to get them in that night. It was dark when we got into the timber before we even got to the elk. When we got them packed on the mules, it was rather late. We

started across the prairie to camp. The General thought I was going too far to the left too. I told him I didn't think I was; that I thought I was going about right. We went on about two miles farther when General Whipple told the Sergeant to pull off to the right saying, "That guide is keeping too close to the mountains." I didn't say anything but just went on. Finally, I said, "I won't change my course, General; we're about five miles from camp, I think." I went on to camp and when I got there General Marcy asked, "Where is General Whipple?" I said, "Oh, he's just over the hill. He stopped to fix the packs." Marcy wanted to send someone up on a hill to shoot a gun off as a signal to Whipple, but I said, "No, it isn't necessary. He saw which way I went and he can surely follow me." I ate my supper and then went down to my tent. After a while, Marcy came down and said, "I think those fellows are lost." I answered, "It doesn't look possible that they could get lost that close to camp. They must have had a little trouble, I think; I didn't think it would take them so long, or I would have waited for them." I really wanted them to get off far enough from the hill so they couldn't hear the report of the gun. He said he thought he'd send a man up on a hill to fire a shot anyhow. The soldier fired a couple of times but didn't get answer. Then he fired five or six times more. After a while, we heard a gun off about one-half mile to the west. They kept shooting until they got in sight of camp when they quit. When General Whipple rode into camp, he said to Marcy, "We've lost the guide." "Yes," said Marcy, "I guess he lost you. He's been into camp here for a long time." Then Whipple came down to the tent and wanted to know how I found camp. I told him I didn't have any trouble but came right straight to it. "Well," he said, "I think it would be a good idea to follow you after this." I told him that "That's what I'm paid for. I'm not paid for following you guys around."

After this hunt, we came back to Fort Steele. They had on this hunt sixteen soldiers and eight wagons, two six mule teams and six four horse outfits. I remained in Fort Steele through that fall and winter while I ran my hotel there. I also ran it during the summer of '77. I got married to Miss Rosy Ruderdof May 27. Soon after this, I located on a homestead near Saratoga. The homestead took in all the land east of the river up to the grave yard, fair grounds, and right up to the Hot Springs Tunnel. I also took a preemption claim on the hill which included the present fair grounds.

I went on another trip with General Crook in '79, meeting him at Ft. Steele and coming out with him. He had a party of five with twelve soldiers for an escort. We had wagons to haul our tents and stuff. We camped close to the present Jones & Williams ranch on Calf Creek right at the edge of the mountain timber. J. W. Collins was with us and also Maj. Thornburg and a Doctor Draper of New York and Webb Hayes, son of President Hayes. We hunted anything we could get but elk and deer principally. We saw three bear one day but didn't get them. We went on to Battle Creek to fish as there were lots of fish, native brook trout—fat and short, not very big, about three-quarters of a pound each. We brought back about twelve hundred fish. Major Thornburg got fifty-six fish in thirty-two minutes' time. We used hook and bait then as there weren't any flies at that time in the West. We also got several elk. We killed one very fine deer, which we sent to Washington to President Hayes, who had it mounted.

I took another hunt after that in the same fall of '79 with Major Thornburg's brother and two bankers from Tennessee to the same place. We had just got located good when we got a dispatch which told about the Meeker massacre in which many soldiers, including Major Thornburg, were killed by the Indians (Utes) at Milk Creek, twelve miles this side of Meeker. So the hunt broke up and we returned to Fort Steele. I met General Crook, who had been sent north with troops to punish the Indians, at Ft. Steele. The troops were in Rawlins. I hauled two loads of freight for J. W. Hughus to Meeker. We went through with a party of soldiers. We passed several freight outfits that the Indians had destroyed by killing the drivers, taking the horses, and burning the wagons. They had killed every freighter on the road. No Indians had been harmed in the fights. I camped about two hundred yards below the battle grounds at Milk Creek. The dead bodies were buried before we got there but the horses were still on the ground.

This is how it happened. Major Thornburg and his soldiers had been ordered to Meeker and the Ute forces met them about twelve miles this side of Meeker. The chief, Douglas, told Thornburg and his officers to come in and have a council but not to bring the soldiers. Thornburg was under orders to go to Meeker and felt that he had to go on and obey orders. He decided to leave the road and take a short-cut across the mountains and just as the troops got into the scrub oak timber in the foot hills, they ran into an ambush of Indians. I came very near being with Major Thornburg at the time. Major Thornburg had wanted me

to go with him as guide but I was engaged to go with his brother on the hunting trip and his brother wouldn't let me off or I would have been in the fight. When the Indians fired on the soldiers the wagon train had just broken camp on the creek. The soldiers ran back to the wagon train. When they got back to the wagons they piled up sacks of corn for defense and got behind them. But the protection didn't help them much as they were camped in the bottom on the bend of the creek and the Indians were on the rocky hills right south of them that overlooked the camp. The Indians killed the horses first. About three or four hundred soldiers were in the party. Not an Indian was killed though thirty-five soldiers were. Probably six or eight hundred Indians were there under Chief Douglas. That night, Joe Rankin of Rawlins who was with the party, got out of the camp and walked to a ranch where he got a horse and made the ride into Rawlins in about forty hours, getting fresh horses at every ranch that he came to. When they had telegraphed the news to Cheyenne, General Merritt, with a cavalry force, started to Rawlins on the railroad to re-enforce the soldiers near Meeker. As soon as the cavalry detrained at Rawlins, they marched day and night till they got to their destination and drove the Indians away. After the fight with Thornburg, the Indians went on into Meeker and massacred everybody at the agency except Mrs. Meeker and her daughter. As I said, I went in with two four-horse trains for J. W. Hugbus & Co. carrying merchandise and supplies to the soldiers and made the trip to Snake River in twelve hours, overtaking the cavalry at Snake River where we met the Thornburg wounded coming back. I went on into Meeker and stayed there about three weeks. The Indians had burned everything in Meeker so we had to put up a tent. There were only two or three ranches on Snake River and one on Bear River at this time. Jim Baker was with us at Meeker. He was scout for General Merritt when he went in after the massacre.

I have been at the old Jim Baker block house on Snake River which was moved to Cheyenne a few years ago. He lived with the Indians thirty-five or forty years, his wife being a squaw. One day, Jim Baker told us a story about his buffalo hunting. The game hunt he told me about was here in this country. He was with a big party of Indians camped over near Brown's Hill on the Savary. They stayed there for over three weeks and never had to leave the camp over three hundred yards to kill buffalo. There was a string of buffalo passing all the time and it took the buffalo herds three weeks to pass, coming from the North Park country

where they had their summer range and going to the Red Desert for the winter. This must have been about 1858. All the time Baker was talking his hands were going, to demonstrate like an Indian would. He told me of another time he was with an Indian camp on Cherry Creek where Denver now is, when they were attacked by soldiers and prospectors. He said Cherry Creek was so high they had to swim it to get away. He had a papoose then and took the papoose on his horse and swam across with it and said the squaw drowned. I told him he should have saved the squaw. "Oh well," he said, "there's lots of squaws."

When he was trapping over near the Freezeout Mountains in the year 1874, he was up in the mountains with a party shooting bears. He and his partner wounded one. The bear came down the hill right towards them. His partner, who had on buckskin pants, tried to climb a dry quaking asp tree (which is very slippery). He kept sliding down but finally got up to the limbs. Here, he got his arm over a knot in the tree and hung. Baker said he ran to a green pine and climbed up it. The bear came and laid down by the tree and died. His partner called to him, "Can't you shoot him?" "No," said Baker, "he's lying there watching me." "Kill him if you can, 'cause I can't hang on here much longer," shouted the partner. "Well," said Baker, "I thought I'd let him hang on there long enough so finally said, 'You might as well come down because he's dead.' Say, he slipped his arm off that knot and came down like he was shot and gave me a good cussing for not telling him before that the bear was dead."

This story was told by Tom Sun to Mr. Wilcox about the last big Indian fight that took place in Platte Valley:

Tom Sun was an old Hudson Bay Fur Company trapper. Somewhere in the late sixties, he and Bonnie Earnest were trapping on the head of Cow Creek. One morning in April of that year, they got up to get their breakfast and tend to their traps—Earnest to get breakfast and Sun to look after the traps. About one hundred and fifty yards from the house he found in the snow, the fresh trail of a war party of five hundred Sioux Indians. He turned around immediately and went back to the cabin and without waiting for breakfast they took up the trail. They followed this Indian party until they got to Bear Creek, keeping out of the Indians' sight all the time. There the Sioux met fifteen hundred Ute Indians and the fight commenced on Bear Creek. The Sioux, seeing themselves outnumbered, started to run and fled down Bear Creek and over through

a little divide on to the river. Down the river, crossing it where the old Tilton ranch is now. They were fighting all the time from Bear Creek—a running fight. The Utes chased them all along the foot hills of Elk Mountain Range and on the head of Lake Creek. The Sioux had split and some of them went up Cedar Creek and through Cedar Creek Pass. The main fight was in what's now called Pass Creek Basin. Others of the Sioux warriors went along the west side of Elk Mountain range with the Utes after them. Not a single Sioux got back to the Seminoe Mountains.

The principal massacre of the Sioux was just west of the present Paulson Ranch in Pass Creek Basin. Mr. Pennock remembers, years ago, seeing wagon loads of skeletons there. The crevices of the rocks were all full of them. Bill Hawley found an Indian skull once and stuck it on the end of a long stick and rode into camp with it over his head saying that he brought it in to show the rest of us. Mr. Pennock says that in 1879 before the Meeker massacre the Indians set fire to the forests all over the Sierra Madre Range to drive the game out. Mr. Wilcox says the Sioux and Utes were always fighting for the North Platte Valley for their hunting grounds. During the fighting between the tribes, the Utes were about to leave this part of the country and so they set fire to the timber to drive all the game out toward the reservation in Utah where they were going. That was the last time that the Utes were about in this section of the country. Mr. Wilcox says in '82 or '83 there were a very few wild buffalo left in North Park.

In 1869, Harry Mullison, one of the old timers of Saratoga, helped to bury a party of trappers who had been killed by the Indians on Indian Creek. Jack Bloom was the name of one of the trappers who was killed. Mr. Pennock remembers seeing where their wagon had been burned by the Indians. This is the reason the creek is called Indian Creek. Mr. Ledbetter can point out the place where these trappers were buried. These people were the last ones killed in the valley by Indians.

Mr. Pennock remembers prospecting in Mullison Park on Brush Creek about '86 and finding traces of old mine workings including a long shallow tunnel that had caved in in so many places that you could trace it on the surface, and so old that there were trees one and one-half feet through growing in the cavings. They thought at that time that it was probably some mining done by the Spaniards. They dug down into one of the cavings and found some of the old timbers that were used to support the tunnel.

Mr. Pennock remembers finding pots and pieces of pots that used to be used by the Indians, on the Peryam Ranch on Encampment Creek, and above there along the banks of the creek clear on up to the mountains. These pots were made of a sort of hard soap stone of greenish gray color. The Indians used to pound up berries and meat in them which mixture they would dry and sack for winter use.

Mr. Pennock says that on lower Pass Creek between the old Stone Ranch and the Platte River the Indians used to make arrow and spear heads on top of the ridges, where there are bushels of chipped spear and arrow heads now.

On the flat on the west side of the river is another place where the Indians used to make arrow heads. And another on the ridges on the north side of Sage Creek near the Platte River.

Mr. Pennock says that occasionally small parties of Arapahoe Indians used to come in here from up north. They came down in small parties to raid and steal horses. Jim Baker told Mr. Wilcox that in the winter of '59 hundreds of the buffalo smothered. The snow was so deep that worlds and worlds of buffalo were killed in the drifts and through starvation so that the plains on the Platte River were white with buffalo bones. That winter, the Indians lost all their ponies. The Utes, after losing their ponies, sent a party down into old Mexico to steal some horses or ponies to take the place of the dead ones. They stole about six hundred head. The Mexican Indians got after them to recapture the ponies but the Utes managed to whip them back in a fight and bring the ponies home with them. Mr. Pennock camped with Jim Baker for several months at the time of the Meeker massacre when he told him this.

IMC/MJS

MR. THOMAS J. BRYANT

The State Department of History suffered a distinct loss in the death of Mr. Thomas J. Bryant, which occurred at his home in Wheatland on January 28, 1929. Mr. Bryant had not been in robust health, but his passing was sudden and unexpected. He was born in Iowa in 1874. He is survived by his widow and one daughter.

Mr. Bryant was an able lawyer, an eloquent public speaker, a talented writer and a high-class, intensely patriotic citizen.

He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church and of the Masonic Order; he was State Chairman of the Civil Legion a National organization, First Commander of the Sons of Union Veterans, a Vice-President and a Director in the National organization known as the "Boone Family Reunion Association," for he was collaterally descended from Daniel Boone.

He had the same common ancestor as the poet William Cullen Bryant and was himself a writer of verse. Elsewhere we print two of Mr. Bryant's poems. His last poem, "If This Be All," has been widely copied.

Mr. Bryant was a valued member of the Advisory Board for the Wyoming State Department of History and contributed to the Annals of Wyoming. He left an unfinished manuscript which he was writing for the Annals. He also wrote for the historical publications of Iowa and Missouri. His poems, written on a wide range of subjects, appeared in magazines and newspapers.

He had given a number of his manuscript poems to the State of Wyoming and they are now in the files with other manuscripts of Mr. Bryant's in the files of the State Department of History.

"ROBIN REDBREAST"

Robin Redbreast, you are here
With your piping notes of cheer;
You have absent been and long,
And I missed your sprightly song.

Welcome, welcome to our town,
With your little dame in brown;
Choose your station where you will,
None shall do thee aught of ill.

Spick and span your modest coat,
Sweet and strong your tuneful throat
Lift your voice and gaily sing,
The first madrigal to spring.

Freely you may loiter round,
Probing in the soft moist ground,
Taking toll of worm and bug,
'Neath the green earth's grassy rug.

And your mate shall build her nest
In the place that suits her best;
In the forks of yonder tree
Safely hidden she will be.

By and by there will be need
Hungry, clamoring mouths to feed;
Then life's business will begin—
Robin Redbreast, we are kin.

—T. J. Bryant.

"WHERE THE LARAMIE FLOWS"

Where the Laramie flows and the blue bell grows,
And the painted cup is red,—
Where the free wind blows and the sunflower glows
In the light of the sun o'erhead,
'Tis there, 'tis there that I love to stray,
In the genial warmth of a summer's day.

To stray and dream by the winding stream,
And to banish toil and care,
To glimpse the gleam of the sun's bright beam,
On the crest of the waters there,
While from the flora beneath my feet,
Comes up the breath of incense sweet.

A friend of mine is the evergreen pine,
That clings to the hill near by,
And the wild grapevine whose tendrils twine
Their way from earth to sky,
And the birds that sings in sheer delight,
While high o'erhead he wings his flight.

And the sight and sound that here abound,
Fulfilling some great plan,
And each knoll and mound by nature crowned,
Unmarred by the hand of man,
Unite in forming an earthly plot,
Where thoughts unholy may enter not.

In the shade and sheen of this fair scene,
I hear neither sigh nor moan;
Mid the tangled green with soul serene,
I fare toward the great Unknown,
With thoughts uplifted above the sod,
And heart at peace with man and God.

(Signed) Thomas Julian Bryant.

January 6, 1922.

A WYOMING TRAIL BLAZER

Many of the pioneers of northeastern Wyoming were children of pioneers in what was frontiers years before, and these children, grown up, moved west as the frontier moved, and being inured to hardships and danger, didn't seem to mind facing any kind of circumstances.

Fearless, energetic and efficient, they traveled west, risking their own and their families' lives, as many pioneers brought their families with them, even though the danger was great. When they arrived they set about building their homes and helping others to build. Comrades all, giving time and work to a good cause.

Pioneering in Wyoming in the early 80's was all the word implies. It must have taken a stout heart and courageous spirit to start into a new country full of unknown perils.

Among the pioneers coming to Wyoming in 1883 was my father, George W. Laney, who was born May 9, 1851, in the southern part of Missouri, the fourth child in a family of twelve children.

During the Civil War, while his two older brothers were in the Union army, and his father, too old to go to war, my father's mother passed on, leaving George, 10 years, and a sister, 12, to take care of the smaller children of the home.

Their home was in the war zone and when the children heard the roar of guns and the booming of cannons, on Aug. 10, 1861, they knew a battle was in progress, and putting the smaller children in the house, my father and his sister stood in the yard and listened to the battle of Wilson Creek, eight miles away.

Being where both the Union and Confederate armies passed, also the armed bands of bushwhackers, little was left of the property in the community when the war was over.

My father helped with the reconstruction of home and community, and in 1868 helped to build the county court house at Marionville, Missouri.

During the following years my father worked at the stone mason trade and other constructive work. One thing he did exceedingly well, and was very proud of, was building fire places, all of which "drew" without smoking and gave out most wonderful heat. In any house he built for his family, wherever he lived, he built one of his famous fireplaces.

In 1874 my father was married to Elizabeth Good and established his home near a saw mill which he and his elder brother had bought. He sawed timber for the Frisco Railroad Company until 1879, when the saw mill and the buildings of the surrounding country were swept off the map by the great Marshfield cyclone, which did great damage to life and property.

After the loss of his saw mill, my father moved to Grandby, Missouri, and worked in the lead mines, and in 1881 he went to the northern part of the state and farmed and did saw mill work.

In 1883 my father started for the famous Black Hills, with my mother and four small children, in a covered wagon, drawn by a pair of mules; two other wagons made up the little caravan. Storms, rough roads and dangerous river crossings were their portion. They crossed the Sioux Reservation, but saw only peaceful Indians. Twice each day the stage coach, going to and from Deadwood, passed them, and they met many freighters, those brave men who hauled provisions west, to the early settlers, hundreds of miles, with teams, mostly oxen.

The crossing of the Missouri River at Fort Pierre was made on the ferry and when my father's party came to the Cheyenne River they found it a raging torrent of water and quick sand.

The stage coach company would not let any of the emigrants cross on the stage ferry, only their own passengers could cross. My father and other men explored the vicinity to find means to effect a crossing and discovered an old, abandoned hunter's cabin from which they took the floor and made a flat boat. One of the men understood the manipulation of such a craft and the sixteen families camped on the eastern side of the Cheyenne were taken over, and bidding each other farewell, each went its separate way and many years after my father met many of these people in the Black Hills.

From the Cheyenne River crossing Leroy Dickinson and his family traveled with my father's party and subsequently filed on a ranch near my father's west of Sundance which Mr. Dickinson still owns.

My father was sixty-three days on the road from the northern part of Missouri to Deadwood, Dakota, now South Dakota. Arrived in the Black Hills, he settled in Central City, and during the summer of 1883 did road and bridge work. In the fall he went on a hunting trip to Wyoming and while there filed on a pre-emption one and a half miles northwest of Sundance, which now belongs to Dick Morgan.

In 1883 Sundance was only a road ranch, belonging to Hoge and Bullard, consisting of a large log house for a store, with a small supply of groceries and a few dry goods, the post office and a saloon, all under the same roof. The hotel, operated by Frank Miller and wife, consisted of two rooms on the ground floor and lodging rooms in the attic. A stockaded square, shed, was the livery barn.

In 1884 my father and Leroy Dickinson farmed a small field of oats where the Crook County court house now stands. A young man, Eugene Barlow, was chasing a pair of mules when his horse ran into the fence around this field and Eugene was killed. This was the first person to be buried in the Sundance cemetery.

At that time there was no machinery to harvest grain and the farmer cut the grain by hand with a grain cradle and bound it into sheaves by hand, making the bands of the long strands. Threshing must have been a tiresome job as the grain was pounded out with what was called a flail, which was a long stick with a shorter piece of wood tied to one end. The grain and chaff were separated by pouring the grain so the wind blew the refuse out.

My father was a great hunter and always kept his table supplied abundantly with all kinds of game, though never slaying an animal for its hide to sell as many pioneers did. In early days hunters killed elk and deer in wagon loads and marketed them in Deadwood.

The deer and elk were so numerous and unafraid the pioneers had to build stout, close pole fences to keep them from eating the little crops. They would come close to the house and gaze fearlessly at the inhabitants.

The pioneers practiced co-operation whole heartedly; new families coming into the country were cordially welcomed and helped with their building and to get settled. No one suffered with ennui. They were too busy. There were no "soft snaps." The women practiced every ingenious scheme about their house work and sewing, busy making homes and rearing their children. The men, energetic and industrious, meeting and overcoming every obstacle. All helping to wrest a wonderful country from a wilderness.

Wyoming was then a territory and Cheyenne was the county seat of the county which extended across the entire eastern part of the state. Merry and exciting were the times and elections, getting Crook County organized and Sundance started on the road to civilization, as a city.

At the first county election, Jim Ryan was elected Sheriff and my father, constable, and later was appointed

deputy sheriff, and many times he made long rides into the country helping the sheriff in his work.

My father helped build the Crook County court house, building the greater part of the stone foundation. He did all kinds of work and was away from home, in the winter, until late at night. There were no roads and my mother would hang a lantern out on the side of the house, so he could find the way home as the snow drifted so deep he had to make a trail each day.

My father was a member of the M. E. Church and being trained in the old fashioned singing schools, was one of the finest singers I ever heard, having a beautiful bass voice. He was a staunch advocate and supporter of prohibition and in early days when the A. O. Good Templers organized in Sundance, he and my mother were active members of the order.

In 1889 my father moved to a saw mill owned by Hank Mason, twenty miles above Newcastle, on the Stockade Beaver, doing mill work and hauling lumber into Newcastle, and while there helped to establish Weston County.

(Hank Mason, spoken of above, was torn to pieces, some years after, by a bear, about a mile from his saw mill. See Quarterly Bulletin, Vol. 2, No. 4, Page 68.)

In the fall of 1891, my father went to Merino (now Upton) and freighted ties west for the C. B. & Q. R. R. Co., who were building the railroad through at that time, and in the early part of 1892 he returned to his ranch near Sundance and took up farming and stock raising, selling his ranch in 1893 to Dick Morgan, and moved to the Belle Fourche River at Carlile, where he helped Frank Johnstone improve his ranch.

It was in 1895 that my father filed on his homestead ten miles south of the Devil's Tower, that beautiful granite monument of unsurpassed grandeur which stands on a hill covered with evergreen trees. The Tower draws tourists from all over the world who come to see its wondrous beauty.

On this ranch my father lived for twenty-nine years, farming and raising cattle. He went to Spearfish, S. D., in 1898, and helped build the U. S. fish hatchery, doing most of the rock work. The remaining years of his life were spent on the ranch where my mother and two younger brothers still live.

My father reared seven children. In 1907 a great sorrow came into his life, when his eldest son, Charles, who was practicing with the firemen in the streets of Sundance, fell

and the hose cart was pulled over him, injuring him fatally. He passed out in about twenty minutes.

My father's health began to fail in 1916 and in 1918 he suffered a stroke of apoplexy, but having been a strong healthy man he recovered and would visit his children in different parts of Wyoming and Nebraska. In 1919 he traveled alone to his old home in Missouri and while there saw his birthplace and the Wilson Creek battlefield.

On February 8, 1924, my father was stricken with a second attack of apoplexy and passed on before his children could be called to his side.

High on the hill west of Sundance, in the little cemetery, where he helped to lay to rest the first person buried there, my father was laid by his son, Charles. He was mercifully spared another sorrow, as his third eldest son, Clement, passed out on June 13, 1924, at a hospital at Hot Springs, S. D., and was laid to rest by my father. He sleeps by his two sons whom he brought to Sundance forty-four years ago, within two miles of his first home in Wyoming, the state he loved. Not with riches of monetary value did he help to establish the commonwealth of Wyoming, but with the labor of his hands, his kind deeds, as a kind neighbor and a helper in any emergency, he lived for forty-one years, a friend to all.

From this cemetery can be seen the beauty spots of the surrounding country, the Sundance mountain, beautiful, with its gray cliffs, its pines and cedars, bright in the sunlight and turned to purple in the haze. The Bear Lodge mountains, so named because the bears hibernated there, covered densely with evergreens, from which comes a constant, soft murmur of the pines, changing to a roar in a high wind or just before a storm. In the distance far to the east the Black Hills above Deadwood raise magnificent heights to the sky.

Below is the beautiful little town of Sundance, where my father helped to build many of the best buildings, where he helped with the duties of citizenship, joined in the pleasures of the community and worshiped at the little M. E. Church from which later, was conducted the funeral services of himself and his two sons.

Who shall say the pioneers are not just as truly heroes as though they had fought in many wars. They faced all hardships and danger and met them as unflinchingly as could soldiers on the firing line.

All hail to those courageous, undaunted trail blazers, who helped to hew this vast incomparable state, which will endure from a wilderness of danger and hardship and made

possible the present civilization and opulence that we enjoy, which is equal in many things and superior in others to any of the eastern states.

Nowhere can be found more beautiful scenery than our Yellowstone Park and other scenic places, the gorgeous sunsets, so beautiful words cannot describe them, the exhilarating health giving atmosphere, the fragrance of the sage, where the sun shines three hundred and sixty-four days in the year, we can sing with Charles E. Winter:

“In the far and mighty west
Where the crimson sun seeks rest,
There’s a growing, splendid state
that lies above.

On the breast of this great land,
Where the massive Rockies stand
There’s Wyoming, young and strong,
the state I love.”

Written June, 1927, by Mrs. S. L. Mills, daughter of George W. Laney.

ACCOUNT OF DANIEL McULVAN'S AND DAVID McFARLANE'S ENCOUNTER WITH THE SIOUX IN 1876

By Mrs. Mary Whiting McFarlane

The spring and summer of 1876 will long be remembered by the pioneers whose scattered homesteads dotted the map of Wyoming Territory, for that year the Indians, always uncertain neighbors, were getting ready for what proved to be the last stand of importance, taken by the great Sioux nation.

The eloquence of Sitting Bull had shown them their wrongs and persuaded them that now or never, must they act, if this wonderful land, which the Great Spirit had so clearly fashioned for their home and needs, was to stay theirs.

No eloquence was needed to point out what was happening, as the continually growing band of white settlers cut off more and more of the range necessary for buffalo, that staple food of the Indian, and even the most pacific among them agreed that if these white men were to be driven off it must be soon, and so the spring found them laying up the stores necessary for the "going upon the war path" once more.

One of the first requisites was horses, and certainly the easiest way to get them was the one which had become the usual one, steal them from the white man.

In that spring of 1876 word had filtered into the settlements along the tributaries of the North Platte river, that the Indians were out stealing horses, and the ranchmen at once began preparations to protect their stock as best they could. This consisted in most part of getting them together in the home corrals.

What is now known as Slater Flats was then the M Bar ranch owned by Daniel McUlvan and John McFarlane, brothers-in-law, and here the news of this latest Indian foray sent Mr. McUlvan and his younger brother-in-law, David McFarlane, now living on his ranch near Owen in Albany County, out at once to collect their live stock. The horses were quickly herded into the corral at the ranch, and they then started after the cattle which were farther afield. As they were riding along one of the ridges of the breaks on Reshaw Creek (Richard Creek), David, glancing back, saw two riders scurry over a hill and disappear. He called to Dan and told him and said, "I think they were Indians," but Mr. McUlvan, being older and with a back-

ground of Indian experience, was not willing to admit it to his younger companion, fearing to frighten him, although he knew of course it was so.

They were therefore not surprised on crossing the bottom of a hollow and climbing the next hill to be met with a volley of bullets and to see a band of painted savages charge them from over its top. They turned their horses and ran down the hill, jumping off to fire and then on again until the Indians came too close, when they would repeat the tactics. Dan's horse fell, and they both dismounted, Dave leading his mount, a little mare that had become almost frenzied and was practically good for little else than to be a shield from bullets from the rear. When the men would fire, the Indians would spread out in a fan, clustering together when the men went on.

Of course in a few moments more the other horse was shot and the two men, both wounded, faced them without protection. They had shot one at least of their assailants, for they had seen two of his companions carry him off between them, and they had wounded at least one or two others, and here was to be the end, but they grimly resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

But the Indians had achieved their purpose, and had enough. What they wanted was horses, not scalps then, and since these two wounded men could not now stop their getting the horses at the ranch, and the soldiers would be in quick pursuit when this was known, speed was desirable and they turned and flew away over the hills to the ranch, but not before Dave had risen to his knees and sent one parting shot which landed very close to the chief with the long war bonnet dragging behind him, who waved his hand and shouted something derogatory, and followed his men out of sight.

Imagine the feelings of these two men. At the ranch were three helpless women and a little boy, Thomas McFarlane, who was in the habit of hunting rabbits in the brush and almost sure to be cut off and captured, and to Dave, this picture of the little brother, who was much beloved by him, a tortured captive, was infinitely harder to bear than his own wounds. He spoke to Dan, "I'm afraid they'll get Tommy," and Dan, worried as he was over the fate of his own young bride, tried to reassure him by saying, "It'll be about noon, and he'll likely be in the house," which really proved to be the case. At the ranch, the family, augmented by a soldier acquaintance, Sergeant Ashenfelter, were at the dinner table. Boy like, Tommy got through first and going to the window, saw the Indians driving off the last of

their horses, and he turned and exclaimed, "O ma, they've got our horses." Consternation reigned in the little log cabin, and Ashenfelter began stationing the women so they would be most out of range in case of an attack. But the Indians had what they wanted, horses, and knew they had no time to lay siege to a cabin, with soldiers likely to appear on the scene any minute, and so scurried away north with their capture.

This, as far as I know, was the last foray made by the Sioux south of the Platte, for this Indian war of 1876, culminating in the Custer massacre, marked the end of their attempts at the hopeless task of driving out the white men, who literally were as the sands of the sea, it seemed.

During the winter of 1896, the writer was teaching school in the northern part of Albany County and boarding in the family of John McFarlane. The mail one day brought Mr. McFarlane an official looking envelope from which a check dropped out. After reading the letter, Mr. McFarlane chuckled and said, "Look at this, a check from the government for those horses the Indians ran off the time Dave and Dan were shot."

REMINISCENSES OF WYOMING IN THE SEVENTIES AND EIGHTIES

I first saw Wyoming on September 4th, 1874. My brother, Union Pacific Agent at Point of Rocks, took me out, a pale faced youth of sixteen from an eastern city with picturesque ideas of the West, gathered—chiefly—from ten cent fiction.

My brother, Edward H. Clarke, possessed unique qualities that gave him some celebrity. Besides a remarkable talent as an artist in pen and ink sketches, he was a universal mechanic. He had also mastered the art of taxidermy and mounted many fine specimens of big game animals. All the eating houses along the railroad displayed examples of his craft. Fifty years later I saw deer and elk heads, mounted by him, in the dining rooms at Evanston and Green River.

I was soon enrolled in the service of the Union Pacific as extra or relief telegraph operator, my first assignment being a night job at Rawlins, but the migratory character of the position soon gave me a personal acquaintance with many places, including Lookout, Rock Creek, Carbon, Creston, Rock Springs, etc.

What a unique comparison the Union Pacific of that period presents with the splendid organization of today! Fifty-two pound iron rails, 30 ton eight wheel engines, box cars of five tons tare and ten tons capacity, straight air brakes on passenger equipment, the "Armstrong" the only ones known to freight cars and all such refinements as steel rails, split switches, tie plates, automatic brakes or couplers, dining cars, vestibuled coaches and a thousand more lay far in the future.

One daily passenger train, scheduled at twenty miles per hour, was adequate to the needs, supplemented by a mixed service, loosely called the "emigrant train." It carried freight and second class coaches, often as many as ten or twelve, filled with California gold seekers, going out with enthusiasm or returning disillusioned.

Sidney Dillon was President and S. H. H. Clark, General Superintendent and in Wyoming were Superintendents J. T. Clark at Cheyenne, S. T. Shankland at Laramie and W. B. Doddridge at Evanston.

The spring of 1876 found me at Medicine Bow, normally a small place, whose importance was greatly enhanced that year by the Indian war in northern Wyoming and Montana, being the point of departure for troops and supplies for the

campaigns of Crook, Terry and the ill starred Custer. Enormous quantities of food, clothing and war material were unloaded, stored and sent northward via Forts Fetterman and McKinney. I saw one "bull train" or 115 wagons and several mule caravans of fifty and sixty wagons dispatched. Among those of note whom I met or saw, I recall Scouts Bill Cody and Frank Grouard, Capt. Jack Crawford, scout and writer, General Crook and several other officers of note, then or thereafter.

Realizing our unprotected condition with the great supply of guns, ammunition and stores so needed by the Indians and the fact that they were usually kept informed by half breeds and renegades, the citizens of Medicine Bow were a prey to justified fears, which culminated in a called meeting of the male element. William Taylor, U. S. Quartermaster's Agent, was made president and John Allison, Station Agent, secretary. A list of arms and munitions was made and a census taken of the males of gun bearing age, 42 in number. These were at once organized into a battalion for home defense, a sentinel was stationed on a hill back of town and everyone took his turn of four hours picket duty. More than one inky night did I pack a .45 Colts to and fro, scanning the horizon and, as Bill Nye says, "occasionally discharging my—duty."

The protective value of all this we did not then realize was nil, but initiative displayed in another direction was of practical value. A petition setting forth our condition was made to our delegate in Congress, Colonel Downey, whose representations to the War Department obtained prompt results. Company K, Fourteenth Infantry, commanded by Captain Gabriel S. Carpenter, was sent to garrison the place.

The Ute Indians of Colorado were then professedly friendly and the government secured a contingent of 300 or 400 to fight the Cheyennes in the north. Enroute to the front they arrived at Medicine Bow one August afternoon, encamped near town and it was announced would hold a war dance that night. They played to a good house, including a big party that came from Laramie by special train.

The show was disappointing. It consisted chiefly of half a dozen moccasined braves in garish war paint, scurrying around in a crouching attitude, chanting monotonous stuff to the accompaniment of a lard can or cracker box, lustily beaten by squaws, the occasional discharge of their rifles in the air and the releasing of their war whoop. This latter was really startling and thrilling but after the sixth hundredth repetition, began to pale. So much enthusiasm was thus expended in six consecutive hours that none was

left for fighting Sitting Bull's braves. The Utes got chilblains long before reaching the war zone and were intercepted by the military at Separation, in attempting to sneak back home, and Uncle Sam's guns and blankets were taken from them.

On June 25th occurred the Custer defeat and massacre just over the Montana boundary line. I caught and copied the report of this event going over the wires to the California press, little thinking that fifty years later to the day, I should be passing the scene of the fight on the Little Big Horn in the Pullman of a Burlington train, peering into the darkness to get a glimpse of the historic battle field.

In October I was one of the hunting party to Shirley Basin, about 40 miles northwest of Medicine Bow. This region did not then possess one white inhabitant. Capt. Carpenter, Augustus Trabing, merchant, and a Mr. Branch of Chicago, were among the others.

My contribution to the game score was two elk and six willow grouse. One elk had the finest pair of horns I have ever seen. The third night we encamped on a clear rapid stream called Difficult Creek, near the place where a party of emigrants had been killed and scalped by Indians several years before. After we had disposed ourselves to sleep in our tent, the conversation was adroitly turned by the Captain and Trabing to the aforesaid massacre, our situation and the hazard we were incurring without a guard. When they had worked us into a thoroughly uneasy state of mind it was proposed that we should do sentinel duty, each in turn, in two hour shifts. Every one chivalrously volunteered for the first turn but the honor fell to Branch, after which I displayed my youthful zeal for a like period. Rifle in hand, I braved the crisp night air, unsuspecting of the hoax that cost Branch and myself a twelve plate dinner upon our return to town.

One incident of this memorable year, unforgettable in itself, was brought into bolder relief by the publication some years since of Owen Wister's novel, "The Virginian."

"The Virginian" that I knew at Medicine Bow was the antithesis of Wister's hero. His name was Page and he kept the only saloon and billiard table in the place. One day two cow boys arrived in town for their periodical "blow out" and began playing pool for the drinks. One round followed another and a dispute arose over the number of games. Page was arbitrary and insistent for the payment of the disputed 37 cents and this rankled deeper with the boys as the day waned and their condition waxed. The culmination I witnessed from nearby safety. Page was be-

hind the bar when one cowboy addressed him: "Page, you're a son of a gun, (approximately) I'd like to take a shot at you and, by God, I will." Whipping out his pistol, he fired, not at Page but at his reflection in the big mirror, which fell, shattered, with a crash. Page got out the back door instantly and the men, as if galvanized by the shot, became maniacs. They shot down every bracket lamp, and the bottles behind the bar, ripped the billiard table up with knives and broke it up, smashed every chair, window and cue and rode out of town, embracing each other with one hand and discharging their ordnance with the other. Page's penuriousness had reacted ten thousand fold.

In the winter of 76-77, I was stationed at Rock Springs and witnessed what was known as the first Rock Springs' strike. The U. P. then employed about 600 miners, principally Welsh and Cornishmen. The strike came without ultimatum or warning. The first we knew of it was the taking possession by the strikers and the picketing of the mines, chutes and power plants. Together with Mine Superintendent Tisdale and Agent Tim Kinney, I was standing on the station platform in semi-darkness when a pistol was fired from amongst the miners' houses and the bullet sang its way between Kinney and myself, striking a window of Ward's hotel. I doubt if a second bullet could have overtaken us in our flight to cover.

The high handed course of the strikers prevailed for one day but during the second night a troop train arrived silently and unannounced and when the miners awoke in the morning they spied the rows of white tents planted amongst their houses. On the same day two trains arrived from Evanston with Chinamen, house building material and carpenters. The defeat of the agitators was complete and the introduction of Asiatic labor in the mines an accomplished fact.

In April, I was appointed station agent at Red Desert, which claimed my services for two years, with the exception of a few weeks in the summer of 1878, during which I was assigned to the Agency at Separation. This latter place does not now exist. Its location was in the valley, thirteen miles west of Rawlins, and was at the middle of the belt of totality of a solar eclipse that occurred at that precise time. This phenomenon brought scientists from England, France, and Russia, as well as from several American institutions. I clearly remember the celebrated Sir Norman Lockyer of the Royal Astronomical Society and Profs. Draper, Harkness, Newcome and Watson, Americans. Prof. Newcome was the foremost astronomer of his time and

conducted the observations at the Washington Naval observatory. Commander W. T. Sampson, U. S. N., twenty years later the victor of Santiago, was in charge of the expedition. I assisted in the observations during the precious seconds of totality and immediately afterwards heard Prof. Watson announce the discovery of an intra-mercurial planet, which all were seeking. The claim was not, however, generally accepted and has never been verified.

The eclipse over and everything packed for departure, science relaxed its austerity and devoted a day to a general hunt. Thomas A. Edison, who had come to Rawlins for the eclipse, arrived and joined the chase. Their combined knowledge of game killing was about equal to mine of parallaxes and spectrums and when they straggled back toward evening their total bag consisted of one sparrow hawk. Edison arrived first, a little prior to which my brother Ed. had placed a stuffed jack rabbit in the greasewood, his silhouette just visible from the station platform. The great inventor took the bait, but, after firing four shots, comprehended the joke and said: "That's one on me all right, but keep still while I get Newcome." The sedate professor and one or two more were hoaxed in turn. Upon his return to New York, Edison mentioned this incident to the reporters and it was duly published. One unpublished detail was that a post buncome examination of the rabbit showed that all four of the shots had struck it. This imparted another angle to the joke.

The summer of 1879 was passed at Percy, the old location, not the present one. It was a sportsman's paradise. Sage chickens everywhere, antelope on the plains, deer in the foothills of Elk mountain, seven miles distant, and geese and ducks galore on the intervening Foote's lakes. These latter and the adjacent meadows at the base of the mighty mountain formed a magnificent and beautiful scene. The Foote house stood on the spot formerly occupied by old Fort Halleck and an overland stage station. It had also been a relay point for the pony mail service and had borne its part in the history of the epoch. Not far distant is Bloody Lake, where a party of teamsters were massacred, scalped and mutilated by Indians in 1861, one of the many tragedies the grim mountain might relate if given speech.

Foote was a Scotsman. His title to the extensive hay meadows and fine irrigation system was afterwards contested and in 1889, when I last visited the locality a great change had occurred. No vestige remained of the Footes or their ranch buildings and nobody seemed to have ever heard of them. The valley had been cut up into smaller ranches and wire fences and board houses were visible on all

sides. Such evidence of the inexorable push of "civilization" brought sadness, such as does the drying up of Niagara to increase factory production.

I saw one antelope where scores had once pastured and found a few covies of three or four sage chickens, survivors of the flocks of twelve and thirteen, formerly so numerous.

My last prior visit to the old Fort Halleck site had been in 1881. In attempting a seventy mile saddle trip from a point on the North Platte, now known as Saratoga, to Carbon, I was overcome by the sun, an ailment we then called mountain fever. Dazed and feverish, I sought the Foote ranch house and was given a clean, cool bed and the inevitable cup of sage tea. This so far restored me that I was able to proceed the next morning, groggy but grateful.

The Meeker massacre followed by the Ute war occurring in the fall of 1879, I was sent to Rawlins to help the Agent, J. B. Adams, out during the enormous rush and congestion of traffic. Rawlins was the detraining point for troops and supplies for the scene of the uprising in northern Colorado.

The town was at this time a striking example of the mushroom city of the bizarre West. The normal population of 700 was swollen to several thousand, not including bodies of troops camped near, who were drilling and manouvering all day on the surrounding hills under orders of Major Evans. Colonels Shafter, Wade and Wesley Meritt, afterwards generals of the Spanish war, with their regiments, were among those that disembarked and marched away.

Bad characters, masculine and feminine, from the entire West had been drawn there as by some great magnet. No day passed without a cutting, shooting or robbery by force or fraud. We had, as the phrase ran, "a man for breakfast every morning."

One case I witnessed: A bad man, whiskied up to the quarrelsome pitch, unprovokedly shot dead a barkeeper on the north side and started up the railroad track toward the west, shooting at every head that essayed to get a glance or possibly a shot at him. By the time he reached the water tank, opposition had crystalized. As he got even with the tank, Jim Rankin, the sheriff, stepped out with a double barrelled shot gun. Both fired, but Rankin was a trifle the quicker and the desperado fell, riddled. The chief credit, however, went to a soldier, a cavalry private, who stood in the open street below and fired his carbine, shooting the man through the breast and scoring first blood an instant ahead of Rankin.

The Ute uprising was soon squelched and the troops reassigned to peace conditions, but Rawlins was for many

months infested with the lawless element. A man named Lacey was their leader and his saloon on the south side their rendezvous. Killings and hold-ups continued rampant and only yielded to drastic measures. The orderly element had organized and one night following the beating up and robbery of a Chinese washerman, rounded up at the point of the gun four of the worst desperadoes and took them to the stock yards east of town. Lacey and two others were hanged to the bar over the gate and one was permitted to scurry away into the darkness amid a discharge of pistols, mercifully aimed as the result of evidence he had given the committee of the possession of some attributes of decency.

Notices were posted with lists of other undesirables, who without exception availed themselves of the allotted 24 hours in which to leave town. My only connection with this event was that of a chronicler, having written it up for the Laramie Boomerang.

This was not the only actuation of the Vigilantes. Several months earlier they took a condemned murderer named George Manuse, known as "Big Nose George," from the state penitentiary and hung him from a telegraph pole in the edge of town. The history of this desperado and the band to which he belonged forms an interesting page in the epic of the times. I have never known of a full or adequate account of it having been published. I personally knew some of the actors and witnessed certain scenes of those dramatic events.

The epoch of big train robberies in the West had been inaugurated by the holding up of the U. P. eastbound train at Big Springs, and the "industry" seemed to be attracting the efforts of the bandit element generally.

One summer day in 1878, a band of desperadoes planned to derail and rob train three, the westbound express, at a point four miles east of Medicine Bow. No more diabolical plot was ever conceived. The train would have been descending a heavy grade on a sharp curve and would have been thrown down a thirty foot embankment with frightful loss of life.

The robbers had taken the splice bars out of both ends of a rail and pulled the spikes on the outside. The section gang had passed enroute home but the foreman, E. Brown, remained behind and was walking in. Upon seeing the disconnected rail, he realized the danger but assumed not to notice the defect and walked on, but once out of sight, hastened to Medicine Bow to report the danger by telegraph. While he paused at that point, the bandits lay in a ravine not 100 yards distant with rifles trained on him, but

a dissention prevailed among them whether to kill him, and the hesitation permitted his getaway. Prompt and adequate steps were taken by the railway. A light engine was run ahead of train three and a large military guard from Fort Sanders sent with both engine and train. They were not attacked, the delay probably having warned the bandits.

Great excitement prevailed. Trains were safeguarded against attack and officers of the law became active. Information collected showed that the bandits numbered nine, every one of whom was a criminal and outlaw. They were known to have withdrawn to the fastnesses of Elk Mountain and two deputy sheriffs, Widdowfield and Vincent, started out from Carbon to locate and get information of them.

Widdowfield was a mine boss and Vincent, known as "Tip," an old mountain man and former U. S. Marshal, railroad detective, etc. Their approach was noted from a distance by a lookout posted in the mountain and the band disposed themselves to receive them. Extinguishing their camp fire and hiding their horses in the deep timber, they lay concealed behind logs and trees. Upon finding the camping place, Widdowfield dismounted, put his hand in the ashes and said: "They're hot, Tip, we'll have them inside of an hour." As if in answer, a shot was fired which struck him in the forehead and he fell dead. Vincent spurred his horse and rode away, amidst a fusilade but at a distance of 300 yards, careened and fell to the ground, no fewer than eleven bullets having struck him.

The non-return of the deputies caused concern and at the end of a week, a big party started out from Carbon, finding only the two badly decomposed bodies.

The heavily guarded trains were not attacked. The bandits separated and were hunted down and killed or captured in localities as widely divergent as Idaho, Montana and the Indian Territory. I was told by a U. S. Marshal that every one, without exception, met a violent death within a term of two years.

Dutch Charlie was first to be caught and was taken from the custody of Sheriff Rankin on board the west bound U. P. train by the miners at Carbon and hanged. From the window of the east bound train the next morning I saw his body dangling from a rope, frozen so stiff that it rattled against the telegraph pole, a play to the wind. The face was black, features distorted and eyes bulging—a horrible sight.

Big Nose George was captured in Montana several months later. Upon arrival at Carbon, the train was again

boarded by the gun and rope committee but this time wiser counsel prevailed and the prisoner was given the alternative of making a full confession. This he did, as a means of prolonging his existence, at least for a time. His statement, which was believed to be substantially true, was taken down by an amanuensis and duly signed and witnessed, after which the train was permitted to proceed with the sheriff and his prisoner.

Manuse was tried, convicted and given the death sentence and was awaiting his end in the Rawlins prison. With the aid of a table knife that he had managed to conceal, he got the shackles apart that held his hands together, and on the evening prior to the date set for his execution, when Jailer Sam Rankin entered with his supper, dealt him a blow with the dangling chains that felled and stunned him. Mrs. Rankin, in her apartment, heard the noise and seizing a pistol, rushed in, covered Manuse and prevented his escape until help arrived. Prompt action by the Vigilantes followed and within two hours Big Nose George had reached the end of his rope in a material as well as a figurative sense.

My Laramie sojourn included seven years residence between 1879 and 1890 and frequent prior visits. Though not a history making epoch, this period was not eventless.

The discovery of gold at Jelm Mountain, just over the Colorado line to the southwest, gave Laramie a brief thrill, so typical of the early West. The news of the "strike," like a magician's wand, wafted the entire male population out of town in a single night, plus every horse, mule or pack animal that could be commandeered. First reports proved little justified and the men "as silently stole" back to town.

News of the passage by the House of Representatives of the statehood bill was celebrated with delirious aplomb, manifested by the ringing of bells, bonfires, speeches and the setting off of all the fireworks in town.

In '78, a man named Frodsham and another of equally unsavory repute had a bloodless pistol polemic in the center of town, chasing each other around a boxed tree on Thornburgh Avenue and exploding all their ammunition. Their score was point blank, if their aim was not. Frodsham was afterwards hanged by Vigilantes in Leadville.

The cowardly murder of C. H. Graves, U. P. Roadmaster, by C. A. Peirronnet in 1881, stirred the community for the moment, but the skill and eloquence of Attorney W. W. Corlett secured the acquittal of the assassin by a low-browed jury. This murder occurred near the door of the

railroad office. Mr. Baxter and myself, who were sleeping above, were aroused and reached Graves when he had scarcely ceased to breathe.

A man named Cook, who committed an unprovoked murder in 1884, did not fare so well. He was convicted and hanged.

Laramie's comedies were less thrilling but more numerous than her tragedies. Who could ever forget the Bi-weekly Club dances, the Library and Literary Association concerts, the Shakespeare Club readings, the operetta "Penelope" by local talent, the opening of Holliday's Opera House, the surprise party of Tom Abbott's ranch on the Big Laramie and the midnight return to our train at Wyoming station in a fierce snow storm, when three of us walked ahead of the wagons, mendaciously assuring the ladies that we were not lost; the beer soiree at Mayor Robert Marsh's residence, described in one of Bill Nye's books and the inauguration of Cheyenne's first Opera House? On this latter occasion Laramie's elite were taken to the capital by special train and met with generous hospitality from the Cheyennese. I still have the dance card of the Grand Ball that followed the operatic rendition of "Olivette" and am enclosing it for your collection. The "Mrs. Hoyt" set down for one of the dances was the wife of the Governor and there are other names that honored me.

My acquaintance with Edgar W. Nye was more than casual. I did considerable work as contributor and reporter on the "Boomerang" and saw him daily for many months. When he flared forth in the literary firmament as a result of his writings on the Times, his place as a humorist was quickly recognized and the Boomerang Company was formed and Bill was placed at its head as Managing Editor. The narrator was an original stockholder to the extent of one paid up twenty-five dollar share. Nye and the Boomerang placed Laramie, and to some extent Wyoming, on the map of thousands otherwise ignorant of their existence. No pent up town of 3,500, however, could long contract his powers. An eastern syndicate was soon doing the contracting with the word "for" added.

With Nye's departure the Boomerang was comparable to a toy balloon that succumbs to pressure, and my stock, for which I once refused \$70, was sold for six.

In my opinion, Bill Nye was never over-estimated as a humorist. The quaint, subtle turn of his mind was his alone. Like Mark Twain and a host more, he did his best work in the early days of his career. His personality was a continuous manifestation of that rare humor that marked his

best writings and seemed to radiate spontaneously on all occasions. When the Library Association gave "The People's Lawyer," Nye was cast for the part of Solon Shingle, but, in spite of faultlessly rendering the lines, what he really played was Bill Nye. He could not camouflage his personality. His humor was never borrowed but he had a rich fount of material in what he termed the "Forty Liars." Their number was overstated, but their aggregate efficiency little exaggerated. Bill Root, Jud Holcomb, Timberline Jones and Tom Dayton were some of the principals. J. M. Sherrod may not have been of that coterie but not for lack of eligibility. Many a time he regaled an audience of us handkerchief swallowing youths with accounts of his early Indian exploits and how he "paved the ground with their skulls." When Eli Perkins lectured in Laramie, Bill Nye, in a witty vein, introduced him as a "gilded liar from the effete East," to which he gracefully countered.

Returning recently to Wyoming from an absence of 39 years, the growth and development of the state throws into greater contrast the conditions of the middle seventies. Then, with very few exceptions, everyone looked upon it as a place unfit for permanent residence and reckoned the months or days until they might get back to "God's country." On the day of my arrival I was told that Wyoming was an arid desert where vegetation would never grow because it never rained. This was to a great extent true of the stretch between the Laramie Plains and Green River. Others were called optimists for maintaining that civilization, railroads, etc., would stir up the atmosphere and cause rainfall, which would produce vegetation and that in turn induce more moisture. This is, without doubt, the formula that has changed a great part of Wyoming's surface from arid to grazing and finally to tillable land.

The Wyoming of '74 was the hunter's heaven. Buffalo still ranged the northern plains but few were seen along the railroad. Elk in the mountains and antelope on the plains roved in unbelievable droves. I have seen over ten thousand antelope in a single herd. In the spring they separated and paired off and covered all the country where a sprig of green might be growing. A glimpse of their yellow and white figures from the car windows might be had almost anywhere from the time of entering the territory to leaving it and on the Laramie Plains one was never out of sight of them. The tale of their slaughter and near extinction is a story of the advance of civilization, one of the pathetic notes of the refrain. The wire fence was a potentiality of the repeating rifle in their decimation. In the

case of the noble elk, lawless vandalism was the chief agent of destruction. As early as 1880, the skin and bone hunters were slaughtering them in scores for the pittance thus obtained, leaving their carcasses to rot. Stringent laws were enacted but were of little utility. A troop of cavalry could not catch up with or arrest the offenders, who were superbly mounted and armed with high power telescope rifles. I personally knew of one case near St. Mary's, now Edson Station, where a hunter in a blinding snow storm got a band of elk bewildered and killed eighteen. That the mule (black tail) deer has suffered less from predatory slaughter is due to his habit of not running in large herds. They were nevertheless wonderfully plentiful in their habitat, the sparsely timbered hills. At Point of Rocks, Percy, Red Desert and other points a good hunter in winter could generally get his deer and get back by noon.

As to the profusion of sage chickens, will cite the fact that in September, 1881, Captain Coates, Commandant at Fort Steele, my brother and self bagged 310 of these truly game birds in one day's shooting on Pass Creek, to the southwest of Elk Mountain. In spring and fall ducks and often geese were found on every lake, river and pond. The price of beef was regularly six cents for fore and eight for hind quarters, but only in cold weather would it keep, so that for several months, at isolated points, we were dependent upon our fire arms for meat. At this time deer meat (only tenderfeet said "venison") sold for eight cents, but elk meat was a drug on the market at six. It was much served as beef in hotels, to the disgust of the patrons, who quickly sickened of it, as one does of any wild meat served continuously. Beaver skins could then be occasionally bought from hunters or trappers at five or six dollars each and at Separation, upon the return of the Utes from their fall hunting trips north, we purchased buffalo robes, beautifully tanned, at nine to eleven dollars. Only the finest, with heavy dark hair obtained the latter figure. They would now be worth forty or fifty times this sum.

Respectfully,

(Signed) JOHN JACKSON CLARKE,

Mexico City.

SEMINOE VS. SEMINOLE

There seems to be quite a diversity of opinion as to the proper orthography, and derivation of the name of the mountains north of us, and known as Seminole or Seminoe.¹ The name originated from an old man, Basil Laujiness,² commonly called Seminoe. He accompanied Fremont on his trip through this country at the time of the discovery and naming of Fremont's Peak, near the head of Wind River in the capacity of hunter, but did not return to St. Louis with Fremont, but remained with Joseph Bissonette, who had a trading post on Deer creek, which was purchased by the government in the fall of 1865, and burned by the Indians in August, 1866. Laujiness got his name Seminoe from the Snake Indians, with whom he lived for a number of years. He also married into this tribe, and a number of his descendants are still living in Wyoming—Noel and Mitch Laujiness at Fort Fetterman; also the wife³ of Wm. Boyd, a resident of the Wind River Valley, is a daughter of Seminoe's. Seminoe was killed on Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone by Arapahoe Indians in the spring of 1865. He and a Frenchman known as Big Joe went up there to get some cattle and wagons they had purchased from emigrants who had abandoned them. They had got the outfit and started back, making one day's drive. Shortly after camping for the night a party of Arapahoes came into camp, ate supper, slept there, taking breakfast with them in the morning. While Seminoe and Joe were out yoking up their cattle, they brutally shot them down; at least this was the story the Indians told. Jules, a young son of Seminoe's, when he learned of the brutal murder of his father, made a vow to be revenged, and during the years 1865-6 done good service, boy or almost child that he was. We remember very distinctly seeing Jules away out in advance of the troops at the fight of Platte Bridge (now Fort Casper) in July, 1865. He was then seated behind a sage brush with his father's old muzzle-loading Mississippi rifle, at the crack

Editor's Notes

1. Boardman, who crossed in 1843, used the name Seminoe.
2. The correct spelling is Lajeunesse.

3. Sheila Hart, in her biography of Louisa Lajeunesse Boyd, says Mrs. Boyd's father (Charles Lajeunesse) is not to be confused with the men of the same name who were with Fremont.

of which an Indian was sure to "bite the dust." The gun was so heavy that in order to fire it he had to rest it across the sage. The writer with ten men was ordered forward to bring him in. The little fellow cried when told he must come back. Jules was in several skirmishes with the Eleventh Ohio cavalry that summer, and was rash almost to insanity, not apparently, having any knowledge of fear. Seminoe at one time had a camp up on Bear (now Dewees) creek, near where the mining camp is located, and the place was known as Seminoe's camp, from which the mountain derived its name, it being known as Seminoe's, and was corrupted into "Seminole" by some army officer or map maker. (Rawlins Journal). Cheyenne Daily Leader, March 22, 1882. (On file in the State Historical Department).

The Quivira Society was organized in 1929 by a group of scholarly investigators who have for their object the translating into English from the original Spanish such manuscript history as pertains to the southwest part of the United States and northern Mexico.

From time to time this society will publish a series of volumes as the result of its work. The first volume to be published was brought out in September, 1929.

The Quivira Society is engaged in an important work.

**COUTANT'S NOTES IN STATE DEPARTMENT
OF HISTORY**

Wheatland, Wyo.,-----1897.

G. O. LATHAN.

Born in Sandusky, Ohio, 1840.

Came to Nebraska and Colorado at the age of 19.

In company with two companions, spent the winter of '59 among the Indians of Nebraska, Pawnees. Winter of 1860 was spent among the Sioux.

Came to Wyoming, '69, where he has had many experiences among the Indians but never coveted the reputation of an Indian killer.

During the heavy hail storms of 1860 and the consequent scattering of cattle the Indians were friendly and often assisted in the recovering of stock belonging to freighters and emigrants.

The Sioux granted 5 miles wide along the North Platte and Sweetwater as a right of way for white men and attempted to prevent the buffalo from grazing on that belt because of the unwarranted destruction of game. Branch roads were soon established without permission and the slaughtered buffalo became so terrible in the estimation of the Indians, who felt that the game was the Indians' stock and property that efforts began to be made by them to prevent it. Petitions to the army officers, pow-wows and retaliation followed and finally the war broke out in 1864. "White men kill Indian's cattle, Indian kill white man's cattle."

(Signed) GEO. O. LATHAN.

Denver, Jan. 8th, 1898.

Friend Coutant:

I send you the photo as I agreed to, the little badge on the breast is my Monterey Mexican badge. I earned that at the Battle of Monterey in 1847, Sept. 23—I was wounded and laid up a year.

I first went to Ft. Laramie in June, 1839— and in Sept., 1840, I went to Bridger. In July, 1841, I returned to the vicinity of Ft. Laramie, and in 1842 I went with Fremont to South Pass and returned to Ft. Laramie late in the fall and went south to Ft. St. Vrain and wintered. In the summer of 1843 I went with Fremont's party to Salt Lake and

to Fort Hall, and returned to Ft. Laramie; in November, went to Ft. Bridger. Early in the spring of 1844—trapped this year on the Green River, and Laramie River and went to Taos, New Mexico, in 1845, and in 1846 I went with Jim Beckwith and six Mormons to Salt Lake to look out the country for Brigham and the main body of the Mormons to settle, which they did in 1847—I went to the Mexican war in 1847. Got wounded at Monterey on 23rd of Sept., 1847; was sent back to Taos, N. Mex. Laid there a year. In 1849 I took a train from Independence, Mo., to California; in 1850, returned to Kansas in the Rocky Mountains, afterwards Colorado.

Yours & so on

(Signed) O. P. WIGGINS.

Pioneers of 1832—Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, Capt. B. L. E. Bonneville, D. Fitzpatrick, Nathan J. Wyeth, John Smith, Outwine de Bleury, Ike Chamberlain, Geo. Simpson, Julius Montbleau, William Montbleau, Jack McGaa, Jim Beckworth, Tom Baggs, Tom Tobin.

Pioneers of 1834—Ceron St. Vrain, Napoleon Beauvaise, John Grant, William J. Comstock, Jim Blair.

Pioneers of 1838—O. P. Wiggins, Ed. C. Campbell, Elon Tupper, Norman White, William Furness, William Sublet.

Pioneers of 1839—William Bent, Napoleon de Frances, Jim Baker, Dave Wheatly, Lewis Hedspeth, John Armstrong, Jules Mariana.

Pioneers of 1842—John C. Fremont, Father McCabe, John Keysburg, Mike Fagan, Father McBaupe, Julius Ludon, Pat McDermot, Robert Hamilton, Bob Dempsey..

Pioneers of 1843—William Gilpin, James Wise, Silas Bent, Edmond Rubidou, Jules Rubidou, Ole Olson, Aaron Crosby, Geo. Britton.

Pioneer Mormons, 1846—Henry Chatelain, O. P. Gleason, Miles Bragg, J. P. Johnson, Sol Silver, William Hall.

The above Mormons went to Salt Lake to look out a country to move to, and returned to the States late in the fall, and next spring, 1847, Brigham Young moved to Salt Lake and settled. Jim Beckworth and Jack McGaa were the guides for the first six explorers. I went with them from Ft. Laramie to Salt Lake on account of McGaa's wife was sick, and he had to return home from Ft. Laramie to Taos, N. Mex.

(Signed) O. P. WIGGINS.

ACCESSIONS

- Ladies Literary Club of Evanston, Wyoming—An original story entitled "In the Shadow of the Butte," written by the members of the club.
- Putnam, Mrs. Lucia G.—Original manuscript entitled "The Romance of Old Trails."
- Indiana Historical Bureau—Collection of Historical pamphlets from Indiana.
- Hamm, John C.—Original manuscript, "Official Uinta County Visits Star Valley" (1891).
- Lusk, Frank S.—Six United States patents to land near Lusk, Wyoming, most of it being the land in the original town site.
- Blake, Herbert Cody—Book entitled "Western Stories"—The truth about Buffalo Bill, written by Mr. Blake. Picture of Joe Esquivel, Dick Johnson, and Jim Kid.
- Clarke, John Jackson—"Reminiscences of Wyoming in the Seventies and Eighties." Manuscript written by Mr. Clarke. Autographed photographs of Bill Nye. Photographs of five Wyoming girls taken in 1882.
- Evans, Mrs. D. P.—Collection of seventy books which belonged to Mrs. Mary C. Murless, completed.
- Newton, L. L.—Original manuscript written by Mr. William O. Owen entitled "The First Ascent of the Grand Teton."
- Hoskins, W. C.—25th and 26th Annual Frontier Day Programs.
- Committee on World Friendship Among Children—A book entitled "Dolls of Friendship." The story of a Goodwill Project between the children of America and Japan.
- Cahill, T. Joe—Ticket and tag for an entertainment at Turner Hall.
- Schwoob, Jacob M.—Autographed photograph of himself.
- Coolidge, Porter B.—Autographed copy of a song entitled "O America." Words written by Mr. Coolidge.
- Williams, Mrs. Corrine—Picture of the cast in the opera "Cody Big Chief," which was written by Mrs. Williams.
- Allen, Mary Jester—Three poems, three pictures of the Cody Museum and one of Buffalo Bill's ranch near Cody. Print of Robert Lindneux' painting "Buffalo Bill-Yellow Hair Duel."
- Spurrier, Cleo Z.—Four arrowheads and two shells found on the site of the Wagon Box Fight.

- Lindsey, Ethel Leona—Thesis written on Edgar Wilson Nye and American Humor, which was submitted to the Department of English and the Committee on Graduate Work of the University of Wyoming in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts.
- Faulk, J. Evelyn—Five pictures of the ruins of old Fort Steele. Two pieces of wood, a rock and a piece of plaster from the buildings of the old Fort.
- Owen, W. O.—Original manuscript entitled "The First Ascent of the Grand Teton With a Little of Its History."
- Jackson, W. H.—Original manuscript regarding the First Photographing of the Tetons.
- Leek, S. N.—Original manuscript and poem about the Tetons.
- Hebard, Grace Raymond—Original manuscript entitled "The Tetons Bid You Welcome."
- Marzel, John G.—A piece of pottery and one of iron found in Simpson's Hollow.
- Coble, Mrs. J. C.—Pictures of the first golf team of Laramie in 1902. This team won the State Championship at Cheyenne. Dr. Hebard is in the pictures.
- Arnold, C. P.—A booklet entitled "The Vanished Frontier," which contains addresses made at the State Fair at Douglas in September, 1928, at the annual meeting of the Wyoming Pioneer Association. A feature of the booklet is a story and poems by a native daughter and son.
- Newton, L. L.—Original manuscript written by Mrs. Charles Ellis of Difficulty, Wyoming, entitled "Medicine Bow, Wyoming."
- Rhodes, Mrs. O. L.—A bowl and a cup with a handle cut by the Indians from stiatite and a box of fossils found more than thirty years ago in the Wind River Mountains.
- McDole, R. S.—Four Philippine rifle shells used against the United States; primer for Spanish field gun; Mauser rifle shells; Remington shell; piece of wood from mast head of a Spanish ship; piece of shell from mast head; flint, steel, cotton (and case) used for striking fire. This was used by the Igorottes in Northern Luzon. The implements were rolled in the case and carried in the hat band. Two pages from a Spanish pamphlet; two newspapers, Republica Filipina (Spanish) dated February 16 and March 25, 1899; one newspaper (in English) The American, April 18, 1899; two certificates of personal identification used by the Philipinos and Spaniards.
- Shaffner, E. B.—A copy of the Annual Address made by C. P. Arnold, President, before the Wyoming Pioneer Association. One copy of "The Vanished Frontier."

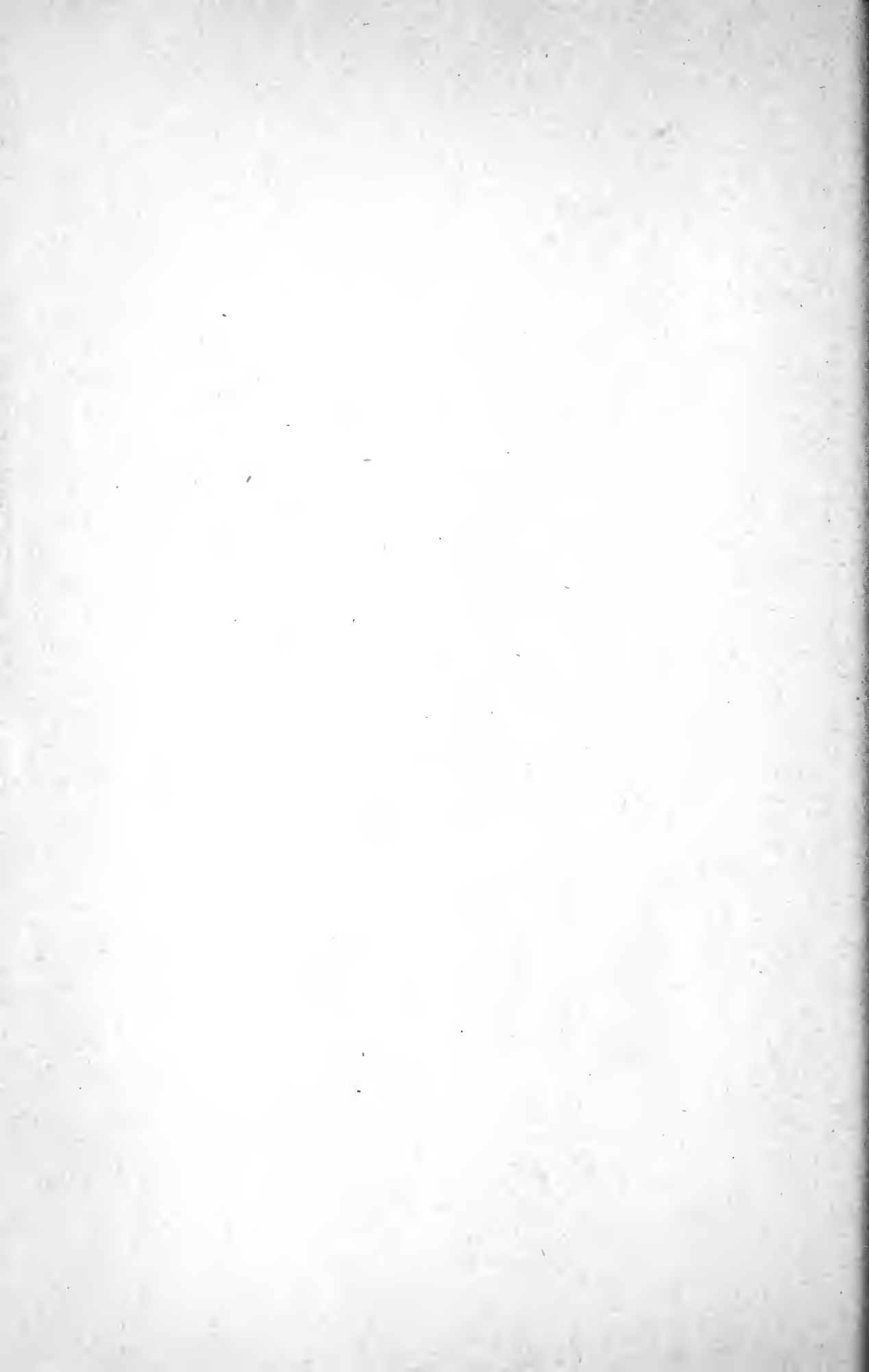
Logan, Mrs. J. S.—An original manuscript entitled "Story of the First Shot," written by Captain I. R. McLendon, Field Artillery U. S. Army, in 1918, for his nurse, Miss Mary L. Swan, while he was a patient in her ward.

Mullen, Ellis—German 50 Pfg. issued in October, 1918.

Newton, L. L.—One postcard picture and one enlargement of the three men who placed the Owen Memorial Tablet on the top of the Grand Teton at the Dedication of the Teton National Park, July 29, 1929.

Adjutant General's Office—General Orders No. 3, Wyoming National Guard.

Bishop, L. C.—A picture of Christian J. Repp, 1st Sgt., Co. "C", First Wyo. Vol. Inf., and Paul Spehr, Corp., Co. "G", 1st Wyo. Vol. Inf., taken with the 1st Battalion Wyoming Volunteer Spanish-American War Flag.



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CHAPTER 96

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian:

(a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.

(b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.

(c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.

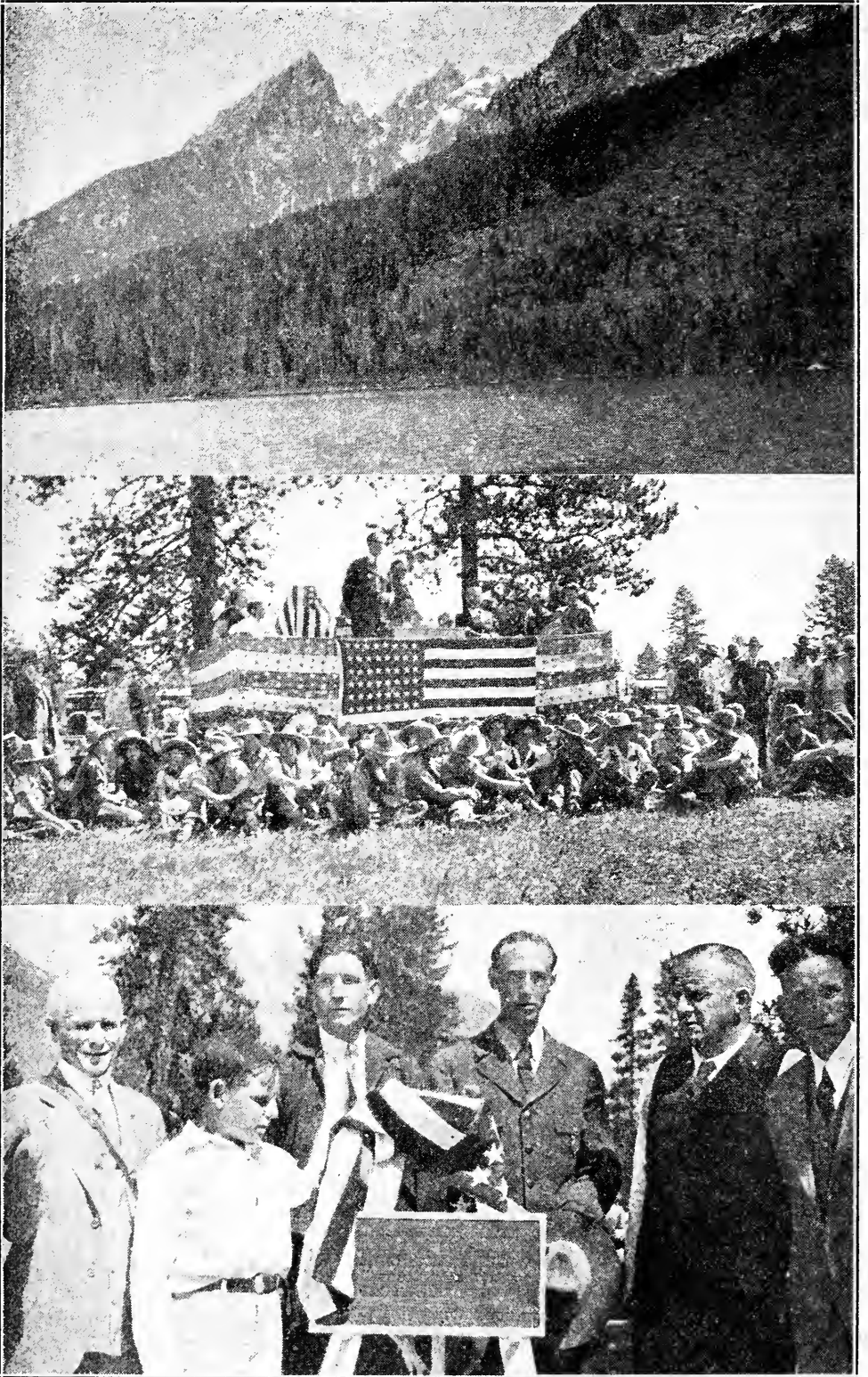
(d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.

(e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.

(f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.

(g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.

(h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.



Scenes Taken at Dedication of New Grand Teton National Park, Wyoming.

Photos by Stanley J. Mead. Engravings Courtesy "The Pepper Pot."

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PLACING THE GRAND TETON MEMORIAL TABLET

By F. M. Fryxell

Ranger-Naturalist, Grand Teton National Park

Editor's Note.

On February 9, 1927, the Nineteenth State Legislature of Wyoming, following an investigation of the question of who made the first ascent of the Grand Teton, passed by unanimous vote a Joint Resolution, "declaring the first ascent of the Grand Teton Peak, in Teton County, Wyoming, to have been made by William O. Owen, Franklin S. Spalding, Frank L. Petersen, and John Shive, on August 11, 1898, and providing for a public record of the achievement."

Two years later, on February 21, 1929, the Twentieth State Legislature passed another Joint Resolution (introduced by Senator Robert C. Lundy) authorizing the "placement of a Bronze Tablet on the summit of the Grand Teton to commemorate the achievement of the Owen party." To make arrangements for the placing of the tablet, Governor Frank C. Emerson appointed the following committee: Mr. Joseph W. Weppner, chairman; Dr. F. M. Fryxell, Mr. William O. Owen, Mrs. Cyrus Beard, Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard, Senator Robert C. Lundy, Representative W. C. DeLoney, Mr. S. N. Leek, Mr. Phil Smith, and Mr. William Gilman. Mrs. Emma Matilda Owen, wife of the mountaineer, offered to donate the tablet, an offer which was gratefully accepted. Subsequently the Governor designated Dr. Fryxell, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Gilman to make the actual ascent of the Grand Teton and affix the tablet on its summit.

The placing of the Grand Teton Memorial Tablet was made a feature of the exercises held at the formal dedication of the Grand Teton National Park on the morning of July 29, 1929, at String Lake in Jackson Hole. Following the dedicatory ceremonies proper, the bronze plaque was unveiled by Governor Emerson's small son, Eugene. Mr. Joseph Weppner, representing the State of Wyoming, next introduced the members of the tablet committee, and then formally presented the tablet itself to Mr. Sam T. Woodring, Superintendent of the newly-created park, who gave the consent of the National Park Service to its placement and in turn entrusted its keeping to Dr. Fryxell, representative of the trio commissioned to make the ascent. Shortly after noon of the same day, the climbers departed, attaining the summit and fixing the tablet in place just twenty-four hours after the beginning of their journey. A detailed, official account of the climb written by one of its participants follows.

MRS. CYRUS BEARD, State Historian.

Editor's Note:—Publication of the illustrations in this article is made possible through the courtesy of W. O. Owen and the members of the Teton Tablet party.

At the conclusion of the impressive exercises which formally dedicated the Grand Teton National Park to the service of the American people, the hungry multitude gathered by String Lake was treated to an out-door fish luncheon. Considering the size of the crowd, it seemed almost like a modern version of the miracle story that there were enough fishes to go around. Ranger Phil Smith, William Gilman, and I took advantage of this diversion to appropriate the bronze tablet that had a few minutes before been the focus of interest, and with it in our possession slipped away to our camp at Jenny Lake. Here, undisturbed, we



The Grand Teton, photographed from the summit of the Middle Teton. This picture shows the "upper saddle" between the main summit and the West Spur.

The enclosure is built on the summit of the West Spur.

Photo by F. M. Fryxell.

made preparation for our trip. First, we carefully wrapped up the tablet in sheets of burlap, and tightly strapped it to the frame of a Bergans Meiss pack. Bedrolls, provisions, and the rest of our paraphernalia were next gotten ready, and the entire outfit turned over to our friend Aubrey Lyon, who had kindly placed a pack horse at our disposal and personally offered to transport our equipment as far as a horse could possibly take it. After lunch at Jenny Lake Inn, we set out ahead of the pack outfit, crossing Cottonwood Creek at the Lucas Ranch and cutting

directly up Burned Wagon Gulch to the mouth of Bradley Canyon where, according to arrangements, we were to wait for Mr. Lyon to catch up with us.

We had planned to ascend Bradley Canyon the first afternoon, making base camp at timberline just below the "lower saddle."⁽¹⁾ But the pack outfit was unavoidably detained and did not reach us at the mouth of the canyon until nearly four o'clock. This, we knew, did not allow us time sufficient to reach the proposed base camp before dark, and we were therefore compelled at the outset to make a radical change of plans and adopt the alternative route past Surprise and Amphitheater Lakes and over Teepee's Glacier.

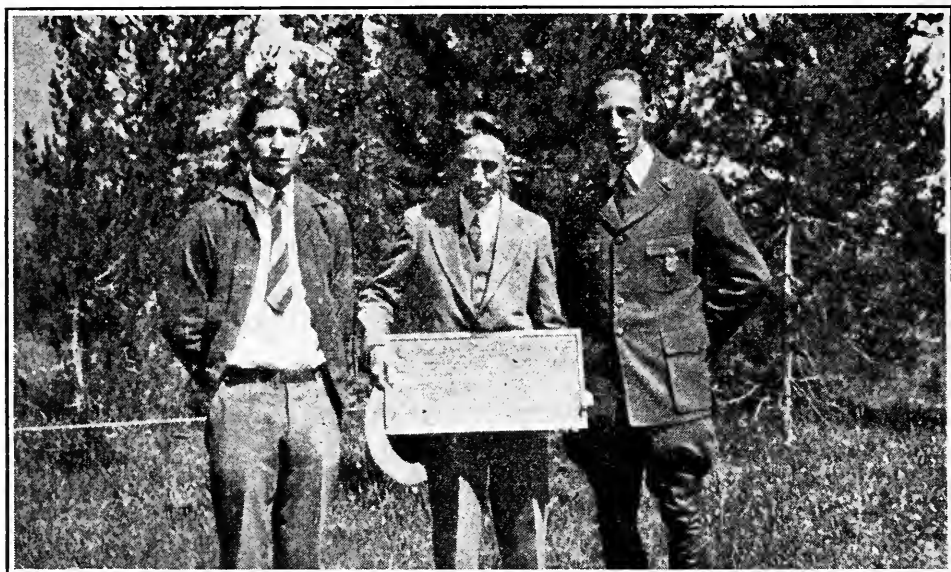
It was still quite light when we reached Amphitheater Lake (altitude 9,800 feet) and made ourselves at home in the little base camp which has served as a starting point for so many expeditions into the realm of rock and snow which lies above. Mr. Lyon unburdened the weary pack horse at this point, doubtless to the vast relief of that faithful creature, wished us Godspeed, and set off down the trail for home.

The Amphitheater Lake camp was anything but the silent and lonely place we had found it to be on previous trips. Earlier in the afternoon the Valley Ranch Outfit from near Cody, out on its annual pilgrimage, had come up the trail ahead of us and pitched camp along the edge of the lake. The outfit consisted, first and foremost, of some two score lively "dudines," girls 12 to 18 years of age, their seven lady councilors, and a half dozen "roughnecks" (cook, teamsters, and horse-wranglers). Horses, girls, councilors, and roughnecks were swarming around the lake. All alike were out for a merry time and were certainly having it. The roughnecks and councilors immediately took possession of us, not giving us so much as time to unpack our supplies, and before we fully realized what had happened we were enjoying a fine meal quite different from the humble one we would have cooked for ourselves.

Dusk came and the girls kindled a dozen fires along the lake. The grey crags above the lake glowed faintly from the light of the flames, which dispelled the shadows about us as effectually as the screams and shouts did the silence. A little later we all assembled for the evening around one huge log fire, and for the benefit of the visitors the girls rehearsed their extensive repertoire of Valley Ranch songs. We will always recall that evening with genu-

1. The "lower saddle" (altitude about 11,600 feet) referred to separates the Grand and Middle Tetons.

ine pleasure, and with gratitude for the unexpected hospitality that came our way. We finally retired to our own little camp near-by, to take advantage of a few hours of rest before dawn.



The party which placed the tablet on the summit of the Grand Teton, July 30, 1929. Wm. Gilman (left), Dr. F. M. Fryxell, and Ranger Phil Smith (right).
Photo by Stanley J. Mead.

Before daylight we were up, and by five o'clock were ready to leave camp. Our Valley Ranch neighbors, not to be outdone, were early risers too, and just as we started they filed past us, bound for the open mountainside below Surprise Lake, where they could look out across the basin and catch the sun's first appearing.

The equipment for our day's work included the following articles: The bronze plaque (weighing about 20 pounds), a prospector's pick, an ice axe, a 60-foot alpine rope, a package of cement, a kodak, an aneroid barometer, a Brunton pocket transit, a pack in which to collect rock specimens, and a light lunch. Three drills were already on the summit of the peak, having been brought up on the 21st by Ranger Smith. As far as the "upper saddle" (2) we took turns with the pack containing the tablet, each man carrying it about one-third of the distance.

Crossing the rim north of Amphitheater Lake, we dropped down to the south margin of the North Teton

2. The "upper saddle" (altitude about 13,100 feet) lies between the main summit of the Grand Teton and a lesser one to the west, often called the West Spur.

Glacier. (3) Here a long, steep, snow-filled coulior leads up to the east end of a route which enables one to skirt the south flank of the Grand Teton and reach a point on the southwest side of the peak, half-way between the lower and upper saddles. This is the "short cut" we had, perforce, adopted as a substitute for the more round-about Bradley Canyon route. The route is formed along the outcrop of a trap dike which extends transversely across the Teton Range for several miles and at this point cuts through the steep south side of the Grand Teton. Against the grey and pink gneiss of the range the dike forms a conspicuous black band (4) forty to sixty feet wide, which is especially striking seen from the west side of the range. Because the dike has weathered away more rapidly than has the rock it cuts, its course is marked by a trough which extends through the south slope of the Grand Teton. Along its outer wall is left a ragged ridge of rock and a succession of gigantic pinnacles, of which Teepee's Pillar is by far the most spectacular member.

This "dike route" has been used in recent years by a number of parties in ascending the Grand Teton. At best, traversing involves an element of uncertainty, depending upon the amount and condition of the snow which one chances to encounter along it. Under favorable conditions it may be a short cut; at other times it may be quite the opposite, for if it contains snow which is crusted over, one is compelled to cut hundreds of steps—a tedious and time-consuming process.

Our traverse of the dike route was made under favorable auspices. We found less snow along the defile than on any previous occasion, and by this time the sun had risen high enough for its rays to shine full on the snowfields, softening the surface so that one could readily kick steps. Consequently we made good time, and at 6:55 had reached the end of the couloir and were ready to start up Teepee's Glacier.

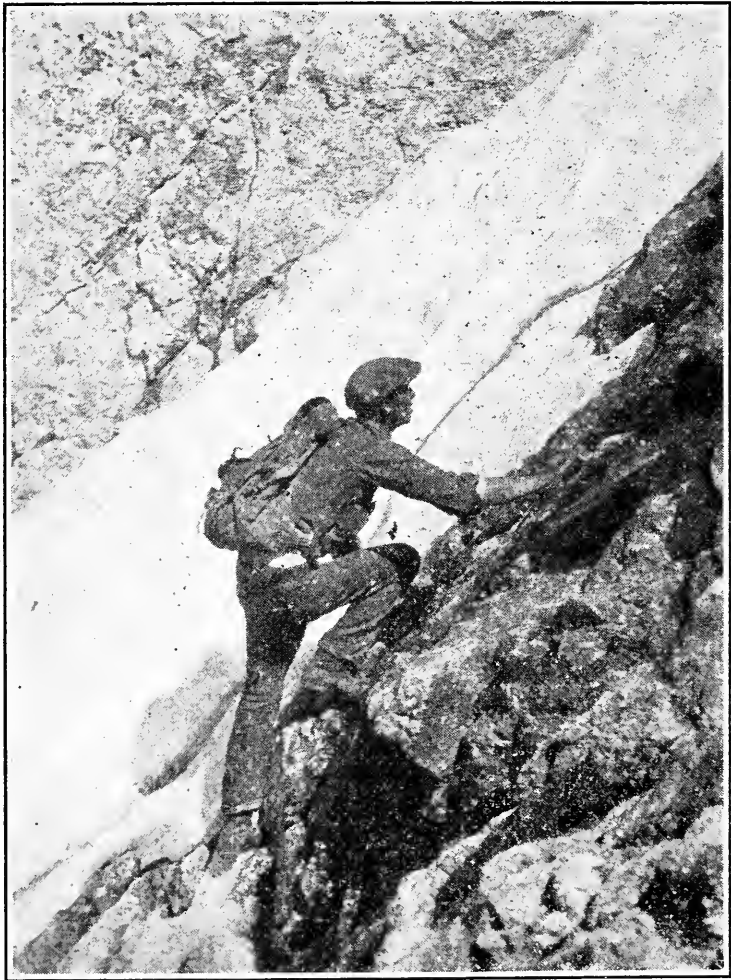
Teepee's Glacier is a small ice field—the smallest of the three the Grand Teton bears on its slopes—of the "cliff" variety which hangs on the south face of the peak at an altitude of 11,600 to 12,100 feet. It, too, lies along the dike trough, but has widened this otherwise very narrow cleft

3. This glacier, so-called for lack of any generally accepted name and to distinguish it from the glacier that lies at the head of Bradley Canyon, occupies a great amphitheater between Mt. Owen and the Grand Teton, on the east side of the range.

4. This is one of three great dikes which occur in the range, all visible from the floor of Jackson Hole. The other two are much the more striking scenic features, the one appearing as a vertical black band traversing the east face of the Middle Teton, the other one visible near the top of Mt. Moran, on the southeast side of that peak. All three dikes can be traced far down the west slope of the range.

into a shallow amphitheater. From its south margin juts Teepe's Pillar, the most magnificent "needle" in the Teton Range, a colossal column of red granite. Glacier and pillar have been known by their respective names since 1925 when, on August 4th, the ill-fated mountaineer, Theodore Teepe, was killed in descending this ice-field.

Our ascent of the glacier did not prove particularly difficult and occurred without incident of note. From here on no more snow was encountered, except for a few local



Ranger Smith, taking his turn at packing the tablet. In the couloir leading up to the second saddle. Photo by F. M. Fryxell.

patches, until on the return trip. We continued along the black dike, hugging closely the base of the cliffs on the right, to a point above the lower saddle; here we turned at right angles and climbed the series of "chimneys" which leads up the southwest side of the Grand Teton to the upper

saddle. We reached the latter at eleven o'clock and here made our first prolonged stop, while we ate our lunch and studied the maze of serrate ridges and peaks which, beyond the dizzy depths of Glacier Canyon, lay to the north of us.

Relieving ourselves of every article for which we would have no use on the summit, we entered upon the last portion of the climb. The features encountered in ascending the final seven or eight hundred feet of the Grand Teton have been too often described to require description here. (5) It suffices to say that the steep couloirs leading up the northwest side of the peak to the extreme summit were nearly ice-free, and we therefore experienced no difficulty in getting up places which are, at times, highly perilous. Where we had to push the tablet along before us, as in "the cooning place," or pass it up the couloirs from hand to hand, we took the precaution of securing it with the alpine rope, the ends of which were tied around our waists, lest the precious pack slip from us and be lost over the sheer north precipice, which at this point has a drop of more than three thousand feet.

It is perhaps true that a few writers have exaggerated the dangers involved in an ascent of the Grand Teton; certainly there are several peaks in this same range which, though not so high, are much more difficult and dangerous to climb. Yet it is no less true that others have erred more seriously in **belittling** the danger of the ascent, probably because—like us—they were fortunate enough to climb the peak under favorable circumstances. Even at its kindest the Grand Teton is a mountain to be treated with caution and respect, and is hardly a playground for amateurs. In its cruel moods, when the northwest face may be ice-coated, or when cold winds, often of fearful velocity, sweep the exposed summit dome, even the professional alpinist had best pause and consider well before venturing beyond the upper saddle. And the moods of the peak are capricious, changing with appalling swiftness in the course of the day. On the descent there is always the danger which extreme fatigue brings on, leading to accidents in places which appear relatively safe and easy. It is to be feared that as the Grand Teton becomes more accessible and increasingly larger number of climbers aspire to its ascent, many of

5. See especially the following articles:

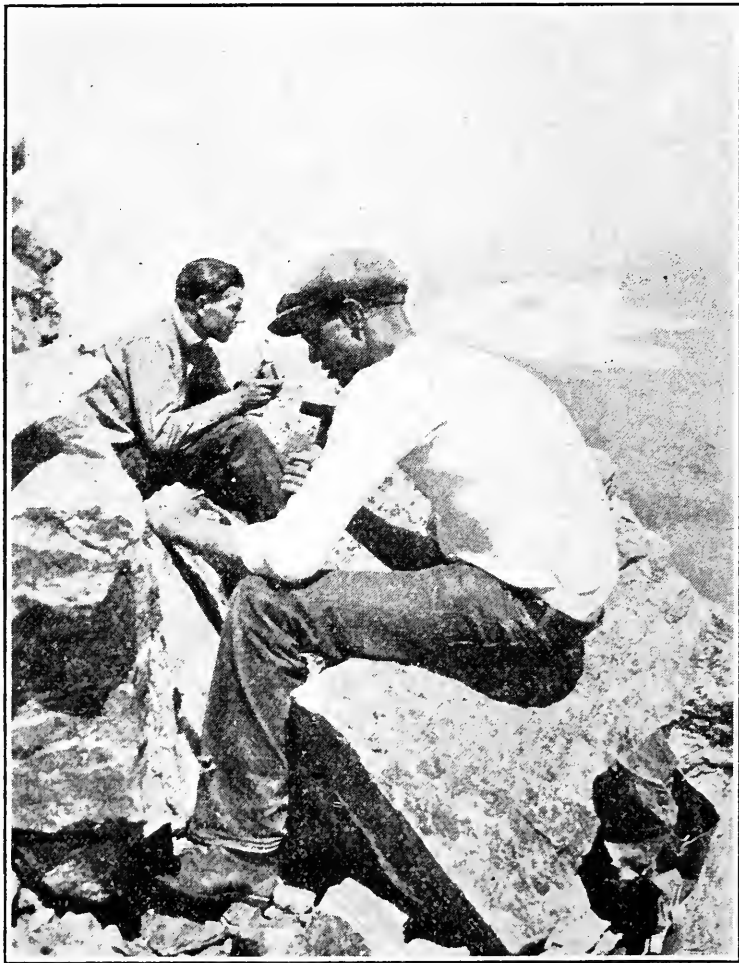
William O. Owen, "Ascent of the Grand Teton." *Outing*, Vol. 38 (1901), 302-307.

Ellingwood, A. R., "Our American Matterhorn." *Outdoor Life*, Vol. 54 (1924), 181-186.

For a fuller list of references on the Grand Teton see the Bibliography by the author in the "Circular of General Information Regarding Grand Teton National Park, Wyoming," issued annually by the U. S. National Park Service at Washington.

them ill-qualified for the attempt, the peak will exact a heavier toll in life and accident than it has in the past.

At 12:45 P. M. we sighted the summit cairn, 13,747 feet above the sea. This being his first ascent of the peak, it was Gilman's "honor" and he was first to set foot on the summit. The aneroid read 13,000 feet. Some persons watching the peak through glasses from down in the valley began seeing us on top as early as ten o'clock in the morning.



Busily at work on the summit. Gilman, in the background, is flashing signals to watchers down in Jackson Hole, almost 8,000 feet below. Smith is drilling holes in the rock, preparatory to fixing the tablet. Jackson Lake is seen far below. Photo by F. M. Fryxell.

Work was begun at once. There was no argument as to where the tablet should rest, for at the base of the cairn was a large boulder, the highest *in situ* on the mountain, with a smooth vertical surface facing the east; this, we agreed, would be an ideal place for the tablet. It seemed

appropriate that the plaque should face Jackson Hole and the east; at the same time, on this side it would be somewhat protected from storms. To afford the best view possible of the surface selected, we rolled aside several large obstructing boulders. The exact position of the tablet was then determined; its top was leveled with the transit; and the points on the rock where holes to receive the pins must be drilled, carefully marked.

The task of drilling the two holes came next. Only one man could find room at a time to work at this, so meanwhile the others took turns flashing signals down into the valley, nearly 8,000 feet below, by means of the mirror in the transit. These signals were not received by those for whom they were chiefly intended—the Owens, Dr. Hebard, Mrs. Beard, Mrs. Fryxell, and a few others—at the Elbo Ranch and Timbered Island; but they were picked up at several other places in Jackson Hole. However, most of the watchers had no difficulty in seeing our figures occasionally, as we moved about, and so knew we were safe on the summit.

While on top we were treated to one of those weather caprices already referred to of which the Grand Teton is capable. On our arrival the weather was fair enough, though rather warm. Very soon, however, thunder clouds began to build up to the north, south, and west of us. The heat and sultriness became intense, and we were wet with perspiration. Each man worked feverishly at the drill, for we had no desire to be caught on top should a storm break. Fortunately none of the electrical pranks so frequently experienced on Teton peaks occurred to increase the discomfort. By 2:15 o'clock it was raining on the higher slopes of Mt. Moran, Mt. Wister, and elsewhere, and the clouds seemed to be closing in on us. At 2:40 when we left the summit, the aneroid actually indicated an altitude for the summit of 14,100 feet—an increase of 400 feet in two hours! The upper saddle similarly gave a reading 400 feet higher during the descent than had been observed on the ascent. A striking illustration, this, of the unreliability of an aneroid barometer under changing atmospheric conditions as an indicator of altitude.

The hammer was light, the boulder hard, and the drills became dull, and it required an hour of incessant pounding to produce holes deep enough for the long, expanded pins on the back of the tablet. Water for mixing with the cement was by this time available, for we had set a cup of snow in the sun to melt. The holes were filled with cement and the tablet pushed into place.

The plaque was then draped with the historic little silk flag which Dr. Hebard had loaned to us for this occasion, one used in the past at the dedication of nearly all the state memorial tablets. At 2:30 o'clock the tablet was unveiled in place, "in the name of God and Country." So, on this barren and austere summit, 13,747 feet above the sea, on behalf of the Wyoming commonwealth, the memorial was briefly and simply dedicated. There were only three present to witness and perform the ceremony, and doubtless in the years to come those who would annually view the memorial in place would be comparatively few.

Our task discharged, we started down without delay. The descent to the upper saddle required only twenty-five minutes. Smith not having seen the Enclosure (6), he and I made the short side-trip over to examine this mysterious structure. Once more every stone was scrutinized and the floor examined in the faint hope that some mark might be found which would give up the secret of the builder, but to no purpose. Incidentally, however, I recovered a Stetson hat which I had "câched" in the Enclosure on August 2, 1927, while climbing the main peak. The felt was as good as ever, but the brim was trimmed back almost to the crown. Neat little teeth marks indicated that conies were probably the culprits that had been up to this mischief.

Meanwhile light clouds closed in on the Grand Teton, bringing a flurry of snow in the vicinity of the upper saddle and a cold drizzle at lower altitudes. We found Gilman waiting for us a few hundred feet below, dry and comfortable beneath an overhanging boulder, and together we continued the descent in the direction of the lower saddle, until the trap dike was again underfoot. We pushed on with utmost speed, appreciating the importance of getting down off the mountain before dark, and feeling sure that those waiting for us below would be concerned for our safety after learning from Mr. Lyon of our change of route.

Reaching the head of Teepe's Glacier, we paused briefly; it was clear that the descent of this ice field would not be the easy proposition which the ascent had been in the morning. We were beginning to feel the strain of the trip, and were wet and chilled from the cold rain. The steps we had made in the snow that morning were obliterated.

6. The so-called "Enclosure" is a rude structure of rock slabs set up on end to form a circular shelter about eight feet in diameter and two or three feet high. It must have been intended to serve as a wind-break, there having been no roof possible on such a structure. The presence on its floor of an accumulation of dust to a depth of several inches has been taken to indicate the great age of the shelter. The Enclosure is clearly the work of human hands, and since its discovery in 1872 by Stevenson and Langford has given rise to a great deal of interest and speculation. Undoubtedly it was hurriedly erected as a protection against the elements, probably by some early adventurer who was attempting to scale the Grand Teton.

ated, and the surface had for the most part become so hard as to necessitate step cutting. The head of the glacier was dangerously steep, and appeared doubly so seen from its brink. Glissading was quite out of the question. We realized that the success and good fortune attending our trip up to this moment must not blind us to the necessity for extreme caution at this point.

Two small "islands" of rock that melting had exposed within the field of ice lay directly below us. We decided to make for the more southerly of these. Anchoring one end of the rope, Smith and Gilman dropped the remainder down the steep slope and I descended along this to the end, which fell about thirty feet short of the rock. Using my prospector's pick for cutting steps in the surface (here, hard ice), I reached the rock. Meanwhile my partners decided it would be preferable to traverse diagonally to the other rock and thence straight across to the one on which I stood. After an exceedingly slow and tedious process of step-cutting, they finally attained their first objective, taking turns anchoring each other on the way across.

The north island was less than twenty feet in diameter, very steep, and as a result of the melting and rain, wet and slippery. Crawling out as near to me as possible, Smith attempted to throw me one end of the rope. His position was precarious and did not permit a good throw, consequently he failed at each attempt. We were by this time chilled to the bone and shaking with cold, and dark was not far off; our situation was becoming serious. Moving to a more secure point farther down, Smith repeated his efforts, and was at last successful. I secured the end of the rope and looped it securely over a large boulder; Smith tied his end around his waist, threw a half-hitch over his ice axe, and wedged the latter into the crevice between the ice and the rock. Gilman then began the traverse, following the rope. Half-way across, his feet shot from under him and he pitched down the steep slope. The rope snapped taut, and nearly jerked Smith from his moorings. Fortunately the ice axe held, and Gilman retained his grip on the rope. After a few seconds of astonishing acrobatics he recovered his footing and finished the traverse. Smith then came across hand over hand.

This was our only near-mishap. The boulder to which my end of the rope was anchored was absolutely firm and would have held both men if necessary. But Gilman was not tied, and had he lost his grip when the rope became tight he would have taken a bad plunge. Later we learned that it was at this point that Teepe, whose party was

descending the head of the glacier without the use of a rope, fell to his death.

Taking every precaution, we slowly descended to the more gentle lower slopes of the glacier, down which we could glissade. The snow-filled couloir beyond was similarly more difficult of passage than it had been in the morning, but was passed without accident.

Crossing the glacier had cost us nearly two hours time, and it was almost eight o'clock when we reached the now deserted and nearly dark camp on Amphitheater Lake. Out of consideration for those awaiting our return, we decided



The unveiling at 2:30 P. M., July 30. Only three were present when, "in the name of God and country," the tablet was dedicated on this lonely pinnacle 13,747 feet above the sea, but dozens of watchers were focussing their glasses on the summit from various parts of Jackson Hole, and caught occasional glimpses of the men on top. Dr. Fryxell, right; Ranger Smith, left. Photo by Wm. Gilman.

in favor of making the rest of the descent that night, in spite of the dark. We knew, too, that Mrs. Beard was delaying her return to Cheyenne on purpose to receive our report, so we decided to make every effort to get down on time before she would leave.

The rest of the trip was a nightmare at the time, and seems so now in retrospection. Heavily loaded with the sleeping bags and the rest of the luggage which the pack-horse had brought up to the lake, we groped our way pain-

fully down the trail in the dark, stumbling over boulders and repeatedly taking bad falls. The darkness was intense for the clouds hung against the mountainsides at our level, depriving us even of starlight. True, we had one flashlight, but its light began to fade before we were a third of the way down, and it had to be used sparingly lest it give out entirely. Down here no rain had fallen, and dust lay thick along the packtrail; as we kicked it up in clouds we developed a thirst which, prolonged for hours, became acute. The nearest water was far out on the flat of Jackson Hole. Hour after hour we stumbled silently along. Stops to allow ourselves and the flashlight to recuperate became successively longer and more frequent, and only the craving for water kept us from yielding to fatigue and drowsiness. The base of the range was at last reached, but the timbered moraines along Burned Wagon Gulch still had to be traversed and proved worse than the mountainside because of the tangle of wind-falls. Luckily I had gone through this portion of the forest several times before in the dark. At one o'clock we emerged from the last fringe of forest into the clearing back of the Lucas Ranch, where relief was to be had from the rushing waters of the Cottonwood Creek.

Leaving Smith and Gilman outside the ranch, I continued to Jenny Lake which I reached at two o'clock. Here I located a car and returned to the other two men. Together we drove to Smith's homestead—"the poorfarm" he calls it—at the base of Blacktail Butte, where we roused the women folks and set their growing fears at rest. We learned that they had waited for us until a late hour before giving up. Earlier in the evening the Lyons had sent a string of horses part way up the mountainside for our relief, but they had returned at nightfall.

At "the poorfarm" Mrs. Atwood warmed up the meal which had been waiting on the table for nearly nine hours. We then drove back to our camp on Jenny Lake where, after exactly twenty-four hours of constant activity, we turned in for a much-needed rest.

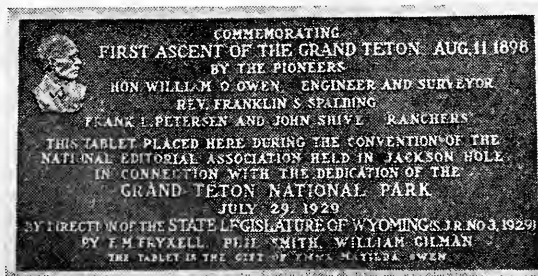


Photo by
W. O. Owen.

REMINISCENCES BY JOHN HUNTON

March, 1926

Prior to the spring of the year 1867, there were no white inhabitants living within the area of what is now Platte County, Wyoming, except a few, less than ten, along the Oregon Trail along the Platte river valley east of Guernsey, on Little Bitter Cottonwood, Twin Springs, and Horseshoe Creeks, and one family at Bridger's Ferry. During the summer of 1867 the U. S. Government opened a road and erected a telegraph line between Fort Laramie and Fort D. A. Russell near Cheyenne.

During that summer James Bordeaux built a house at the place called Bordeaux. His building was located about 250 feet west of the L. D. Ranch, just south of and adjoining the two-room house that stands there. A man named Hugh Whiteside ran this road ranch for Bordeaux, and was assassinated by a man named Franklin during the winter of 1867 and 1868 and was buried on the right bank of Hunton Creek near where the railroad bridge crosses it.

During the fall of 1867, two men built and operated a ranch where the town of Chugwater now stands. About the same time two other men built ranches on Big Bitter Cottonwood Creek where the ("Fetterman Cut-off" road crosses the creek at the M. F. Coleman place. The Fetterman cut-off road diverged from the Fort Laramie and Fort D. A. Russell road at Bordeaux, ran down the Chugwater Creek valley, and crossed the Laramie river a short distance below the railroad bridge, crossed Bitter Cottonwood Creek at the Coleman place, and continued on to Fort Fetterman.)

There were three ranches in the Platte Valley south of the river and east of Guernsey, one at Twin Springs and one at Horseshoe Creek, on what is now the Allan Laughlin farm. All the ranches on Cottonwood Creek, Twin Springs and Horseshoe Creek were burned by Sioux Indians about the 18th of March, 1868. All the burned ranches were located in what is now Platte County. All the ranches in the Platte Valley east of Guernsey were abandoned at that time, and the valley was not occupied for five or six years thereafter. From March, 1868, to about September, 1871, Bordeaux, Chugwater and Bearsprings contained the only buildings in what is now Platte County.

In the fall of 1871 Ecoffey, Cuny and Richard (Reshaw) settled at what is now the Two Bar Ranch with a herd of about 600 Texas cattle. About the same time, but

later in the fall, Levy Powell settled on the North Laramie River at the mouth of Fish Creek with a mixed herd of 2200 Texas cattle. He built a small house and stable just to winter in, as he expected to go to Montana the next summer, but he was killed by Indians in March, 1872, and the herd was sold to F. M. Phillips, who was then being located on Laramie River at the mouth of Chugwater Creek.

Kent, Brook & Co. subsequently settled on the Powell place. In 1872, Jones and Loomis put in a herd on Sibylee Creek at the Jones ranch, and about the same time Dan McUlvan and John McFarland put in a herd on Chugwater Creek where Slater now stands, and a little later Wulfjen and Webb started the Mule Shoe ranch with about 2500 head of Texas cattle. Johnson & Walker put cattle—3,000 head—on Horseshoe Creek at the Fetterman crossing, in 1874, and in 1877 they moved their herd and outfit to where Chriss Huff now lives. They had three herders killed by Indians during their stay on Horseshoe Creek.

John Arthur, Mr. Workman, Stewart and others, settled on Bitter Cottonwood Creek in 1874, but did not remain long after having their horses run off once or oftener by Indians.

In 1871, Col. W. G. Bullock had a house, stable, corral and small shop built on Laramie River where Mr. Bomgardner now lives, and put a few head of cattle and horses there, but the Indians were so annoying he moved all his stock to Bordeaux in the spring of 1872. As there were no other ranches or cattle on the Laramie River at that time, the hay on Bullock's ranch was cut and hauled to Bordeaux for two years and for four years was sold at Fort Laramie.

The buildings at the Bullock ranch were covered with three-inch plank that had been used for flooring in the first wagon bridge constructed across the Laramie River at the fort in 1853. The planks were laid on the stringers or joists and then covered with earth. All the buildings have been torn down and moved away except the main log building, which is in fairly good condition and is only kept as a relic of the early days, as it shows the portholes for shooting through in case of attack by Indians and shows some of the lumber made by the first sawmill located at Fort Laramie seventy-two years ago—the plank supporting the earth roof.

A great many thrilling incidents occurred between the whites and Indians during the late sixties and the early seventies along the Chugwater Creek, which shows the continuous watchfulness that had to be kept up by the white men to protect their lives and property from Indian depredations. I will relate a few of them:

In the winter of 1869 and 1870, Ben Mills, who had a small herd of stock cattle on the Laramie River, and had suffered heavily from Indian depredations, moved the herd to Chugwater Creek, and in the early summer the herders, David Cottier, John Boyd and William Aug, established their camp at the mouth of Richard's Creek. They lived in a tent and had three horses with which they did all the herding and team work. One morning in April, 1870, Mr. Cottier took the team and wagon and went to Fort Laramie for supplies, leaving the one horse and Boyd and Aug. They had four milk cows and kept the calves confined in a small pen to entice the cows to come up at night. After Cottier left for the Fort they (Boyd and Aug) milked the cows and turned them out of the pen. They then took their rifles and walked to the tops of some of the hills nearby to see if the cattle were much scattered. They thought they were away from the camp about four hours or more. After getting back to camp, feeling very tired, they went into the tent and pulled off their boots to rest and ease their feet and were lying down on their beds, which were buffalo robes spread on the ground, when a volley was fired through the tent by Indians. Each man grabbed his rifle and cartridge belt and dashed out of the tent through the willows and into Chugwater Creek. As they had been lying flat on the ground, they were fortunately not touched by the bullets (twelve of them) fired by the Indians. They were then in the Chugwater Creek, barefooted and no coats, four miles from Bordeaux and eight miles below Chugwater Station. As the Indians saw them go into the willows with their rifles, they knew it would be dangerous to expose themselves. Boyd had been a soldier and had campaigned in Florida and in Oregon against Indians and had been twice wounded by arrows, so was not easily excited. After deliberating a short time, he and Aug decided it would be safest to go up the creek, as the banks of the creek were much higher and there was more timber than there was down stream. They took time and great care. The Indians discovered them in the creek just below Chimney Rock and fired several shots at them and again, about a mile above Chimney Rock, they were shot at but not hit. Boyd and Aug did not fire a shot. There was a camp of white men and halfbreeds at the point of rocks two miles below Chug station, which Boyd and Aug reached before dark, and were well cared for there. The next day they and a party of men went to their camp and found the Indians had killed the four cows and four calves, and burned the tent and everything connected with the camp.

Several days after the foregoing occurrence a party of Indians, supposed to be the same party that attacked Boyd and Aug, attacked the camp at Point of Rocks. The Indians had rounded up the herd of horses, mules and ponies before being discovered, but could not get them to drive well. Louis Richard and two other halfbreed boys mounted their horses, after arming themselves, and started for the herd. Just as they started, a party of Indians fired into the camp. Young Richard yelled out, "You men take care of the camp. I'm going for the herd." There were only a few shots exchanged at the camp. No one was hurt. After running about half a mile to get to the herd, Louis commenced to fire on the most active of the three Indians and fortunately killed him. Two boys who were assisting him to drive the herd off then ran and joined the Indians who had fired on the camp. The dead Indian remained where he fell, very near the Fort Laramie road, and was there the next morning when the mail ambulance passed from Fort Russell to Fort Laramie.

Late in the fall of 1867, after winter had forced the cessation of all work, many of the small teaming outfits and individual freight, wood and hay haulers, congregated on Sibylee Creek where the Two Bar ranch now stands. It was a very promiscuous gathering of whites, Mexicans and Indians, and, as usual for such crowds, there was much drinking and gambling indulged in, and consequently much fighting and several killings. The only killing of any note that I can now recall was that of "Bob" Sanders, who was what would now be called a "gun man." There was a young man named Ed Moss who had been a telegraph line repairer and emergency operator in the employ of the Government during the summer, but had been laid off for the winter, but, not wanting to leave the country, he joined this camp on the Sibylee. Sanders took a dislike to him from the start and one night imposed on and insulted him, with the avowed intention of provoking a quarrel and killing him, as Sanders had on a belt with two revolvers in the holsters. Moss, being something of an athlete, and Sanders, priding himself on his quickness to draw and shoot, approached within a few feet of Moss, when Moss made a spring, knocked Sanders down and, upon the yelling advice of all the bystanders, killed him with one of his own pistols. The crowd wrapped Sanders in an old blanket or robe and buried him on the west side of the creek before he was cold.

During the winter of 1869 and 1870 the same class of campers again gathered at the same place on Sibylee Creek to spend the winter. Many of them had one team of oxen or mules and some one span of horses, with which they did a

little work during the summer and fall. Some of them only had a few ponies but most of the men had Indian wives which caused some Indians to visit this camp. At this time the mail was carried by Government ambulance between Cheyenne and Fort Laramie, and the driver was allowed to take loose mail and leave it with the ranchmen at Chugwater and Bordeaux. The mail was carried once a week each way. The people at the camp on the Sibylee got their mail at Bordeaux, fourteen miles distant. In the camp was a man named Mahlon Dickerson. Some time early in the year it became Dickerson's turn to go to Bordeaux for the mail. He left camp one afternoon and went to Bordeaux. Next morning he took the mail and started back to camp. When near the top of Antelope Hill, where the trail began to descend toward Sibylee Creek, he was jumped on by nine (I think) Indians. Being mounted on a splendid horse, he immediately started to run. I will now give an Indian's story as I heard him tell it at a dog feast given at Red Cloud Agency on the Platte three years afterwards—I think in December, 1873.

“We shot at him and missed him. He run and his horse was fast. We saw we could not catch him. We all had long guns and jumped off our horses and shot. We saw his horse fall. He got up and had a pistol. We shot at him. He commenced to talk to us in Sioux and to make signs. He told us he had a Sioux wife named ‘Yellow Blanket;’ not to kill him; to go to his camp on Sibylee Creek and get plenty to eat and some horses. We told him not to shoot; we would do as he said. We went to him. He had put his pistol in the scabbard. He took his saddle off his horse. His horse was black and one of its hind legs was broken where one of the bullets had struck. We had extra horses. He asked us to let him ride one. We showed him one and he put his saddle on it. We were all on the ground. Some of us got on horses. I stayed on the ground. He put his foot in the stirrup to get on the horse, and I put my pistol close to the back of his head and shot him. He fell, and I scalped him. I took his pistol!!!”

There was much more detail to the foregoing story, but I have given all essential facts as I listened to the Indian relate them. He was a halfbreed named “Tutts Son.” His father, John Tutt, was the first sutler at Fort Laramie, being appointed in 1849 and holding the job until 1857.

(In February, 1874, Col. Wm. G. Bullock and “Jim” Hunton left Bordeaux to go to Fort Fetterman. They drove a pair of mules to a spring wagon. There was no one living on the road between Bordeaux and Fetterman at that time.)

John Hunton had constructed a small two room log house on Horse Shoe Creek at the Fetterman road crossing the winter before, but it was not occupied at this time. It had no fireplace or stove. Bullock and "Jim" got to this house about sunset; watered the mules and put them in one room of the house; made a small fire in front of the other door; and made coffee and ate their supper by the light of the fire. They then spread buffalo robes on the ground in the room and were ready for bed, as both were tired, but stood and sat a while by the fire. The mules seemed to get uneasy and would jump and stamp as if something was wrong. Mr. Bullock suggested they had better put the fire out and lie down. Jim had just finished extinguishing the fire and started for the door when they heard one Indian yelling to another something about the water in the creek. Neither of them spoke Sioux, but Mr. Bullock understood a few words and knew when they spoke of water or creek. They went into the house and spent an uneasy night. One or the other was awake on the lookout all the time, the one on guard spending much of the time in the room with the mules to prevent their braying.

Just a little before daylight they hitched the mules to the wagon as quietly as they could and drove out the same way they went in until they reached the Fetterman road, and then turned and went on toward that place, driving as quietly as possible for several miles. They reached Fetterman late that afternoon, and were surprised to find themselves so heartily welcomed, as it had just been telegraphed from Fort Laramie to Fetterman that there was but little doubt that they had been killed by Indians.

It was subsequently ascertained from the Indians composing the party, heard by Mr. Bullock and Jim, that they left their camp a little after daylight and went south over the divide to Cottonwood Creek, and while crossing the divide saw a train of mule wagons, known as the log or saw-mill train, on the road leading from the log camp near Laramie Peak to Fort Laramie. That they immediately began to watch for any soldier or hunter who might straggle away from the train so they might try to kill them. That they saw three men ride on ahead and away from the train toward the Cottonwood Creek. That they rode fast and approached the three men without themselves being discovered, and as soon as a suitable opportunity presented itself, shot and killed two of them. The other man not being hit and being well mounted, ran and got back to the wagon train. One of the men killed was Lieutenant Levi H. Robinson, 14th Infantry, after whom Fort Robinson, Nebraska,

was named. The other two men were soldiers in the 14th U. S. Infantry. The name of the man who escaped was Fred Wambold. The Indians took the horses and equipment and everything of value there was on the dead and mutilated their bodies. The leader of the Indians was a renegade halfbreed named Tousant Kensler, who had escaped from the Cheyenne jail a few months previous where he was confined for the murder of a Mexican herder at the Two Bar ranch in 1873. Soon after the Robinson killing, he was captured at the Red Cloud Agency by Lieutenants Ray and Crawford and hanged in Cheyenne for killing the Mexican. Lieutenant Robinson was killed February 9, 1874.

In the winter of 1867, after Hugh Whiteside was killed by Franklin at Bordeaux, as before mentioned, Mr. James Bordeaux permitted two men, "Cy" Williams and ——— Swalley, to occupy the ranch and use it for themselves. They had in their employ a halfbreed boy about eighteen years old, named Baptiste La Deau. About the first of March, 1868, he told them he was going to quit and go to Fort Laramie to his father. After breakfast one morning he saddled his pony and, calling his pet dog, mounted and started for the Fort. There were three or four men (hard characters) loafing about the ranch, and after the boy started Williams remarked to one of them in the presence of the others, "He will never get there. Come on and go with us." So Williams and Swalley and the man started on horse back. They overtook the boy just south of Chug Spring and as soon as he saw them coming he started his horse on the run for the bluff, but they having much better horses than the boy, came up with him on top of the bluff about a quarter of a mile west of Chug Spring and shot and killed the boy, horse and dog, and left them where they fell.

As there was but very little travel on the road at that time, it was more than a week before the boy's father and brothers heard that he was missing. After they heard he had left the ranch they paid no attention to his absence, as they thought he was at some Indian camp. About a month had elapsed after the boy was killed when General Adam J. Stemmer, on his way from Cheyenne to Fort Laramie with an escort of twenty-five infantry soldiers, camped at Chug Spring for the night. They went into camp early in the afternoon. After the soldiers had had their dinner, some of them went walking about the bluffs and discovered the remains of the boy, the horse and the dog. As soon as General Stemmer got to the fort the next morning he told of the discovery his men had made. Antoine La Deau, the boy's father, was employed as an

Indian interpreter at the sutler's store and was the first one to receive the news, and at once communicated it to the loafers and Indians. A great howl went up from the half-breed and Indian camp. The next morning a party of half-breeds went to Chug Spring and buried the boy where he fell.

The murderers denied the killing and were never arrested, as there was no civil government in the country at the time. The man Cy Williams was considered a bad man, as he had killed a wagon master, Lewis Simpson, at Fort Laramie the year before.

The sequel to the killing at Chug Spring was about as follows:

In the spring and early summer of 1868 the Government, having induced the Indians to consent to be moved to White Clay River, near Fort Randall on the Missouri River; then to concentrate into one large camp east of Ft. Laramie about 8 miles, preparatory to starting about the latter part of May or the first of June. This mobilization included all white men with Indian families who cared to make the move. Cy Williams, having an Indian wife, abandoned Bordeaux late in March or early in April and moved to the Indian camp east of Fort Laramie so as to be ready to start with the Indians. After his wife had been interviewed by the relations of the murdered La Deau boy, Williams was openly accused of the killing, which he denied, and was secretly and closely watched to see that he did not attempt to leave the camp. This condition of affairs lasted about a week, or when some drunken halfbreeds precipitated a gun fight. Williams was killed, but not before he had killed one halfbreed, Charley Richard, and wounded two other halfbreeds, Joe Bissnette and one whose name I have forgotten. Oliver P. Goodwin, an innocent spectator, was wounded, but not seriously.

A great many tragedies besides those I have mentioned occurred in what is now Platte County during the eleven years, 1867-1877 inclusive in which the Indians were constantly on the war path. The Indians were not the only killers. The "Six Mile" Ranch, located on "Baptist Fork," now known as "Six Mile," about a quarter mile south of Griffith's house on the Fort Laramie and Wheatland road, was a favorite place for killing. The first man killed there was John Hunter, the original owner, who was shot by "Bud" Thomason in October, 1868. The next two were John Lowry and James McClosky, shot by John Boyer in October, 1870. The next was Perry Arber, a wood chopper, who was assassinated by a man whose name I have forgot-

ten, some time in 1872 or 1873. Then followed two men at different times during the Black Hills excitement prior to 1877. The last one was Adolph Cuny, who was assassinated by Clark Pelton in July, 1877.

I will mention another Indian killing which took place May 4, 1876. James Hunton, my brother, left Bordeaux, my home, on the afternoon of that day to go to the ranch of Charles Coffee on Boxelder Creek about 14 miles east of Bordeaux, to get a horse he had traded for. While going down through "the notch" in Goshen Hole, about half way between the two places, he was waylaid, shot and killed by five Indian boys who were out on a horse stealing expedition. The Indians then went to my ranch at Bordeaux after night and rounded up, stole and drove off every head of horses and mules (38) I owned except my saddle horse, which I had with me at Fort Fetterman, where I received the news by telegraph the evening of the 6th. The horse my brother was riding ran and the Indians could not catch him and the next morning was seen on top of the bluff east of the ranch. Blood on the saddle told the tale and a searching party found the body that afternoon.

The last depredations by Indians in the County area was in January, February and April, 1877. On January 27th seven Indians on foot attacked two trappers on Cottonwood Creek about two miles above where the Coleman ranch now stands, killed one and wounded the other who escaped on a mule and got to the Kent ranch on North Laramie River and "Joe" Morris, the manager of the ranch, took him to Cheyenne, where he recovered from his wound.

On February 24th the Indians stole Kent's horses on North Laramie River, and on the 25th they stole some horses on Laramie River, where Mr. Bomgardner now lives.

On April 23rd they stole horses on Bear Creek but I do not remember who from. On September 4, 1877, Crazy Horse was killed at Red Cloud Agency and stealing stopped.

THE GRAND TETON PARK DEDICATION AN HISTORIC EPIC

By D. W. Greenburg

The formal dedication of The Grand Teton National Park on July 29, 1929, is an epoch in the affairs of our State which will endure among the peoples of our Nation for all time to come and future historians will point to the event as an epic in historic annals, probably not exceeded by any other State of our Nation. It is rare, if ever, any

other State has contributed to the peoples of the Nation in the same measure privileged to the people of Wyoming. The gift of Yellowstone National Park area within our State for the benefit of the public, and now another of its marvels of nature dedicated to the same cause by relinquishing the majestic Teton range, is illustrative of the unselfish nature of our people, and in measure reflects the true hospitality of Wyoming's loyal citizenship. What greater satisfaction to man than to leave for posterity those things which may bring happiness, health and contentment to his fellow man? In point, Wyoming has recognized that its great works of nature should be dedicated to the men, women and children of the Nation for their enjoyment and happiness, and a step in that fulfillment was the dedication of the Nation's newest National Park.

No words of mine can adequately picture the beauties or the grandeur of that marvelous rugged work of nature embraced within the borders of the new park. For thousands of years the lofty Tetons have weathered the ravages of time. They have stood as a monument to a Divine Creator whose works are not without true purpose. What manner of men viewed this majestic range ages ago and scaled its topmost summits may some day be solved by those whose bent for research leads them on, for while it is certain the white man found its rugged slopes impassable, queer markings or positions of stone at its tips indicate the possibility of unknown human presence there at some ancient period.

The Grand Tetons were the beacon for the white man more than a century ago, when its three most prominent tips were designated as "Pilot knobs." Not until that hardy pioneer and loyal Wyoming citizen, Honorable William O. Owen, had scaled its furthestmost summit, is there any definite record that white man had previously mastered the climb. That achievement has been recognized in official quarters and all honor goes to this citizen now in the evening of life. His story has been told and retold and Wyoming citizenry is proud of the honor which has come to one of its own.

The dedication exercises staged at String Lake among the beautiful pines brought together an assemblage of state and federal officials, leading citizens from nearby and our own state, and our distinguished guests, publishers and friends associated with the National Editorial Association, to whom were accorded the signal honor of making the formal dedication of The Grand Teton National Park. Hundreds of visitors from afar, viewing the adjacent Yellow-

stone Wonderland, motored to the scene to swell the throng. The setting was ideal and the weather perfect for such an event. On the speakers' stand erected for the occasion, and decorated with the National colors, were the chief dignitaries, including Honorable Frank C. Emerson, Governor of Wyoming; Mrs. Emerson and their son Eugene; Honorable Horace M. Albright, Director of National Park Service; Honorable Sam T. Woodring, Superintendent of Grand Teton National Park; Honorable Roger W. Toll, Superintendent of Yellowstone National Park; Honorable L. L. Newton, Executive Secretary, State Board of Commerce and Industry; Honorable Erwin Funk, President of National Editorial Association; Honorable Joseph S. Weppner, Chairman of the Owen Marker Committee; Honorable W. O. Owen and Mrs. Owen and Mr. H. F. Shive, the latter a surviving member accompanying Mr. Owen in the memorable climb; Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard, historian and a member of the Owen Marking Committee; Mrs. Cyrus Beard, Executive State Historical Department and a member of the Owen Marking Committee; W. M. Jeffers, vice president, Union Pacific Railway Co.; Prof. F. M. Fryxell, of the Owen Marker Committee; William H. Jackson, pioneer photographer and cartographer for the Oregon Trail Memorial Association; S. N. Leek, wild life photographer and naturalist, and others.

The formal presentation of the new park by the State of Wyoming was made by Governor Emerson and its acceptance acknowledged by Mr. Albright, representing the government. Mr. Funk made the formal dedication address on behalf of the National Editorial Association. The program was dual in character, since Master Eugene Emerson, son of Governor and Mrs. Emerson, unveiled a bronze marker provided by Mrs. Owen in honor of her distinguished husband, which was to be placed on the summit of the Grand Teton the following day under direction of the Owen Marker Committee.

As a fitting courtesy to the visitors, residents of Jackson and the Jackson Hole, provided a fish dinner at the noon hour in which was served 250 pounds of native trout besides other delicious edibles. The arrangements were under the direction of Harry Weston and A. C. McCain, both of Jackson.

Just completing its annual convention at Cheyenne and a tour of the State, the members of the National Editorial Association and its guests headed for the Jackson Lake Lodge as a rendezvous a day ahead of the exercises, arriving at the Lodge on the afternoon of July 28 where the

party was made as comfortable as the accommodations could afford. As a preliminary a campfire program was carried out at the lodge on that Sunday night in which Hon. Roger W. Toll, Superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, presided. On this occasion Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard gave an extended paper covering the history of the region in a most charming manner. Both Mr. Jackson and Mr. Leek recited their long experience in picturing the beauties of the region, while Mr. Owen told the story of the climb to the summit of the Grand Teton.

That the National Editorial Association was accorded the honor of dedicating the new park carries with it the significance which makes the occasion one of historical moment and which will live long in the annals of the Forest Estate. This organization, having thrown its heart into the program laid out for it, representing as it does the brightest minds of the Nation, we have endeared to us a virulent force, and through whose combined newspapers there will always be carried a message of the splendid virtues of our natural scenic wonder, The Grand Teton National Park. Fourth

It is only proper and fitting that full credit should be accorded the Wyoming Press Association and its officers and members in having sponsored the visit of the National Editorial Association and to have been host to a wonderful group of visitors. The zeal in which its officers attacked the problems of entertaining the guests was due in large measure for the splendid success achieved. Those most helpful in this connection were Honorable Ross H. Alcorn, President; Honorable J. B. Griffith, Vice President; and Honorable L. L. Newton, Secretary.

ECONOMIC HISTORY AND SETTLEMENT OF CONVERSE COUNTY, WYOMING

By John LeeRoy Waller, B. S., University of Oklahoma.

CHAPTER ONE

Introduction and Historical Setting

The following passage from Irving's **The Adventures of Captain Bonneville** tended to mold public opinion as to the barrenness of the "Great American Desert," of which Converse County would have been considered a part: (*1)

*1 Irving, Washington, "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, 296-297.

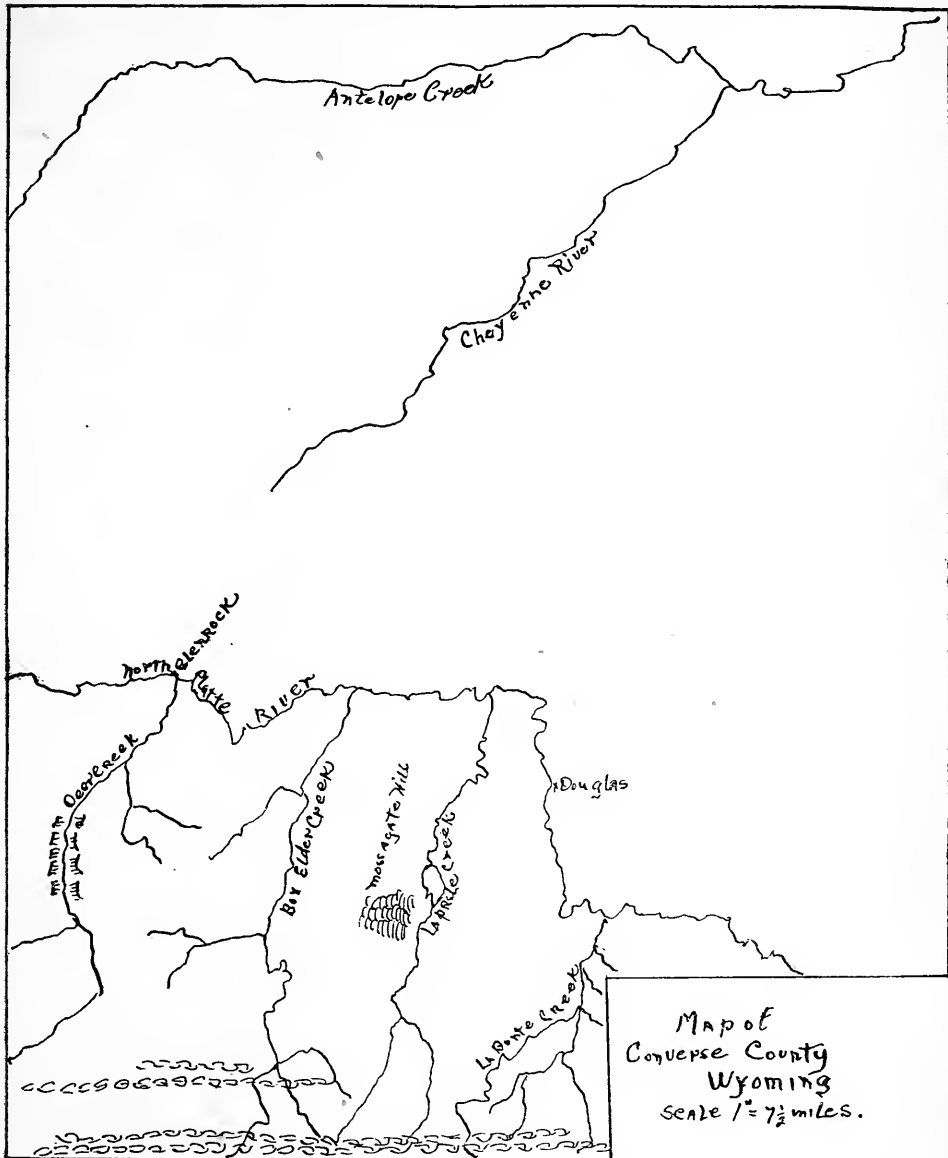
"An immense belt of rocky mountains and volcanic plains several hundred miles in width, intervening between the abodes of civilization, must ever remain an irreclaimable wilderness, and affording a last refuge for the Indians. Here roving tribes of hunters, living in tents and lodges, and following the migrations of the game, may lead a life of savage independence, while there is nothing to tempt the cupidity of the white man. The amalgamation of various tribes of white men of every nation will in time produce hybrid races like the mountain Tartars of the Caucasus. Possessed as they are of immense droves of horses, they may in time become a scourge to the civilized frontiers on either side of the mountains, as they are at present a terror to the traveler and trader."

Irving wrote this statement in 1843, and he reached his conclusions of the country from a study of the writings of Captain Bonneville, who had spent the greater part of three years in Wyoming and the Rocky Mountain territory. However ridiculous it might appear to the present inhabitants of Converse County, Coutant in his history of Wyoming justifies Irving's conclusion, and suggested that the discovery of gold in the West was the only reason for the prediction not remaining true. (*2) Nevertheless, there is a good reason to doubt Coutant's position, for thousands of people went to Oregon and Utah before gold was discovered, and every American that crossed this terrible plain added to the obligations of the Government to defend them. It seems absurd to think of wandering bands of semi-civilized white men being able to long withstand the power of the United States Government.

Part of the region discovered by Irving may have answered to his description, but from the many authentic reports of the thousands of buffalo that roamed over the country besides the other wild game it seems difficult to think of the entire country being a desert. Another fact that leads one to question the description, at least as far as it was applied to Converse County, was the thousands upon thousands of cattle and sheep fattened upon its grasses. The present situation is quite in contrast with the description. In place of wandering bands of hunters one will find thriving towns and communities; in place of Indians there are farmers and stockmen; in place of savage independence there is organized law; and in place of hybrid races there are representatives of the leading nations of the world. The object of this thesis is to give a short history of Converse

*2 Coutant, G. C., History of Wyoming, 1, 170.

County, with particular attention to the economic factors that have contributed to its growth.



The County is located in east central Wyoming, and lies along both sides of the North Platte River. (*3) It was created out of the northern parts of Laramie and Albany Counties, and originally contained Niobrara County, which was created out of the eastern part of Converse County in 1911. (*4) Topographically, (*5) the County is made up

*3 See Map page 3.

*4 See Maps, Nos. 1, 2, 3, page 47.

*5 Bartlett, History of Wyoming, 1, 515.

of the spurs and foothills of the Laramie Range of the Rocky Mountains and of rolling plains. The County might be divided from south to north into three divisions: the spurs and foothills of the Laramie Range, the North Platte valley and the rolling plains that cover most of the northern part of the County. The mountains, so-called, are covered with pine and fir, with some aspen, cottonwood and boxelder along the mountain streams. The Platte valley is wide practically its entire length through the County to afford large areas for farming. There are several fine mountain streams that empty into it, for example, Deer, Boxelder, La Prele and La Bonte. The rolling plains to the north of the river are covered with short grass, cacti and sage. Water is scarce and there are no all-weather streams. The buffalo grass of this region possesses wonderful strength. It is short, and the winds and hot sun cure it early in the season, thus conserving all of its natural strength.

The history of the exploration and settlement of this region really begins with the advent of those adventurous explorers who were in search of furs. The first white men known to have crossed this section were in a party of Astorians led by Robert Stuart. (*7) On a return trip from Astoria Stuart led his followers over a great part of what afterwards came to be known as the Oregon Trail. During the winter of 1812-1813 this party passed down the Platte through this section. The opening of the Trail stirred the interest of others, and in 1822 William Ashley (*8) led a party of trappers up the North Platte into the Sweetwater country. Ashley trapped the headwaters of the Platte and the Sweetwater and succeeded so well that other trappers followed. The Sublette brothers accompanied Ashley on his first trip, and they afterwards bought him out and organized the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. In 1832 this company made \$175,000.00. (*9) So many trappers came that the Indians became alarmed, and the Blackfeet, Cheyenne and Sioux became less friendly. It is estimated that, at least, three-fifths of the trappers along the Platte and Sweetwater were killed. (*10) In 1832 Captain Bonneville followed the Trail up the North Platte into the Sweetwater country. He did not secure many furs, for the American

*6 Love, Clara M., "History of the Cattle Industry in the Southwest," in *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, XIX, 370-399.

*7 Chittenden, H. M., *History of the American Fur Trade in the Far West*, 460-463.

*8 Chittenden, H. M., *Op. Cit.*

*9 Coutant, G. C., *History of Wyoming*, 1, 147.

*10 Owens, Clyde M., "The Fur Traders" in *Quarterly Bulletin of the Wyoming Historical Department*, Jan. 15, 1925, 11, 47.

Fur Company was too strongly entrenched there at the time. However, Bonneville made some maps and gathered considerable data regarding the country. Fort Laramie, built by the American Fur Company in 1832, was bought by the Government in 1842 for a military fort. James Bridger established a trading post in the Sweetwater country, which afterwards under control of the Government became Fort Bridger. Thus we see exploration and settlement, (*11) in some degree, of the West.

The trappers and fur traders used wagons and it was not long before there was a trail deep and wide up the Platte. In 1835 Dr. Marcus Whitman and Rev. Samuel Parker followed the trail into the Sweetwater country. Trappers were so numerous at this time that no less than 200 were found at the rendezvous on Green River. At this point Whitman decided to return to the East to get missionaries for the Indian field. On his second trip Whitman carried his young wife. In this party were Rev. and Mrs. H. H. Spalding. These two women, as far as is known, were the first white women to pass over the Oregon Trail. In 1838 another band of missionaries followed the Trail to Oregon. Others came the next years. By this time some interest had been aroused in the Oregon country, and one trip actual settlers accompanied the missionaries. Thus the movement began which was to change the situation in Wyoming and extend the boundaries of the nation. It is difficult to get reliable statistics as to numbers of settlers that went over the Trail to Oregon, but there were thousands. The Mormon movement to Utah, which began in 1846 and 1847, contributed many thousands of other immigrants. When gold was discovered in California, and later in Montana and other parts of the West, there was a veritable congestion of traffic over this natural highway, which Father De Smet (*12) pronounced one of the finest highways in the world. Captain Reynolds who was on Government duty in the Indian country innocently asked his guide, Jim Bridger, if there was any danger of missing the Trail as they went south from Montana. Bridger answered him with only a look of contemptuous amazement, and the Captain understood when they came to the Trail. Heavy wagons had cut a road deep and wide. In some places it was 200 feet wide, and the winds had blown the loose sand out until the roadway was deep and hard. There are plain signs of the road after fifty years of disuse. Sixty years ago this highway was almost the

*11 Owens, Clyde M., "The Fur Traders," in Quarterly Bulletin of the Wyoming Historical Department, January 15, 1925, 44.

*12 Chittenden, H. M., History of the American Fur Trade in the Far West, 460-463.

only evidence of civilization in an otherwise savage wilderness. Practically throughout its entire length it is marked with stones, and it is well that these stones be placed before the last signs of this historic highway are obliterated. Six of the stone markers are located in Converse County.

The Mormon immigration to Utah was more intimately connected with the history of Converse County than was the passage of the Oregon settlers, who only left a few lonely graves along the highway to mark their passing. Many of the Mormons either settled permanently or temporarily in the state. A band of them temporarily settled in Converse County south of Glenrock. There are some signs of this settlement, and there is a canyon that bears their name.

The mining rush was one of the principal causes of the Government disregarding the rights of the Indians to the region south of the Missouri, east of the Rocky Mountains and north of the Platte, which had been guaranteed to them by treaty. (*13) The miners simply rushed in where only fools would have dared to venture. Thousands of the '49rs rushed across the plains madly in search of gold, and the Government felt compelled to give them all possible protection. When gold was discovered in Montana in 1862 and 1863 a stampede began to this section. (*14) At first the miners followed the Oregon Trail to Fort Hall, but later began to try a more direct route. Accordingly John M. Bozeman, (*15) a pioneer of Montana, laid out the route which bears his name, and which extends from the Red Buttes on the North Platte to the Three Crossings on the Missouri. The Bozeman Trail followed the North Platte from Fort Laramie to a point eight miles west of Douglas and then left the river, going in a northwesterly direction. This trail crossed the last hunting grounds of the Sioux and other Indian tribes, and greatly incensed them. Red Cloud, who was the most influential Sioux chief, vowed that he would resist to the death. When Forts Reno, Phil Kearney and C. F. Smith were erected war was declared. One immediate result of the war was the terrible massacre of Fort Kearney (*16) on December 21, 1866, in which Colonel William J. Fetterman and eighty soldiers were slain. On account of extreme cold and poor communication it was some time before relief could be obtained, and had Red Cloud had the sagacity to have followed up his victory the Fort might have been taken. All of these forts were shortly

*13 Paxson, F. L., *The Last American Frontier*, 123, 285, 291, 294.

*14 Hebard, G. R., *Pathbreakers from River to Ocean*, 189.

*15 *Ibid.*

*16 Hebard and Brininstool, *The Bozeman Trail*, 1, 15-38.

abandoned, one reason being given that communications could not be maintained.

Some mention of the means of communication is necessarily a part of this history. Freighting was a regular part of the trapping business. Settlement of Oregon, Utah and California greatly extended the freighting business, and when settlements began to appear in such widely separated places as Colorado, Idaho and Montana freighting reached stupendous proportions. Most of the freighting was done by "bullwhackers with their bull teams." The Government attempted to maintain communications with these settlements, and mail contracts were eagerly sought. Senator Gwin of California and Russell, the latter a member of one of the most important freighting firms of the time, sponsored the Pony Express (*17) movement, which was an attempt to give more rapid communication and bind the growing West to the nation. Stations were placed from nine to fifteen miles apart and provided with fleet American horses and feed. Daring riders were employed, and every effort was put forth to make speed. The original route of the Pony Express followed the Oregon Trail. Several stations were in Converse County. The route was officially opened April 3, 1860, and continued for eighteen months. It was superseded by the telegraph line, which Edward Creighton completed in 1861. (*18) Upon the completion of the telegraph line, Creighton announced his readiness to handle transcontinental communications. All means of communication were hard to maintain, for the Indians resented every encroachment of the whites and made no distinction between friend and foe. Freighting was extremely hazardous and was usually done in trains for protection, and these trains were often given military escorts. The life of the Pony Express riders was extremely precarious, abundant evidence being furnished in stations that were burned and the riders that never reached their destinations. It was not long before the Indians learned that the singing telegraph wires carried messages summoning soldiers against them, and accordingly wires were pulled down, posts burned and every means put forth to destroy this communication.

The white man continued to advance; the red man slowly gave way. In this manner the West was won, and the last hunting grounds of the Indians was taken over for farming, mining, and the other arts of the white man. Gone are the soldiers and the Indians, and although there are many lonely stretches of roads in Converse County, no man need fear sudden death from ambush by the Indian.

*17 Inman and Cody, *The Great Salt Lake Trail*, Chapter 8.

*18 Hebard, G. R., *The Pathbreakers from Ocean to Ocean*, 232.

CHAPTER TWO

The Cattle Industry

The discovery of the possibilities of Wyoming for grazing purposes is said to have been accidental, and is thus described: "Early in December in 1864, a Government trader with a wagon train of supplies drawn by oxen was on his way west to Camp Douglas in the territory of Utah; but being overtaken on the Laramie Plains, Wyoming, by an unusually severe snowstorm, he was compelled to go at once into winter quarters. He turned his cattle adrift, expecting, as a matter of course, that they would soon perish from exposure and starvation; but they remained about camp, and as the snow was blown off the highlands the dried grass afforded them an abundance of forage. When spring opened they were found to be in even better condition than when turned out to die four months previously." (*1) In 1869 a similar experience happened at Fort David Russell, near Cheyenne, when some Texas cattle which had been brought up in the fall for beef cattle became scattered by a severe snow storm, but in the following spring they were gathered up in excellent condition. T. H. McGhee, (*2) an old-timer and bullwhacker, claims that he wintered ox teams in Wyoming in the winter of 1857, but he does not say whether the cattle were kept up and fed, or turned loose on the range. Shortly after this time cattle began to be placed on the ranges of Wyoming for fattening purposes. The cattle were brought from the East and South, mostly from the latter section over what was called the "Texas Trail" or the "Long Drive." The trails usually began in some point in South Texas. One of the main trails (*3) began on the Gulf south of San Antonio, passing to the west of San Antonio north to Doan's Store in Willbarger County, Texas, where it divided. One branch went northwest through Oklahoma into Kansas. Some of the cattle that reached Colorado went by the Dawson Trail, a branch of one of the main trails north. Herds destined for Wyoming followed a main trail until the managers branched off at some point convenient to their particular destination. Senator Kendrick (*4) tells of his experiences on the "Texas Trail," over which he made several trips. The flood tide of this move-

*1 Morris, Robert, "Livestock Industry," in Wyoming Historical Collections for 1897, 29.

*2 McGhee, T. H., "Early Days in the West," in Quarterly Bulletin of Wyoming Historical Department, April 15, 1924.

*3 Love, Clara M., History of the Cattle Industry in the Southwest," in Southwestern Historical Quarterly, XIX, 370-399.

*4 Kendrick, Sen. John B., "The Texas Trail," in Wyoming Historical Society Miscellanies, 1919, 41-49.

ment of cattle to the North was reached in 1884, when it is estimated that 800,000 cattle passed over the various trails to the North. The movements of such magnitude as to bring about a move on the part of the Texas cattlemen to secure a National Highway (*5) from Texas to the North, the strip to be five or six miles in width, but by this time the stockmen of the North began to fear overstocking of the ranges and consequently opposed the plan. The fear of overstocking was well founded. Lusk, one of the prominent cattlemen of this section, writes of the overstocking of the ranges. (He tells of one man, over the protests of local cattlemen, turning loose in the fall, 8,900 Texas steers on the range of the Hat Creek Basin in what became eastern Converse County. In the spring the man gathered up 1,700 of his steers, and his loss was only part of the general loss. (*6)) Love tells of the terrible losses from the movement of the Texas cattle to the North. In many instances the cattle were brought up in the fall, too late for them to become acclimated or even familiar with the water holes. Early blizzards exacted a fearful toll, the cows suffering the worst. It was estimated that a million Texas cattle covered the road, the ranges and the shallow streams as a monument to man's greed for gold and his cruelty to beasts. (*7) Later movements were, undoubtedly, handled more carefully, for Kendrick speaks of the economical methods of getting these cattle from Texas to the ranges of Wyoming. (He cites an instance where the party, of which he was a member, started from Texas with 3,470 cattle and turned loose 3,430 on one of the tributaries of the Cheyenne River in Converse County, and he says it was done without the "proverbial recruiting" along the route. (*8))

(Introduction of foreign capital in building up syndicate ranches began during this cattle movement. The cautious Scotch contributed much. The Tolland Cattle Company with headquarters on Deer Creek, (*9) was a Scotch syndicate ranch. The formation of these big ranches was solely for dividends, and eventually led to unsound methods of business, such as over-stocking the ranges and selling off immature cattle. (*10)) Some of the men that contributed

*5 Love, Clara M., *Op. Cit.*, 396.

*6 Lusk, Frank S., "My Associations with Wyoming," in *Quarterly Bulletin of the Wyoming Historical Department*, Aug. 15, 1924, 15.

*7 Love, Clara M., "History of Cattle Industry of Southwest," in *Southern Historical Quarterly*, XIX, 390.

*8 Lusk, *Ibid.*

*9 Clemen, R. A., *American Livestock Industry*, 185.

*10 Clemen, R. A., *Ibid.*, 186-187.

to the development of the County established themselves during the big cattle movement. Among these men were Billie Irvine, John Hunton, J. M. and Dr. John Carey (uncle and father of ex-Governor Robert D. Carey), and A. R. Converse. Billie Irvine helped to organize the Ogalalla Land and Cattle Company. (*11) John Hunton located on Boxelder Creek in 1877; and his location formed the nucleus of the famous Carey Ranch, which was developed under ownership of the Carey Brothers and is now the home of ex-Governor Robert D. Carey. (*12) A. R. Converse, after whom the County was named, organized the Converse "O. W." Company in the eastern part of the County (now Niobrara). On many of these ranches, notably the Tolland Ranch, fine breeds of cattle were introduced, which formed the nucleus of the fine breeds that are now everywhere in the County.) One of the causes of open friction between the big cattlemen and small ranchmen or homesteaders was finding some of the fine cattle on the ranges of the smaller cattlemen. Rustling began from branding "mavericks," (*13) which were first claimed by any man that happened to get his brand on them. Cowboys were at first paid a certain sum for each maverick branded for the boss. Enterprising cowboys began to place their own brands on mavericks. This led the Wyoming Stockmen's Association to get a law passed forbidding the branding of mavericks. But it was claimed that the law was not enforced, and the cattle-kings used this supposed violation of the law as an excuse to persecute the smaller ranchmen and homesteaders. This friction culminated in what is known as the "Johnson County Invasion." Johnson County, which is located northwest of Converse County, was settled in the '80s by homesteaders on range claimed by the big outfits. When the sheriff of Johnson County arrested a man that had in his possession damaging evidence against the plans of the big cattlemen it was decided to organize an invasion for the purpose of effecting the release of the arrested one and to destroy the incriminating evidence. Accordingly a number of tough characters were assembled at Cheyenne, carried on the train to Casper, armed and provisioned and sent north towards Buffalo (county seat of Johnson County). News, however, preceded the invaders and they were given such a warm reception that they barricaded themselves in a ranch house several miles from Buffalo. Acting Governor

*11 See map 33.

*12 See map 33.

*13 Love, Clara M., "History of the Cattle Industry of Southwest," in Southern Historical Quarterly, XIX, 373.

Barber now called upon the President to send soldiers from Fort McKinney, near Buffalo, to the rescue, declaring that a state of insurrection existed in Johnson County. Prompt action on the part of the soldiers saved the lives of the invaders, who were arrested but soon released. This incident marks the climax of the fight for possession of the "open range," which meant to the cattlemen free range for them free of cost and molestation.

United States General Land Commissioner Fry in his report for 1924 makes some very illuminating comments on the attitude assumed by the cattle and sheep men relative to the range: (*14) "No federal control over grazing on public lands has thus far been exercised, though it has often been suggested, both from the viewpoint of the stockfeeder and the public economist, and both for practically the same reasons, that the growth of the native grasses and forage would be conserved thereby and the development of our national resources secured to a corresponding degree."

"To this end numerous bills have been introduced from time to time, all looking to some form of federal control of the grazing on public lands, but thus far all such efforts have proved futile. It is not unlikely that one reason which has heretofore operated to prevent legislation has been the general belief in the availability of a sufficient area of grazing lands to supply the demand as it then existed, and the objections of stockmen to any interference with free grazing on public lands. This privilege so long enjoyed and the substantial basis of all stock-growing operations in the public land country naturally came in time to be regarded by the stockmen in the nature of a right rather than a privilege, so that any proposition looking towards federal control was often regarded by them as an invasion of an actual property right. This condition of sentiment was the logical outgrowth of a system which had its foundation in the unbounded confidence of our people in the magnificent possibilities of our great national domain. The arrival of a time when our fertile prairies and otherwise tillable lands would be exhausted seemed too far distant for consideration. Thus the matter has gone until now, after the settler and homesteader, in effect, have left only such public lands as are not suited to their uses, are we confronted with the question of what shall be done with our public lands that are best adapted to grazing and are being used for that purpose without any supervision on the part of the Government."

(To be continued)

*14 Report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office to the Secretary of the Interior for 1924, 10-11.

ACCESSIONS

Sept. 30 to Nov. 29, 1929.

- Collins, E. P.—Original manuscripts written by Mr. Collins: "The Bon Boot & Shoe Company." "Two Shillings, Six Pence to Twenty-two Dollars," the Story of P. S. Cook's Sixty Years in the Plumbing Trade. "Forbes Bandsters." A newspaper clipping advertising the Bon Shoe Company. A copy of the magazine, "The Plumbers Trade Journal," in which the article on Mr. Cook is printed.
- Fryxell, Dr. F. M.—Report of the Placing of the Grand Teton Memorial Tablet written by Dr. Fryxell; seven pictures pertaining to the placing of the tablet; a copy of the magazine, "American Forests and Forest Life," in which an article written by Dr. Fryxell on the Tetons appears.
- Lindsay, Charles—Three pictures of "Old Town," in the Big Horn Mountains. A copy of the magazine, "The Prairie Schooner," which contains a Wyoming article written by Mr. Lindsay.
- Burnet, J. C.—Two large size American flags and two small ones. Flags were used at old Fort Washakie.
- Churchill, Mrs. Minnie Russell—Two programs used at the commencement exercises of the Cheyenne High School Class of 1892. A program of "Hamlet," played by Edwin Booth which took place at the old Cheyenne Opera House in 1887. These programs are printed on satin.
- Friends in Council—Programs of "Friends in Council," Buffalo, Wyoming, for 1923 through 1930.
- Ferguson, Mrs. R. A.—Two programs from the W. T. K. Club, Wheatland, Wyoming.
- Lemmon, G. E.—Thirty-five original manuscripts on Wyoming early days, written by Mr. Lemmon.
- Kennedy, Judge T. Blake (The Percy S. Hoyt Estate)—A bridle and bit which formerly belonged to Percy S. Hoyt. The bridle was made by Frank S. Meanea and the bit by Ernest Logan in the year 1883. This bridle was used by Mr. Hoyt almost continuously up to the time of his death.
- Carroll, Major C. G.—Recruiting News carrying the history of Mackenzie's Last Fight With the Cheyennes, a story of the Dull Knife fight.
- Women's Overseas Service League—"Carry On," a magazine published by the Women's Overseas Service League.
- Greenburg, D. W.—Original manuscript.
- Maclean, Mrs. John—Valuable collection belonging to the late Captain H. G. Nickerson. When classified, it will be noted in Annals.

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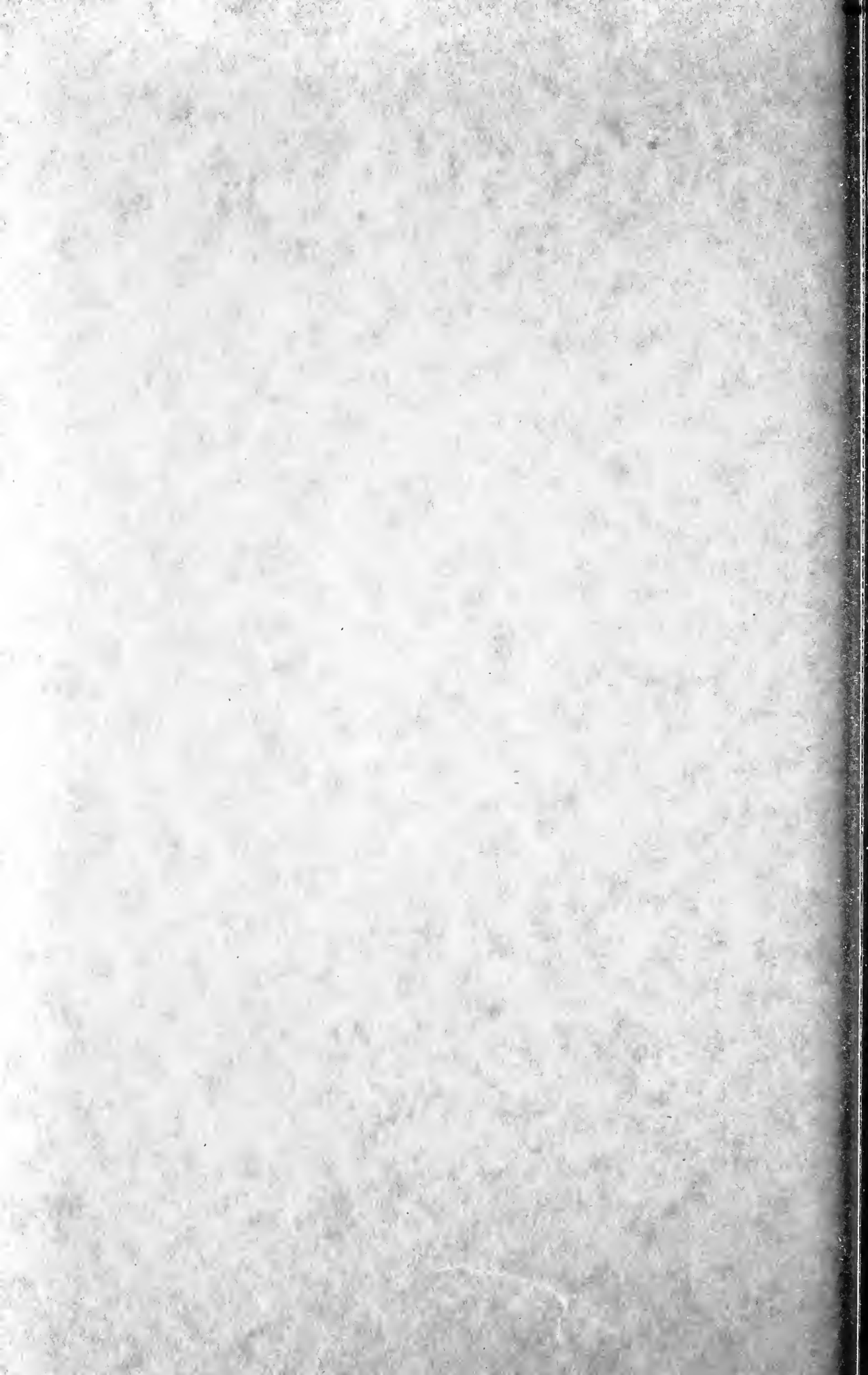
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CHAPTER 96

STATE HISTORICAL BOARD

Session Laws 1921

DUTIES OF HISTORIAN

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the State Historian:

(a) To collect books, maps, charts, documents, manuscripts, other papers and any obtainable material illustrative of the history of the State.

(b) To procure from pioneers narratives of any exploits, perils and adventures.

(c) To collect and compile data of the events which mark the progress of Wyoming from its earliest day to the present time, including the records of all of the Wyoming men and women, who served in the World War and the history of all war activities in the State.

(d) To procure facts and statements relative to the history, progress and decay of the Indian tribes and other early inhabitants within the State.

(e) To collect by solicitation or purchase fossils, specimens, of ores and minerals, objects of curiosity connected with the history of the State and all such books, maps, writings, charts and other material as will tend to facilitate historical, scientific and antiquarian research.

(f) To file and carefully preserve in his office in the Capitol at Cheyenne, all of the historical data collected or obtained by him, so arranged and classified as to be not only available for the purpose of compiling and publishing a History of Wyoming, but also that it may be readily accessible for the purpose of disseminating such historical or biographical information as may be reasonably requested by the public. He shall also bind, catalogue and carefully preserve all unbound books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and especially newspaper files containing legal notices which may be donated to the State Historical Board.

(g) To prepare for publication a biennial report of the collections and other matters relating to the transaction of the Board as may be useful to the public.

(h) To travel from place to place, as the requirements of the work may dictate, and to take such steps, not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, as may be required to obtain the data necessary to the carrying out of the purpose and objects herein set forth.

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PRESERVING OUR LANDMARKS

By D. W. Greenburg*

No movement of an historical nature in Wyoming has greater significance nor will longer endure or be more genuinely appreciated by future generations than that of preserving historic landmarks and sites. Such work is now being accomplished in our State through The Historical Landmark Commission of Wyoming, and though yet in its infancy, scarcely three years old, the Commission has already acquired through gift and purchase some of our outstanding historical landmarks and is well along in its plans for adding other important assets of this nature with title resting in our State.

Such work as now undertaken in a serious manner through the members of the Commission and with the cooperation of local advisory boards or societies or individuals in the several communities of our State, is a labor of love. Back of all the efforts made in this direction spring a desire among those who have studied the project to perpetuate for all time those cherished spots so indelibly associated with the early development of our State—indeed of the whole western frontier. No commercial instinct does or should enter the negotiations or problems looking forward to the acquisitions of this character—except as in each instance it brings greater glory to our State and profit to all of our citizens. Thousands of the peoples of the Nation are awakening to the value of their historical surroundings. Annually the interest of the people is becoming more acute in seeking out hallowed shrines of those other days—and they travel afar to view those cherished spots. Thus only, in that respect, is there an incidental commercial return.

No attempt will be made in these few lines to outline the work already accomplished by The Historical Landmark

*Editor's Note: Mr. Greenburg is the Publicity Director of the Commission and is well known to the people of Wyoming through frequent contributions of early Wyoming history of The Midwest Review and other publications.

Commission of Wyoming. The fine constructive ability of its members has accomplished wonders in a brief period. Their work has scarcely begun. The First Biennial Report of the Commission to the Honorable Frank C. Emerson, Governor of Wyoming, issued during the last mid-year in printed form, gives intimate detail as to the purposes of the Commission, its accomplishments, hopes and aspirations. Much care was exercised in its preparation and many of the more important historical points of interest in Wyoming charted. This was amplified with a map which gives a visual picture of historic locations within our State.

It may be of interest to readers of The Annals to have recorded in these pages briefly the historic sites already acquired through the efforts of the Commission. It should be an inspiration to all of us to extend every aid to the Commission in securing further acquisitions. Site of Old Fort Reno on the Powder River in Johnson County was the first donation made to the State. Every reader of Wyoming history knows of the importance of that outpost of civilization during the hectic days of the Montana gold rush, when it became necessary to place armed troops along the Bozeman Trail to protect travelers from attack by hostile Indians. The Connor Battlefield, situated at the mouth of Wolf Creek on Tongue River adjacent to the town of Ranchester in Sheridan County, is another acquisition of importance, having been the site of an engagement between the command of General P. E. Connor and a band of Arapahoe Indians. The story of old Fort Bridger is too well known to your readers to need extended comment here, but its acquisition by the State gives to us one of the most famed of trading posts on the western frontier. The site of old Fort Bonneville, established in the fur trading days of 1832, is a recent gift to the State and one particularly cherished by our people. Such is the record at present and to this will be added other important points within our State as the plans of the Commission become fully developed.

The members of the Commission, each of whom are giving their time and energy in this laudable undertaking, do so without compensation for time or incidental expense, but as a contribution to our citizens and to future generations and for the glory of accomplishment in a line to which each are devoted for the joy and pleasure they receive. The membership of the Commission is composed of Mr. Robert S. Ellison, Vice President of The Midwest Refining Company, who resides in Casper and is the Chairman of the Commission; Mr. Warren Richardson, a pioneer resident and

business man of Cheyenne, who is Treasurer; and Mr. Joseph S. Weppner of Rock Springs, engaged in business in that city, who is Secretary. Each of the members has been personally interested in western history, especially that relating to Wyoming, for a number of years, and is an avocation with them. The Commission has named for purposes of administration Mrs. Cyrus Beard of Cheyenne, present executive of the State Historical Department, as Assistant Secretary; and Mr. D. W. Greenburg of Casper, publicity representative and Editor, *The Midwest Review*, of the Midwest Refining Company, as its Publicity Director.

At some future time we shall hope to offer through *The Annals* some of the interesting sidelights on the work of the Commission. In the meantime the Chairman of the Commission invites the helpful co-operation of all interested persons in this most laudable work.

ECONOMIC HISTORY AND SETTLEMENT OF CONVERSE COUNTY, WYOMING

By John LeeRoy Waller, B. S., University of Oklahoma.

(Continued from January Number)

According to G. M. Penley, county agent for Natrona County, which joins Converse on the west, the County Stockgrowers' Association at their 1925 meeting passed unanimously a resolution opposing any legislation for federal control of grazing on the public domain. (*15) Thus we see that Commissioner Fry has correctly summed up the situation as to the attitude of the stockmen.

Two other problems which the cattlemen had to face, the opposition of the Indians and the occasional severe winters, deserve some consideration. The Indians opposed every invasion of their rights. As late as 1870 (*16) Indians made a raid as far south as Cheyenne, and in 1876 they raided the ranches on Chugwater Creek, over a hundred miles south of Douglas. (Fort Fetterman was built in 1867 on the south side of the North Platte River where the La Prele Creek empties into the river. After the abandonment of Forts Reno and Phil Kearney this was the most important Government fort in Wyoming west of Fort Laramie. While it was built primarily for protection to immi-

*15 Casper, Wyoming, *Daily Tribune* for March 25, 1925.

*16 Wyoming Historical Report, 1921-23, 95-97.

*17 Beard, G. R., *History and Government of Wyoming*, 44.

grants, detachments of soldiers were often out to protect ranches. The fort was abandoned in 1878, as the subjection of the Indians removed the need of it. Thus one of the hindrances of the development of the country was removed. Occasionally an unusually severe winter, for instance that of 1886-87, (*18) which caused an average loss of 85%, visited Wyoming. One of the things that tended to cause such heavy losses during those terrible winters was the presence of barb wire. As the homesteaders came they began to fence their lands. Cattle that usually drifted before a blizzard, feeding as they went, would when a barbed wire fence was reached, walk back and forth along the fence until exhausted from hunger and exposure. Such results thoroughly aroused the cattlemen, who resented the intrusion of the "dry farmer," and wires were cut, shacks burned and often settlers themselves suffered injuries or death. But to my mind the cattlemen had little cause of complaint, for it was their custom to command the streams and water-holes, if at all possible. Governor Moonlight spoke of the manner in which the "cattle barons" attempted to dominate the water and range back of it. It was possible in the early days to get a total of 1,120 (*19) acres of land, which was often extended by making fraudulent entries. Thus, the Governor stated, it was legally possible for a man to take out "forties" along a stream and effectually close it for three miles, and this of course controlled the range back of it. (*20)

(The cattle industry was the most important business in the County until 1909, (*21) when the sheep industry exceeded it in value.) (After 1919 the valuation of the oil industry of the County exceeded in value that of both cattle and sheep combined. (*22)) (There are no accurate records of the number of cattle in the County until the year 1909. The assessor's rolls for 1909 show an assessment of 98,100 cattle. Doubtless there were many thousands more. For the methods of assessment were crude in the extreme and the big companies were not anxious to pay taxes on their herds. In the '80s, the boom period of the big cattlemen, several hundred thousand cattle roamed the ranges of Converse County. Following 1909 there was a steady decline in the number assessed until in 1913, after the formation

*18 Lusk, Frank S., "My Associations with Wyoming," in Quarterly Bulletin of Wyoming Historical Department, August 15, 1924, 15.

*19 The Ranchman secures a pre-emption of 160 acres, a homestead of 160 acres, a timber claim of 160 acres, and a desert entry of 640 acres, making in all 1,120 acres.

*20 Moonlight, Governor Thos., Report to Sec. of Int., 1887, 6.

*21 Assessor's Rolls for Converse County (Douglas, Wyoming), 1909.

*22 Assessor's Rolls for Converse County, 1919.

of Niobrara County out of the Eastern part of Converse County, there were only 21,887 (*23) cattle assessed. Beginning with 1914 there was a gradual increase in the number assessed until in 1919 there was 62,195 (*24) on the tax rolls. The growth was caused, in a great part, by the increased demand for beef cattle because of the World War. High prices prevailed throughout this period and greatly stimulated every phase of the agricultural and live stock business. The years 1920, 1921 and 1922 were hard for cattlemen. Prices of beef and hides dropped to the bottom, and since much money had been borrowed to buy high-priced cattle this depression spread bankruptcy throughout the cattle country. The tax rolls for 1922 show only 36,438 cattle assessed. The Report of the State Board of Equalization for 1923-24 shows that although the cattle industry has not yet regained its former importance for Converse County, indications point to a steady return.)

The settlement of the public lands under the Stock-growing Act of 1916 has made it almost impossible for the big cattle companies to continue. (*25) This important phase of the development of the West is swiftly passing. The "round-up" with its color and romance is seen no more in its former magnitude in Converse County. Time was when the ranges were combed in the late spring by the cowboys of the various big outfits, and the cattle were rounded up, mavericks cut out, and calves branded. Usually each outfit covered its own particular range, but every big outfit had representatives at the place of branding in order to see that its interests were cared for. What might be termed a roundup at the present time (1925) consists of three or four cowboys and a cook wagon locating for two or three days in one place where their employer has a few cattle, then after trying to locate all cattle supposed to be there and branding any calves the outfit moves on to some other range, if the stockman happens to have cattle at different places. There are no large sections of the range open at the present, and if a large outfit, for instance the Carey Ranch, wants to use the range it is necessary to have small herds at different places.

(When people began to locate along the tributaries of the North Platte—La Bonte, La Prele, Boxelder and Deer—and take out water rights a new phase of the cattle industry began, that of stock-farming. This has proved to be a great advance over the old method of running cattle

*23 Assessor's Rolls for Converse County, 1909-1919.

*24 State Board of Equalization, Report 1919-1924.

*25 Commissioner of the General Land Office, Report to the Secretary of Interior, 1924.

on the open range and seeing them once a year, for now there are so many more owners who have small herds of cattle and who improve what they have by better breeding and winter feeding. At the same time the public lands that come under the classification of mountainous, grazing lands afford considerable range for the summer.)(*26) According to Commissioner Fry a large per cent of the unappropriated public lands in Converse County are of such a nature that 640 acres will not support a bona fide homesteader. All of this land is suitable for summer pasture. Stock-farming will make it possible to get use of all grazing lands, and at the same time supply winter feed. (In place of a few large outfits with thousands of cattle depending almost wholly upon the range there are at present in Converse County several hundred small ranchmen who raise alfalfa by irrigation for winter feed for their small herds of 200 to 300 cattle. Ordinarily each of these small outfits has considerable range back of the streams along which they have their homesteads and in which they have taken out water rights.)

(One other change that should be noted relative to the few large ranches that still do business in the County is the fact that practically all of them have both cattle and sheep to run on what range they can control.) Thus it is possible to trace the various stages of the live stock industry in the County. In the first place, the big companies brought in their large herds and took possession of certain streams and claimed the range most suitable to their location. Homesteading was discouraged only in so far as the companies could profit by the locations, and opposition of the most bitter kind was offered to fencing the public lands. Secondly, the big sheep companies began to establish themselves over the opposition of the cattlemen, and this struggle for possession of the range ended in the compromise of the cattle companies accepting the fact that the County was well adapted for sheep raising and handling both cattle and sheep. This compromise did not affect the opposition to the bona fide homesteader, who has had to face the ill will of both sheep and cattlemen even down to the present. But as the change is made to stock-farming, which is the third state, the hold of the homesteader becomes more firmly established, and it is now possible for a man to plant his shack anywhere in the county, fence his land and feel that there is no longer danger of being visited by the cowboys of some big outfit and ordered out of the country or forcibly evicted.

*26 Report of Commissioner of General Land Office to the Secretary of the Interior for 1924, 10-11.

CHAPTER THREE

Sheep Industry

The introduction of sheep dates from the year 1878 (*1) when a small band was herded near the Rawhide Buttes in what is now Niobrara County. In 1880 (*2) the Wilson Brothers had a band near the present site of Lusk, county seat of Niobrara County, and in 1883 (*3) George Powell pastured a band on La Prele Creek. None of these early ventures proved to be very successful because none of the owners had had any previous experience with sheep in the way of handling them or curing the scab. Low prices prevailed for both wool and sheep, and there had not been created any real desire to have sheep in the country. (*4) About 1889 John Morton and J. J. Hurt brought bands of sheep up from the Union Pacific country, and in 1894 (*5) one of the largest sheep companies, The Platte Sheep Company, was organized. DeForest Richards was one of the directors of this company. He soon became governor of the State and this goes to prove that the sheep business had at last gained respectable recognition. In spite of heavy losses from an unusually severe winter, this company continued to increase its capital, which at last became \$200,000.00.

Opposition to the introduction of sheep was at first violent. Cattlemen seemed to have a sort of natural antipathy to the presence of sheep, and too, any invasion of what they considered their right, the use of the public range, was strenuously resisted. It was the spirit manifested this early that Commissioner Fry spoke of in his report for 1924. (*6) During 1893 and 1894 a number of sheep outfits were raided by cattlemen. (*7) These raiders were called "Gunnysackers" on account of being distinguished with a gunny sack over their heads. They marked off dead lines on the range, burned some sheep wagons, shot and clubbed to death some sheep, and shot at and mistreated some of the shepherders. It was very difficult to get convictions for these outrages at first for the sheepmen were without a fixed habitation and the cattlemen were in control of local affairs. Presently, though, the situation be-

*1 Maurer, C. F., "Concerning the Sheep Industry in Central Wyoming," in Bill Barlow's Budget, 21st Anniversary Edition, 1907.

*2 Ibid.

*3 Ibid.

*4 Connor, L. C., "A Brief History of the Sheep Industry," in Annual Report American Historical Association, 1918, 1, 136-185.

*5 Ibid.

*6 Report of Commissioner of General Land Office to Secretary of the Interior, 1924, 10-11.

*7 Maurer, C. F., "Concerning the Sheep Industry in Central Wyoming," in Bill Barlow's Budget, 21st Anniversary Edition, 1907.

gan to change. Prices of grown ewes advanced from \$1.50 per head to around \$4.00, a result in large part caused by the Tariff of 1897, (*8) and of course a corresponding increase resulted in the price of lambs and wool. It soon became apparent that the sheep business had come to stay, and men who had been the most bitter "Gunnysackers" entered the sheep business with resulting prosperity to themselves and firm establishment of the industry in the County.

It might be explained here why the sheep business so quickly won a place and to a certain extent, superseded in importance the cattle business. In the first place, a large section of the County, especially north of the Platte River, (*9) is covered with short grass and sage brush and is scarce in water. Sheep can graze much closer than cattle and do not require as much water—the snow sufficing in winter. Furthermore, the sheep relish the sage and other shrubs which cattle rarely ever touch for food. Grass can grow about the roots of the sage and in heavy snows the sheep can live. This was clearly demonstrated during the hard winter of 1898-1899 when the sheep had practically nothing to eat except the sage tops and what grass they could find about the roots. Yet only approximately a 10% loss was reported. Perhaps the most attractive feature about the sheep business is the quick return on the investment, for the wool clip and lamb crop of the first year are marketable. On the other hand the cattlemen usually have to wait three years for a return from the range cattle, except where the cattle are corn fed (or "baby beef").

The terrible losses resulting from very severe winters and heavy snows at lambing time in the spring have taught sheepmen that food must be provided during severe winter weather, and shelter for the ewes at lambing time. Consequently as the business took on a stable policy capital was expended for deeded lands, farming and irrigation equipment, and sheds. Snowstorms often came as late as the last of May, and lambing usually occurs about the first of May. Should a severe storm occur during the time of lambing heavy losses in both ewes and lambs result, for the snow is usually very wet and when the fleece is wet weakened ewes and lambs cannot stand the cold nights that invariably accompany such storms.

Sheep are usually herded in bands of 2,500 to 3,000 and it is unsatisfactory for horses and cattle to follow them.

*8 Connor, L. C., "A Brief History of the Sheep Industry," in Annual Report of American Historical Association, 1918, 1, 144-145.

*9 See map page 33.

Open ranges, such as existed in Converse County prior to 1917 were ideal for herding such large bands of sheep, but when settlers fenced their homesteads trouble started. It is very difficult to keep sheep out unless one has a taut, four-wire fence with the posts set close together. Proper respect was not always paid to the homesteader, sheepmen soon assuming the attitude of the old cattlemen that the open range belonged to them and that settlement and fencing were plain cases of trespassing on sheepmen's rights. After many years of friction compromise, in most cases, is being effected by the sheepmen leasing the homesteads. The average price is around \$50.00 per section per year. However, no man cares to lease his land to sheepmen if he wishes to live on it and have any stock of his own, because of the close grazing of the grass by the sheep.

During the sixteen-year period (*10) following 1890 the growth of the sheep business in Converse County was astonishing. In 1890 the total number of sheep assessed was 10,733, valued at \$17,187.00; and in 1906 the number assessed was 287,581, valued at \$607,282.00. One writer (*11) stated that the actual number of sheep in the County in 1906 was fully 500,000 (not a very complimentary estimate of the efficiency of the assessor or of the veracity of the sheepmen) with an actual valuation of \$2,500,000.00. Increases in numbers assessed continued until the flood tide seems to have been reached in 1909 (*12) when the assessor's rolls show 503,182 sheep assessed at \$2,406,020. In 1913 (after the formation of Niobrara County) 199,367 were assessed at \$683,034.00. The sheep industry according to assessments continued until what is thought to be the minimum was reached in 1924 when 86,275 were assessed with a valuation of \$495,489.00. The present high prices of wool and lambs assures an increase for the next few years, unless prices fall or some unforeseen development occurs. During the winters of 1923-1924 and 1924-1925 conditions were very favorable for the sheep business, for the winters were "open," that is, free from disastrous blizzards and snowstorms at lambing time. Range conditions have been good since 1923 during both winter and summer pasture. Many of the old ewes were sold during the depression that existed through 1921, 1922, and 1923. Consequently, there are at the present time (1925), an unusually large number of young ewes and with reasonably good conditions the next few years will show fine lamb

*10 Assessors' Rolls for Converse County, 1890, 1906.

*11 Maurer, C. F., *Supra* page 23.

*12 Assessor's Rolls for Converse County, 1909.

crops. Most of the wool clip for 1925 (*13) was sold at from 40 cents to 42 cents per pound and the lambs were contracted at prices around \$11.00 a hundred weight. The very fact that the sheep business can quickly recover from depression is one thing that often leads to disaster. During the World War high prices for both wool and lambs prevailed, because the Government and Allies gave large orders for woolen goods and meat. Many people were led to borrow heavily in order to buy ewes at from \$12.50 to \$18.00 and feed and other necessities at corresponding prices. When the war closed most of the Government and Allied orders were cancelled and prices fell. Feed and other necessities did not fall in price so rapidly, and several severe winters came close together. Notes came due, but as the security in most cases was greatly depreciated bands of sheep, many bankers encouraged the sheepmen to keep going, except in cases where the banks simply had to foreclose. In the latter case the result was often bankruptcy of the individual and closing of the bank. Those sheepmen that were able to keep going are now recovering rapidly. The case of the Slaughter-Patzold Sheep Company (*14) will illustrate this rise and fall. During the depression this Company lost heavily, but today this is one of the strongest companies in the County. They have some 7,500 sheep on the range. Their wool clip was contracted for at least 40 cents per pound and lambs at around \$11.00 per hundred. With an average wool clip they will have almost 50,000 pounds for the market, and the value of the lamb crop depends upon the per cent of lambs to the number of ewes. It would not be at all surprising if they were able to market \$40,000.00 worth of wool and lambs. This company owns considerable deeded land with many valuable improvements, but they depend almost wholly for grazing on leased lands. It seems to be their policy to lease in such a way as to control the best grazing lands near them, and along the streams and water holes that they wish to command. In 1924 this company leased lands from their own local range to within a few miles of Glenrock, a distance of 25 miles. They paid \$50.00 per section, and had some fifty sections leased during 1924. It seems to be a settled policy of theirs to be on good terms with the homesteaders, in spite of the fact that no encouragement is given to farming.

In addition to the problems of fluctuation in prices of wool and lambs and hard winters and spring storms, the

*13 Personal Statement of Wheeler Eskew, President of the Slaughter-Patzold Sheep Company.

*14 Ibid. See map page 33.

sheepmen have disease to guard against, and cure when once found in their herds. The State Board of Sheep Commissioners make every effort to eliminate scab by means of dipping regularly and segregation of infected flocks. Presence of scab in one band of ewes was reported for Converse in 1924. (*15) Regular inspection of the many bands and strict enforcement of dipping regulations will go far towards absolute riddance of scab. Importations of sheep must be inspected most carefully. Another danger to sheep is attacks from predatory animals, such as mountain lions, wolves, bobcats and coyotes. In past years this was a very real danger, but the bounty law gave such encouragement to trapping and killing these animals that this danger has about been eliminated.

Importations of sheep from other sections often lead to the introduction of some disease. Consequently, there are certain regulations as to dipping and segregation of imported sheep. Segregation of bucks for some time is especially necessary. On the other hand, importation of the right kind of sheep greatly improves the quality of the wool and meat. Prices of wool and lambs have much to do with the number imported, and range conditions largely determine the general movements. In 1912 there were 214,670 ewes and 6,320 bucks imported from other states to Wyoming. This was a year of high prices and the range conditions were good. In 1923 there were only 23,300 ewes and 3,388 bucks imported. This was one of the worst years in the history of the state as to prices and range conditions. (*17) Beginning with 1924, range conditions have improved and prices of wool and lambs have been better. Importations have increased.

Among the outside influences that affect sheep business the federal regulations of the tariff on wool must be mentioned. The State Board of Equalization in 1898 made the statement that the removal of duty on wool caused an actual loss of \$2.50 per head in valuation of Wyoming ewes. (*18) The Report of the State Board of Sheep Commissioners for 1922 is in the nature of a plea to the legislature for protection of the sheep industry, and incidentally to encourage the public to accept the policy of a protective schedule (tariff on raw wool). "We therefore must maintain the woolgrowers and the spinners of wool always, for their work makes an element in the completeness of our independence as a nation." The Board says that the reason

*15 State Board of Sheep Commissioners, Report for 1924-1925.

*17 State Board of Sheep Commissioners, Report for 1924, 37.

*18 State Board of Equalization, Annual Report 1898, 9.

why the wool schedule is the most contested one in every tariff is that it is more important to the welfare and independence of the country than any other single industry. There may be room for argument on their position, but there is no doubt of the direct effect on the price of wool and sheep of a change in the protective schedule of raw wool. (*19)

Another thing that has affected the sheep business is the Federal Farm Loan. The Board of Sheep Commissioners felt that this Act was one of the most important of all agricultural acts passed, for it assisted the stockmen over a crisis which threatened complete ruin. (*20) No statistics were available to show the amount of aid Converse County received from this loan, but it is reasonable to suppose it received its proportionate share. Some money has been lent to stockmen by the State Farm Loan Commissioner. The Sixteenth Legislature made provisions for \$1,000,000 to be used as loans to farmers and stockmen of the various counties. It was to be pro-rated to the different counties according to their assessed valuations. Converse County got \$75,150 during the years 1921-1924. (*21)

The present condition of the sheep business is very encouraging. Sheepmen are better prepared to handle the sheep, for they have more and better shearing pens and lambing sheds and in most cases have the good will of the homesteaders. Better banking facilities with such help as may be secured from the State Farm Loan Commission and the Federal Farm Loan are tending to make stockmen and farming interests in general less affected by temporary rises and falls in prices and occasional bad years.

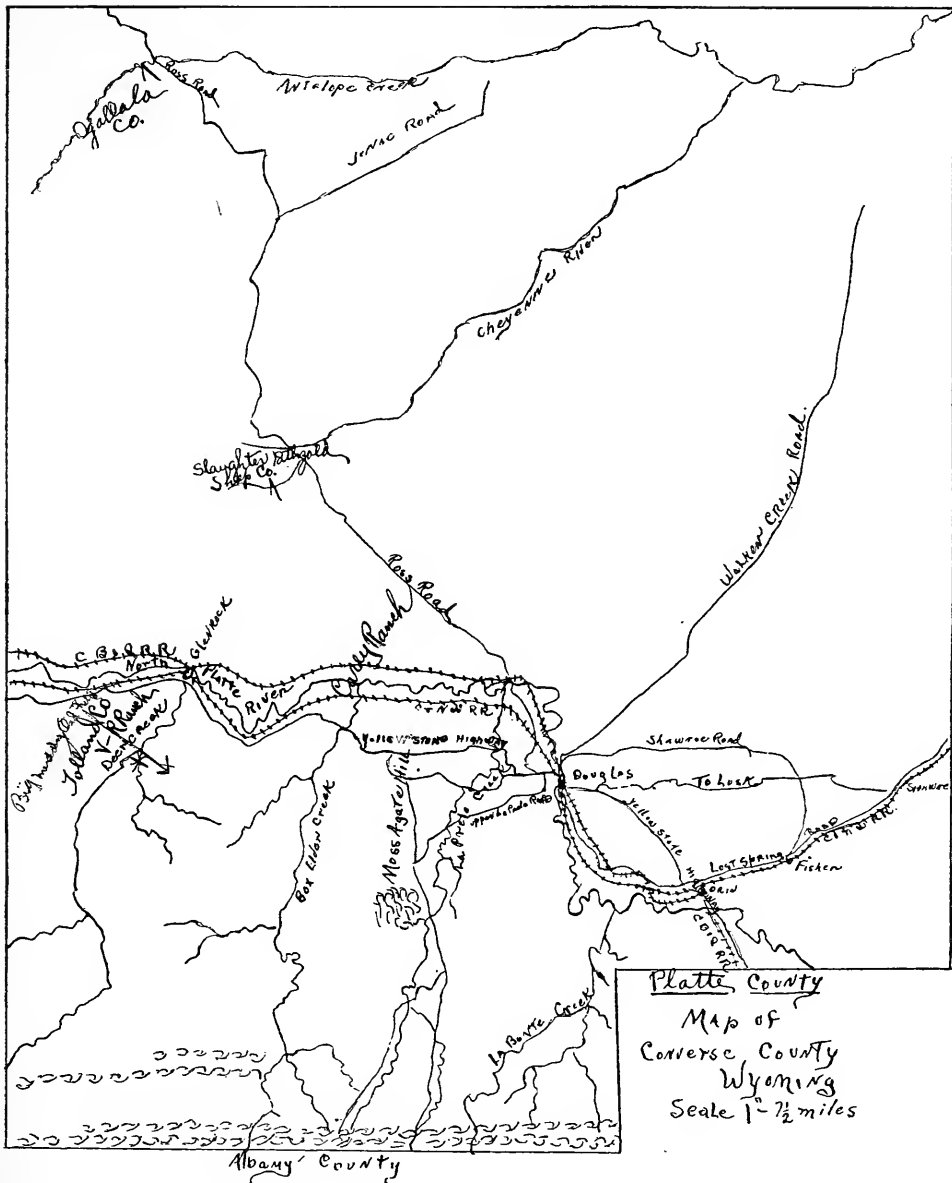
On July 1, 1924, there were 222,369 acres of unappropriated and unreserved public lands in Converse County which were described as being rough, grazing, dry farming and mountainous. (*22) The Commissioner of the General Land Office in his report for 1924 stated that he felt that the lands remaining unappropriated were of such a nature that 540 acres would not support a bona fide homesteader, and that homesteading of these lands should not be encouraged. This will likely lead to withdrawal of much of the remaining public lands from homesteading. The General Land Office feels that some system of federal leasing should be introduced, which so far has not been done.

*19 State Board of Sheep Commissioners, Report 1922, 5-7.

*20 Ibid, 5.

*21 Commissioner of Public Lands and Farm Loans, Biennial Report 1923-1924, 5-12.

*22 Vacant Public Lands on July 1, 1924, Circular N. 959. Department of the Interior, 21-22.



Whether the lands remain open without federal control or a system of leasing is begun, much of the range will be used for stock, and it is especially good for sheep. The unappropriated lands in Converse County lie almost wholly north of the Platte River in the sheep country. It is reasonable to assume that the future of the sheep industry is assured.

CHAPTER FOUR

Communication

On January 20, 1885, Congress granted the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad Company the right to cross the Fort Robinson Military Reservation in northeastern Nebraska. (*1) Under the territorial laws of Wyoming it was illegal for a corporation to own or build a railroad in Wyoming unless the corporation was organized in the territory. Consequently, when the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad reached the Nebraska-Wyoming border near the present town of Van Tassell, Wyoming, which is forty or fifty miles north of the Platte River, the Wyoming Central Railway Company was organized and incorporated under the territorial laws of Wyoming. Although there were representatives of Wyoming citizens on the Board of this road, it was merely an extension of the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley operating under the name of Wyoming Central Railway Company. The Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad was taken over by the Chicago and Northwestern System in 1884. The new organization was perfected in October, 1885, and the Company was authorized to build a railroad from some point on the east line of Wyoming to some point on the Platte River, the point on the eastern border being connected with the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley. By September, 1886, the line was completed to Douglas and trains were in operation. (*2)

In the spring of 1886 the only settlement of importance in the entire region embraced in Converse County was at Fort Fetterman, which after abandonment by the Secretary of War in 1878 had passed into private ownership. Bill Barlow, (*3) who reached the Fort early in the spring of 1886, estimated that there were 200 people living in the old buildings, which the Government had sold. Freightage was done by some of the prominent citizens of Converse County over the Old Medicine Bow or Rock River Trail from the Union Pacific to this Fort, and supplies were sent north to Fort McKinney. Some freightage was done from Cheyenne by way of Chugwater to this Fort. Just as soon as the railroad was surveyed from Chadron, Nebraska, into Wyoming, ambitious freighters began to blaze a new trail paralleling the proposed railroad. Just as soon as it became known that the railroad was actually to be built the

*1 Yesterday and Today, A History of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway System, 196.

*2 Ibid, 168, 44-45.

*3 Bill Barlow's Budget—21st Anniversary Edition, 1907.

territorial press gave it all possible publicity and the railroads contributed liberally to the advertising scheme. The result was that the "Fetterman Country" became widely advertised and conditions were ripe for a rapid settlement as soon as traveling facilities were available. Just as soon as he arrived at Fort Fetterman, Barlow began editing a weekly newspaper, "Bill Barlow's Budget," and as soon as the townsite of Douglas was established he moved there and set up his press. Fort Fetterman is about eight miles west of Douglas.

The first to settle at Douglas were C. H. King and a surveyor by the name of Wattles. Presently two enterprising cowpunchers set up a saloon. Rumors began to circulate that the townsite was to be near the locations of these four and many began to settle near them, but Barlow says that most of the incoming settlers pressed on to Fort Fetterman. On July 1, 1886, Barlow estimates that there were fully 1,000 people at the Fort. The townsite of Douglas was laid out in July but no lots were sold. Fort Fetterman was practically abandoned, most of the people settling in "Poverty Flats," the low lands lying along the Platte and between the high embankment thrown up by the railroad at Douglas. By September 1st, 1886, fully 1,600 people were settled in this new location. Streets were laid out and business opened. There were twenty saloons, two dance halls (both wide open in all that the term implies for a frontier town), a bank and post office. The railroad was completed August 22nd to Douglas, which was the terminus for almost a year. Beginning September 30th, 242 lots on the townsite were sold for \$70,405.00. Houses sprang up like magic, and the town "boomed" as only a western town can boom. Most businesses were simply overdone, and the terrible winter of 1886-1887, which was one of the worst in the history of the State, made bad matters worse. There were some failures, Barlow speaking of one bank failing because of bad loans and poor guesses on the part of the cashier as to the cards he drew. (*4) Nevertheless, there were some sound business men, for they had grown up with the country, avoiding all the pitfalls of booms and speculation.

The Cheyenne and Northern Railroad Company was incorporated with the Secretary of State in 1886, and some work was done that year. This road was to be projected northward to the North Platte, evidently meaning to connect at or near Douglas with the C. & N. W. Railroad. Laramie County voted to pay this line some \$400,000 if it

*4 Bill Barlow's Budget—21st Anniversary Edition, 1907.

completed its construction in 1888, and allowed the commissioners to make personal inspection. This appropriation of public money is mentioned because in the State Constitution adopted in 1889 there is provision making it illegal for state, county, township, school district, or municipality to give aid to railroads or telegraph (*6) (the provision not to affect obligations contracted prior to the adoption of the constitution). The Cheyenne and Northern was completed in 1887 to the crossing of the Laramie River some sixty miles south of Douglas. In 1891 it reached Orin Junction, fourteen miles east of Douglas, where it connected with the Northwestern Railroad. This railroad opened the Fetterman country to Cheyenne, and soon the road was completed from Cheyenne to Denver. The Burlington Route projected its system from Alliance, Nebraska, up the North Platte by way of Fort Laramie to Wendover Junction where connection was made with the Cheyenne and Northern. After the Cheyenne and Northern was built to Denver that part between Wendover and Denver took the name of Colorado and Southern, and the part from Wendover to Orin was sold to the Burlington. The Burlington and Northwestern parallel each other from Orin to eastern boundary of the Wind River Reservation. From this point the Burlington follows the Big Horn River to Billings, Montana, while the Northwestern went to Lander, Wyoming. Converse County had fine connections with the north, east and south; two main lines to the east, two north and west and two to the south; the Burlington furnished service over the Colorado and Southern to Denver. It would be very difficult to overestimate the contributions these railroads have made to the economic development of the County. Cattle and sheep can be shipped to packing centers very quickly; food stuffs that are to be bought or sold can be secured or marketed much more quickly and economically than ever before, in spite of the great cry that freight rates are ruining the stock and farming interests of the County. It is possible now to ship cattle to Omaha, a distance of 500 miles, for \$50.00 per car, and to Chicago, about 1,000 miles, for \$59.00 a car. Freight rates of first class are \$3.61 per hundred from Chicago and \$2.43 per hundred from Omaha. Parcel post and express rates are cheap in comparison to those before the coming of the railroads. Rates were so high before the Union Pacific was built that kerosene was often sold in mining camps as high as \$1.50 per gallon, and flour \$1.00 per pound. Danger from fire, floods and Indians added to the great cost of freighting. When the Pony

*6 Constitution of Wyoming, Article X, Section 5.

Express first began to carry mail the rates were as high as \$5.00 per one-half ounce, later reduced to \$1.00. (*7) Freight rates from Rock River on the Union Pacific to Douglas were from three to five cents per pound. (*8) Col. E. H. Kimball, a former newspaper man of Douglas and Glenrock, says that it cost him \$99.15 to ship his printing press from Lusk to Douglas, something like sixty miles, by bull team. Harry Young states that it cost his father \$250 to move by freight wagons from Uva, terminus at the time of the Cheyenne and Northern, to Glenrock, something like 100 miles. Freight rates in the County after the railroads came were about average of one cent a pound per hundred miles, or one cent a hundred per mile. Much freighting had to be done for there were many ranches 50 to 60 miles from the nearest point on the railroad—this phase of communication continues to exist. Freighting from the Union Pacific ended when the railroad got to Douglas, but modern truck lines traverse a parallel route from Rawlins on the Union Pacific to Casper on the Northwestern and Burlington.

The State Board of Equalization in 1895 placed the valuation of all railroad property in Converse County at \$435,572.00; (*9) in 1924 the valuation was placed at \$4,789,840.00. (*10) Many factors contributed to the increase in the valuation of railroads and equipment. The assessed valuation per mile in 1895 was \$3,000; in 1924 the average was about \$30,000 per mile. Since 1895 the Burlington has extended its line from Orin Junction through the entire length of the County, about sixty miles of roadbed. The roadbeds of both roads have been greatly improved with ballast; much heavier steel has been laid; switch yards at Douglas and Glenrock have been enlarged; many spurs have been built between these important towns; and a great deal more equipment in the way of engines, cars, etc., have been bought. The opening and developing of the Big Muddy Oil Field in the west end of the County has required considerable improvement on both roads. The building and improvement of the two oil refineries at Glen-

*7 Visscher, W. L., *The Pony Express*, 19.

*8 *Quarterly Bulletin*, Wyoming Historical Department, 11, 65.

*9 State Board of Equalization, Report 1895.

*10 State Board of Equalization, Biennial Report, 1923-1924.

*The duties of the State Board of Equalization are to examine the tax rolls of the various counties, set the rates, place valuations on things as cattle, sheep, horses, all sorts of land, and assess all public utilities, such as railroads, telegraph and telephone lines. The Board collected the taxes from the public utilities and made the distributions of the collections to the various counties. Many assessors resent the arbitrary rulings of the Board, claiming that the Board can often place the valuation of cattle, sheep and horses too high and that of railroads, pipe lines and oil production too low. An explanation is given of the duties of the Board, for its figures must be used to show changes in valuations of all sorts of property in the County.

rock have called for improvements in the service of the roads. The Burlington has just completed a spur from its track north of the river to Glenrock south of the river, which required some two miles of track and a steel bridge. A comparison of the amounts of business done in 1907 with that done in 1924 will help to show the importance of the improvement in service. In 1907 Bill Barlow (*11) rather boasts of the service Douglas received from the Chicago and Northwestern (C. & N. W.) which was one passenger and one freight train each way daily, and he gave \$90,000 as the estimated yearly receipts of the Douglas freight office. The reports of the cashier of Glenrock station on the Chicago and Northwestern for 1924 show an average of between \$75,000 and \$60,000 monthly business. Of course this particular station did more business that year than all the other stations in the County combined, for it handled all of the oil shipments to and from the refineries. The building of the spur by the Burlington will about split the refinery business. These two railroads run six passenger trains daily, and two locals have passenger cars attached for local service. Development of the mines in the future may secure spurs from the main lines, but one spur was built to the building stone in the front range only to be abandoned because of too distant markets. A survey for a new railroad to connect the lines along the North Platte with those along the Missouri has already been made, and such a road, if constructed, will traverse diagonally the northern part of Converse County and make accessible for farming some of the best lands of the County. Bancroft (*12) states that wherever the railroads go settlers follow. If this statement is true, and the one surveyed in this County were built, it would be of untold benefit to the County, but that remains for the future.

The development of the highways of the County has been one of the important factors in its economic development. Prior to organization there was only one real highway in the country, the old Medicine Bow or Rock River Trail which connected the Union Pacific with Fort Fetterman. Even the Oregon Trail had none of its former grandeur or usefulness. The Tolland Company near the present site of Glenrock and the Carey Ranch at the mouth of Boxelder were connected with Fort Fetterman by a winding wagon road that followed the Platte. One of the Commissioners of the County states that there are at present (1925) at least 250 miles of good automobile roads in the

*11 Bancroft, H. H., *History of Nevada, Colorado and Wyoming*, 705.

*12 Bancroft, H. H., *History of Nevada, Colorado and Wyoming*, 705.

County, and perhaps 1,000 miles of road as good as the average road of the time of organization of the County. (*13) Six well known highways are marked through the County: National Park-to-Park, Yellowstone, Grant, Oregon Trail, Buffalo Trail and A-Y-P. The Yellowstone and National Park-to-Park highways are the same in the County. This is a fine highway, being covered with gravel most of its entire length. Thousands of tourists pass over it every summer.

One of the most important factors in the development of the roads so rapidly and thoroughly is the state's share of 35% of the Federal Oil Royalties, which go to the building and upkeep of the highways of the State. This amounted to \$1,400,000 in 1924. (*14) In addition to the oil royalties, the Highway Department received \$425,000 from automobile license fees, and \$220,000 from gasoline sales tax. The 1925 legislature raised the gasoline sales tax from 1 cent to 2½ cents per gallon. This will increase the highway revenues very much, and since the number of cars is not likely to diminish or the oil royalties to decrease in the near future, it seems that the improvement of highways will continue. The roads leading out into the rural communities are being improved rapidly. The taxpayers are enthusiastically committed to a good roads program. One reason for rapid improvements of the roads leading out into the small communities is the fact that most farmers and ranchmen now own automobiles. Nothing will convert a man to the idea of spending tax money for road building quicker than to get stuck in his automobile or to break a spring on some particularly bad stretch of roads over which he has to travel often. One of the first improvements of the highway in Converse County was done with convict labor, that part of the Yellowstone Highway between Glenrock and the Natrona County line. (*15) The fine highway between Glenrock and Douglas has helped to create a good feeling between the two towns. Many attempts have been made in the past to divide the County into east and west divisions, for Glenrock is 30 miles from Douglas, and the people there and in the adjoining sections have not always felt that they got a square deal from Douglas. A good highway has shortened the time and removed the discomforts of attending to the necessary official duties connected with the seat of the County government at Douglas. Furthermore, the presence of a good highway has made it pos-

*13 Personal statement from D. J. Smyth, Commissioner, Converse County.

*14 Petroleum Industry, 1924, pamphlet published by the Rocky Mountain Oil & Gas Producers Association, 64.

*15 State Engineer, Biennial Report, 1911-1912, 53.

sible to develop one of the growing industries of the County. The farmers along this highway have begun to develop dairying. At the present time there are two large trucks that carry milk and cream from Converse County to Casper, the center of oil refining in the West. Freighting along the highways has reached proportions sufficient to call forth protest from the railroads. But the most active influential factor in arousing and sustaining interest in highway construction and improvements is the desire to draw as many tourists to the State as possible. Every county along the main highways directly profits from tourist trade. There is not a town in Converse County that does not have a "fine free camp ground," and every inducement is given tourists to stay over a day or so and see the local attractions.

The growth in telegraph and telephone communication has kept pace with the improvements of the railroads and highways. The Western Union Telegraph Company lines in Converse County were assessed at \$6,382.50 in 1895. (*16) Evidently there were no telephone lines, for no assessment was reported. In 1920 (*17) the valuation of both telephone and telegraph lines was \$370,341.92. In 1921 (*18) the valuation was cut almost 60%, being \$158,681.24. During 1921, 1922 and 1923 the State Board of Equalization was overwhelmed by every class of property owner for relief from tax burdens. These years mark a low state of business in Wyoming, and returns on the investment would not meet taxes and necessary expenses and give anything like an adequate return on the investment. There is a certain amount of routine business that ordinarily uses the telegraph and telephone. In periods of depression such transactions are reduced to the barest minimum. On the other hand when times are good and there is a great deal of construction going on and development of all kinds prompt communication is highly desirable, and use of the telephone and telegraph is very extensive. Since the value of any property is ordinarily measured by its dividends, one can appreciate the large reduction in valuation allowed these companies in 1921. If the use of these means of communication is a fair indication of conditions, then there has been a steady growth since 1921 for each year's assessment has shown a slight increase since 1921, being \$179,614.00 in 1924. (*19)

The use of the radio has not yet reached commercial importance, but the time may not be in the distant future

*16 State Board of Equalization, Annual Report for 1895.

*17 State Board of Equalization, Biennial Report for 1919-20; 1921-22.

*18 Ibid.

*19 State Board of Equalization, Biennial Reports for 1921-1922; 1923-1924.

until this phase of communication will be an economic factor. Many of the ranchmen have receiving sets and get weather and market reports daily. But now the real value of the radio lies in the pleasure it gives to homes from the nightly concerts that are received during the long winter evenings. If this invention helps to make a more comfortable and enjoyable home life; if it relieves some of the dreariness and monotony of the farm wife—then it has served a good purpose and is of true economic importance. (*20) Everything that will help to counteract the urban movement and make for a more contented farm life deserves to be listed as an economic factor.

CHAPTER FIVE

Organization of the County

Prior to the organization of Converse County it was very difficult for residents of the Fetterman Country to transact any legal business. Converse County was created out of parts of Laramie and Albany Counties. (*1) It was from 150 to 200 miles to Cheyenne, county seat of Laramie County, and as far, if not farther, to Laramie, county seat of Albany County. Most of the distance to either place was by wagon road, and it was a long and tiresome trip to get legal advice or court trial. The United States Land Office at Cheyenne had control over all of the region of which Converse County was created, until the United States Land Office was established at Douglas in 1890. Consequently, it was practically impossible to locate at that distance from the Land Office. Occasionally some venturesome pioneer would find his way into the Fetterman Country and locate some desirable homestead. Should he be contested by some cattleman, which was often the case, it was necessary to go to Cheyenne for a hearing before the United States Land Commissioner. (*2) The few scattered settlements along the tributaries of the North Platte had very little connection with each other or with the outside world. Stages and freighting teams made the trips from the Union Pacific to Fort Fetterman, and the Cheyenne-Deadwood Stage crossed the eastern end of the County. Mail and freight were received at irregular intervals in this manner, and no doubt

*20 Buck, Solon J., *The Granger Movement*, 37-39.

*1 See maps (Nos. 1, 2), page 47.

*2 Mart Smith of Glenrock, Wyoming, settled in Boxelder Park, along Boxelder Creek, about 1885, was contested and had to go before the Land Commissioner at Cheyenne. Such a contest was very expensive for the time, it being necessary to have witnesses. Frequently delays were brought about which necessitated more than one trip.

but the condition would have remained so if the railroad had not entered the country. The railroad caused rapid settlement of the favored places all along its route. The presence of so many people under semi-lawless conditions made organization of a county along the line of the railroad almost imperative. The Cheyenne and Northern Railroad did not make connections with the Chicago and Northwestern until in 1891, and so the difficulties of getting to the county seat, Cheyenne and Laramie, of the two counties that embraced the territory adjacent to the Chicago and Northwestern, remained. (*3) Shortly after Douglas was founded there arose an insistant demand for county organization. In November, 1886, a mass meeting was held in Douglas at which funds were pledged and a committee appointed to agitate for organization. J. DeForest Richards, afterwards Governor of the State, was one of the committee of ten. This committee sent two of its members to Cheyenne and Laramie to collect all possible data as to valuation and to urge in every way for a division. When the territorial legislature convened in 1888, everything was ripe for organization, and during the closing hours of the session a bill for organization was passed, vetoed by Governor Moonlight and repassed over his veto. This bill created three counties, and was entitled, "An act making divers appropriations and for other purposes."

As originally created, the County had an area of 6,740 square miles, or 4,313,600 acres. (*7) In 1911 Niobrara County was created out of the eastern part of Converse County. (*8) Still the area is at present 4,133 square miles, with an approximate land acreage of 2,645,120 acres. This is quite a large area for one county. In fact, it has an area greater than the combined states of Delaware and Rhode Island. (*9) It was named for A. R. Converse, who had played an important part in its economic development. Be-

*3 See map page 47.

*7 Thirteenth Census Wyoming Supplement 1910, 606.

*8 See map No. 3, page 47.

*9 Fourteenth Census Wyoming Compendium 1920, 11.

*The section relating to Converse County was as follows: "All that portion of this territory described and bounded as hereinafter in this section set forth, shall when organized according to law, constitute and be a county of this territory, by and under the name of Converse, to-wit: Commencing on the eastern boundary of this territory, where the same is intersected by the forty-third degree and thirty minutes of North Latitude, and running thence south along the said eastern boundary line of the territory to the township line between townships thirty and thirty-one north; running thence west along said township line to the eastern boundary line of the present County of Albany; running thence south along said eastern line (of Albany County) to its intersection with seventh standard parallel north; running thence west to the western boundary line of the present County of Albany; running thence north along the said western boundary line of the present County of Albany to the forty-third degree and thirty minutes of north latitude; and running thence east along the said forty-third degree and thirty minutes of north latitude to the place of beginning.

fore organization of the County, Converse had organized one of the largest cattle companies in the State, and it was located along the Running Water, afterwards called Niobrara River. (*10)

Governor Moonlight appointed E. J. Wells, J. M. Wilson and J. K. Calkins as commissioners pro tem for purpose of organization. They called an election for May 15, 1888, for the purpose of selecting a county seat and the election of the county officers. Lusk, Douglas, Fort Fetterman and Glenrock were candidates for the seat of the County government. The contest was so intense for the location of the government that little interest was displayed in the election of the officers. Douglas was chosen as the county seat, and the choice was proper for it was most logically situated to serve the needs of the County at that time. New officers assumed their duties at once and the period of local government began. Many problems faced the people, for the resources of the County were lying undeveloped. The present condition of the County is such that, on the whole, the policies have been wise.

CHAPTER SIX

Agriculture and Irrigation

Before the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad was constructed to Douglas and Glenrock, very few settlements of any sort were in the entire sections embraced by the original County. Practically none of the land had been homesteaded. Prior to the establishment of the Government Land Office at Douglas, (*1) November 1, 1890, the Land Office that controlled the North Platte region was located at Cheyenne. (*2) Locating was very expensive, and only a very few attempted it. A few of the old-timers like Captain Jack O'Brien, Al Ayers and John Hunton, felt the worth of establishing themselves along the tributaries of the Platte, on La Bonte, La Prele, Boxelder and Deer Creek. It can be said with truth that most of the old-timers considered the land worthless, and there are many in the County today that have never taken out a homestead right, although they could see all of the choice locations being taken up. The coming of the railroad brought many people and some of them were land-hungry, and such a strong demand for filings was made that the Government decided to establish a (Government) land office at Douglas.

*10 Bartlett, History of Wyoming, 1, 515.

*1 Messages and Documents Interior Department 1895-1896, 1,143.

*2 See maps page 47.

Statistics are not available which show the number of acres appropriated each year from 1890 to 1895, but the report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office for 1895 showed that a total of 209,150 acres had been appropriated in Converse County. (*3) The Report of the State Board of Equalization for 1895 shows that 91,575.03 acres of land were assessed which with all improvements, were valued at \$306,047.41, or about one-fifth of the total assessed valuation of the County. (*4) The discrepancy in the acreage assessed and appropriated was caused from the fact that most of the Government land had been appropriated under the terms of the Homestead Act of 1862, which allowed five years for making final proof. This act was amended in 1909 to permit a total filing of 320 acres. In 1913 President Taft signed an amendment to the Act of 1909, which permitted final proof to be made in three years. Patented lands increased rapidly after 1909. In 1910 the assessor's rolls showed a total of 329,762 acres assessed. (*5) The most important of all the land acts, as far as they affected settlement in Converse County, was passed in 1916. This act was called the Stock-Raising Act, (*6) and allowed a total filing of 640 acres. It was the result of the recommendations of the Commissioners of the General Land Office, who called attention in their reports to the kind of land that remained unappropriated was of such a nature as to require 640 acres to support a bona fide homesteader. Senator Kendrick of Wyoming supported this measure in the Senate and deserves much credit for its successful consummation. Two theories for the disposal of the unappropriated lands were advocated. One theory was supported by the cattle and sheep men to the effect that the unappropriated public lands were of such a nature that 640 acres would not support a family and were suitable for grazing purposes only. The Commissioners of the Land Office felt that much of the lands were of such a nature that 640 acres would be sufficient to support a family, that there would be enough land to graze a few cattle or sheep and have enough tillable land to raise feed for stock. Attention was called to the favorable results of the Kincaid Act in Nebraska. Under the liberal terms of this Act, western Nebraska, which has a soil and climate quite similar to a great part of Wyoming was rapidly settled and the homesteaders were successful. The second theory for the disposal of the

*3 Message and Documents Interior Department 1895-1898, 1, 204-5.

*4 State Board of Equalization, Report for 1895.

*5 Assessor's Rolls for Converse County, 1910.

*6 Commissioner of the General Land Office, Report to the Secretary of Interior 1917, 29-30.

lands prevailed and the Stock-Raising Act was passed in 1916. The effect of this Act on the disposal of the public domain was simply astounding. Within four months after the passage of the Act gross filings to the amount of 60,000, embracing 24,000,000 acres, had been made. Approximately 712,000 acres were filed on in Converse County within six months after the passage of the Stock-Raising Act. (*7) The report of the filings made in the Government Land Office at Douglas for 1924 (*8) will show the effect of the liberal land policy of the Government: 27 filings under the Homestead Act of 1862 with a total of 3,228.39 acres; 88 filings under the Amended Act of 1909 with a total of 34,901.68 acres; and 366 filings under the Stock-Raising Act of 1916 with a total of 158,277.02 acres. In 1895 the Government Land Office at Douglas had under its jurisdiction 8,195,645 acres. (*9) On July 1, 1916, this office had a total of 6,248,697 acres (*10) unappropriated; on July 10, 1921, a total of 2,552,122 acres; and the amount had so decreased by 1925 that the President felt that the office had served its purpose and it was closed by Executive order on April 30, 1925.

Irrigation began in Converse County by private projects along the small streams and tributaries of the North Platte River. The first right taken out in this region was in 1876 on Boxelder Creek by J. M. and R. David Carey. It was a territorial right and was designated Carey Boxelder No. 3, and entitled Carey Brothers to use 4.40 cubic feet of water per second which was to irrigate 304 acres. The right was taken out for stock, domestic and irrigation purposes. Charles Macy took out the next right along Boxelder in 1882. In 1885 the Carey Brothers took out two rights in the stream. Three rights were taken out in 1886, three in 1887 and six in 1889. Two rights were taken out in each of the years 1893, 1895 and 1897, and nine were taken out in 1898. Two rights were taken out on Little Boxelder in 1879. George Powell, famous bullwhacker, took out the first water right on La Prele in 1878 to be followed in 1879 by J. H. Kennedy. After the locating of these two along the La Prele settlement seems to have been rapid, for water rights were taken out every year, except in 1881, until statehood in 1890, and several rights in almost every

*7 Commissioner of the General Land Office, Report to the Secretary of the Interior, 1917, 144-145.

*8 Commissioner of the General Land Office, Report to the Secretary of Interior 1924-82.

*9 Messages and Documents Interior Department, 1895-1896, 1, 204.

*10 Vacant Public Lands July 1, 1916 (Circular No. 484) Dept. of the Interior 22-23.

*11 Commissioner General Land Office, Report to the Secretary of Interior 1917, 14.

year. (Water rights were taken out in La Bonte, Wagon Hound and Deer Creeks for the first time in 1883. Tolland No. 1, in Deer Creek, provided for 14.71 cubic feet of water per second, and was to irrigate 1,030 acres. Tolland No. 2 provided for 1.43 cubic feet per second and was to irrigate 100 acres. Major Wolcott, manager of the Tolland Company, was very ambitious and prepared an elaborate system of ditches. His irrigation project was not very successful, but some signs of the old ditches still exist along the Hound Creek and its tributaries, and their rights entitled them to enough water to irrigate about 500 acres.) Pollard and Company secured water rights on La Bonte in 1883 and 1884, and the Darlington Ditch Company located there in 1885, with rights sufficient to irrigate 645 acres. (*12) Hundreds of these corporation ditch companies secured charters to do business in the County immediately following the organization of the County, (*13) but so far this sort of irrigation has not made a very great contribution to the economic development of the County. The Douglas Reservoirs Company (organized as the La Prele Ditch and Reservoir Company) is an outstanding exception, of which more will be said.

The Carey Act of 1894 provided for segregation of irrigable Government lands to be developed by the states, with state money or supervision or both. Under the terms of the Carey Act 18,563.23 acres, embraced in Wyoming Desert Lands Segregation Lists Nos. 34, 41 and 48, situated in Converse County, near Douglas, to be irrigated by the waters of the La Prele Creek, a tributary of the North Platte River, through the La Prele Ditch and Reservoir Company were secured. (*14) The La Prele Ditch and Reservoir Company contracted with the State for the construction of this project but later transferred all its rights to the North Platte Valley Irrigation Company. The latter company became financially weakened, and finally the project went into the hands of the receiver. The Douglas Reservoirs Company took the project over and completed it satisfactorily. This is the largest successful corporation ditch project in the County. Another large project was started along the North Platte, the purpose being to install a series of pumping stations and pump the water out. This project failed from lack of funds, and too, because there was no demand at the time for expensive irrigated lands. It was estimated by the company that started the project that it

*12 State of Wyoming Tabulated of Adjudicated Water Rights in Division No. 1, July, 1921, 94-122.

*13 Corporation Records Converse County.

*14 Commissioner of Public Lands, Biennial Report, 1919-1920, 32-33.

would reclaim some 35,000 acres, and a later estimate by Ellwood Mead, now head of the Reclamation Service of the Government, confirmed the accuracy of the preceding investigation. According to the Thirteenth Census 5,000 acres of land were irrigated under the terms of the Carey Act and 35,607 acres were irrigated under private control in 1909. The report of the State Board of Equalization shows a decided decrease in the amount of irrigated lands. (*15) Evidently many are getting their irrigated land assessed as dry farming or grazing land, for only 23,983 acres of irrigated lands were assessed in 1923, and 23,584 acres for 1924. A steady increase in irrigated lands should have resulted, for the reports of the State Engineer covering the period from 1909 to 1924 show that water rights were being taken out in the streams of Wyoming every year. The Fourteenth Census gives further confirmation in the growth of irrigation in Converse County by comparing the capital invested in three streams of the County, Boxelder, La Prele and La Bonte, in 1902 with the amount invested in the same streams in 1920, the amount invested in 1902 being \$107,795 and the amount in 1920 being \$503,913. (*16)

State Engineer Clarence T. Johnson offers some illuminating suggestions and information relative to irrigation. He suggests that private rights along streams are not always for the best interests of the region the stream would irrigate, because the individuals possessed of these rights are too independent for the good of the community, that an associated interest will work better growth of the entire region. Furthermore, the estimate was made that where the summer flow would irrigate 1,000 acres, by impounding the waters from 6,000 to 10,000 more acres could be irrigated. (*17) These statements being accepted as having been justified by careful estimates on the part of experienced engineers, it affords the optimistic conclusion that irrigation is just now in its beginning, and may lead one to expect that in the future when a maximum of efficiency of impounding the water and a minimum waste in seepage and evaporation are secured that Wyoming may become a first class agricultural state. Converse County with its many mountain streams will reap a maximum of benefit in improvements in methods of irrigation. It is estimated that the waters of the North Platte above the Pathfinder Dam are sufficient to provide 1,000,000 acre feet of water, and there are hundreds of streams with thou-

*15 State Board of Equalization, Biennial Report 1923-1924.

*16 Fourteenth Census, Wyoming Compendium, 62.

*17 State Engineer of Wyoming, Biennial Report, 1907-1908, 9-10.

sands of acre feet of water below the dam with much of the water being unused.

The Alcova Project, to be located in Alcova Canyon west of Casper, Wyoming, is being urged in Congress with probable assurance of success. The purpose of the Project is to take care of the irrigable lands near Casper, but one feature of the plan is the installation of pumping units between Casper and Wendover Canyon. These pumping units would take care of about 35,000 acres of land in Converse County. The estimated cost of supplying the water is \$10 per acre. Much of the land to be reclaimed in Converse County is now claimed as grazing land with a present valuation of \$2 per acre, and it would become irrigated land with a valuation of \$50 or more, according to proximity to railroads, highways and markets.

The principal crops raised by irrigation are alfalfa, vegetables, sugar beets, corn, wheat, oats, and beans or field peas—the last a new crop. Several carloads of seed were bought, and if the venture proves to be a success it will be extended and will likely encourage more farmers to settle in the County. Governor Carey is the leader in the new enterprise, and to him belongs the credit of introducing the sugar beet into the County. It is, indeed, a hopeful sign to see Carey in the lead, when one remembers that he was brought up in the atmosphere of open opposition to anything that savored of encouragement to farmers. The yield of the different crops, as reported in 1923, (*18) was very high. For instance, alfalfa averaged 1.4 tons per acre, sugar beets 10.71 tons per acre, potatoes 70 bushels per acre, oats 33 bushels, wheat 15 bushels, and corn 24 bushels per acre. No distinction was made between yield from dry-farming and irrigated lands. It is safe to say that the yield of the staple products of corn, wheat and oats averaged high in comparison with the recognized grain states. The possibilities in raising potatoes seem to be almost without limit. (*19) Burdick published in his pamphlet, "The State of Wyoming," in 1898, an instance where a farmer in Johnson County raised 974 bushels to sell for over \$700 and in addition the farmer received two prizes of \$250 each from the "American Agriculturist" and the State of Wyoming. (*20).

Dry farming has been rather slow to develop for several reasons. In the first place, "It has been a fight against prejudice, derision and selfishness." Deming, editor of the

*18 Wyoming Agricultural Statistics (No. 1) 1923, 23-31.

*19 It is an established fact that potatoes will grow and produce a fairly good crop in first year plowing, which means that there can be no cultivation.

*20 Wyoming Agricultural Statistics (No. 1) 1923-29.

Wyoming State Tribune, whom I quoted, feels that great credit belongs to the dry farmers who have persisted and succeeded in spite of opposition. He thinks that the efforts of Mondell and Kendrick, who championed the Amendment to the Act of 1909, which allowed a homestead of 320 acres, and the Stock-raising act of 1916, which allowed 640 acres, are to be highly commended. Thirty-five years ago the irrigator appeared with his shovel and plow and began to divert the water from the streams and use it for farming. This is now conceded, that at best only a small fraction of the tillable land can be reached with water. Stockmen are beginning to adjust themselves to the change and are using the feed raised by these farmers. Deming suggests that in recognition of the success the term dry (formerly a word of contempt) has been left off and these men are now called farmers. (*21) The State Engineer recognized the growing importance of the dry farming movement, and in his report in 1908 stated his belief that the movement was destined to bring about settlement and reclamation of large areas hitherto devoted to grazing purposes only, that the leaders are proving that Wyoming is not a desert, but a place where crops will grow by proper cultivation. (*22) Whereas the acreage of irrigated lands in Converse County did not change from 1921 to 1923, being in round numbers 23,000 acres, that of dry farming grew from 29,000 acres in 1921 to 43,000 acres in 1923. (*23) The acreage under irrigation in 1919 was no more than it was in 1909, but at the same time the farm acreage increased from approximately 550,000 acres in 1910 to 777,000 acres in 1920. (*24) The value of farm property increased from \$5,180,-165.00 in 1900 to \$17,488,441.00 in 1920. (*25) With this steady growth in farming there has been no diminishing in the value of live stock. In the "good old days" ranchmen used canned milk and oleomargarine from Chicago and Omaha. Today there are many fine dairy cattle in the County, a large creamery at Douglas and a regular milk line that takes care of the milk and cream along the highway that is sent to Casper.

A few years ago such a thing as a County Fair was unknown in the State. Today there is not a county in the State that does not have a fair, and most of the towns have local fairs. Glenrock has a local fair, and the State Fair is

*21 Deming, W. C., "Dry Farming," in Proceedings and Collections of Wyoming Historical Department 1921-1923, 158-159.

*22 State Engineer of Wyoming, Biennial Report, 1907, 1908, 58-59.

*23

*24 By farm acreage is meant patented lands, which includes grazing, dry farming and irrigated lands.

*25 Fourteenth Census, Wyoming Compendium, 1920, 48.

at Douglas in September of each year. The local fair at Glenrock has creditable exhibits each year of wheat, oats, corn, hubbard squashes, alfalfa, melons, and practically every sort of vegetable. The State Fair has exhibits of live stock in addition to a fine display of farm products in the way of grains, etc. Not many years ago cattle and sheep men controlled the banks of the County, and this did not encourage farming. Banking men have learned a lesson from the disastrous losses resulting from fluctuation in prices in stock and severe storms to the effect that it is not sound policy to put all their money in one thing, and they now feel that it is much sounder policy to encourage farming, both irrigated and dry farming. Not many years ago a farmer would not have received a loan to buy dairy equipment; today banks join with farmers in improving their dairy herds and the movement to introduce sugar beets and field beans has the backing of the bankers. The stock-farmer is entering into the economic progress of the County.

The State Department of the University of Wyoming are co-operating with the United States Department of Agriculture in every way possible. Certain crops are being encouraged. Others are being studied as to methods of tillage, growing season, and other things. Some obstacles have been overcome, but others remain for study, as distance to market, lack of good highways, and real interest in the movement. Scarcity of rainfall and the short growing season are the two main problems. Crops have been found that will mature within the average growing season and the average rainfall. It may not be true that "rain follows the plow," but it is well established that many sections that were once considered too dry to support anything except cacti, sage and sandstorms now contribute to the world's supply of grain. Converse County has over one and one-half million acres of tillable land. Many thousands of it will in time be irrigated, but the major portion can never be irrigated and will lie as grazing land unless the need of the world for food overcomes the problems of dry farming.

CHAPTER SEVEN

History of the Oil and Mining Industry

There is evidence to show that some of the "49ers" on their way to California prospected the region along the Laramie Range in Converse County. Outcroppings of silver and copper were found. In 1869 Emanuel George, an experienced and intelligent prospector, came to this section

and found the old shafts and opened more. He found an abundance of copper, but as it was worth only about ten cents a pound it could not be marketed because the Union Pacific, the nearest railroad, was over 100 miles to the south and roads were very poor. George was further handicapped by being a miner in a cow country. The cowboys dubbed him "Crazy Horse." (*1) Consequently this phase of mining was abandoned until after organization of the County. Soon after organization a feverish activity began in different parts of the County, and many veins bearing gold, silver and copper were discovered, opened and developed, to some extent. Evidently all have been abandoned, for the report of the State Board of Equalization for 1924 gives no valuation for any minerals other than coal and oil.

*1 Wells, E. J., "Mineral Resources of Central Wyoming," in Bill Barlow's Budget—21st Anniversary Edition, 1907.

(To be continued)

ACCESSIONS

From Jan. 1, 1930, to April 1, 1930.

"Captain Nickerson Collection":

One copy of The South Pass News, Vol. 1, No. 56, April 9, 1870.

One copy of The South Pass News, Vol. 3, No. 4, August 31, 1870.

One copy of The South Pass News, Vol. 3, No. 21, December 28, 1870.

These papers were published at South Pass City, Wyoming Territory. The paper was established in 1868 by the late Mr. E. A. Slack.

One copy of The Fremont Clipper, Vol. 1, No. 10, October 29, 1887, published at Lander.

One copy of The Clipper, April 18, 1902, published at Lander.

One copy of Daily Sun-Leader, October 2, 1897, Special Edition.

One copy of Wyoming State Journal, July 29, 1921.

Six copies of The Lander Evening Post, dates—October 1, 6, November 16, 17, 18, 1921, and May 3, 1927.

The following documents:

Letter written by ? L. Johnson advising Captain Nickerson as to the books he should read for a law course. Dated April 24, 1866, Elyria, Lorain County, Ohio.

Letter written by ? L. Johnson certifying Captain Nickerson has been a student in his law office. Dated April 24, 1866, Elyria, Lorain County, Ohio.

H. G. Nickerson's affidavit of October 23, 1867, South Weber, U. Ty., stating that he had rendered complete and correct returns of all money and property of the Quartermaster's department which had been received and referred to the Third Auditor of the Treasury for file with his re-

turns. Dated February 6, 1868, Quartermaster General's Office, Washington, D. C.

Notice from the Treasury Department that H. G. Nickerson's "Returns of Quartermaster's Stores" for the months of July and August, 1865, have been examined and found to be correct. Dated February 29, 1868, Third Auditor's Office.

Certificate of Non-Indebtedness issued to H. G. Nickerson (South Weber, Utah Territory), from the Third Auditor's Office, Treasury Department. Dated March 2, 1868. Signed by John Wilson, Third Auditor.

The United States Commission for the Third District of Wyoming, issued to Captain Nickerson, October 19, 1869, Signed, J. H. Howe, Chief Justice of the Territory of Wyoming; J. W. Kingman, Associate Justice; William J. Jones, Associate Justice. On November 6, 1869, in South Pass City, Captain Nickerson took his oath of office before J. W. Kingman, Associate Justice of the Territory of Wyoming.

Letter dated 1869, written to H. G. Nickerson by Edward M. Lee, Secretary and Acting Governor of Wyoming Territory, pertaining to Captain Nickerson's commission as County Superintendent of Public Schools for Sweetwater County.

Certificate of Election in which H. G. Nickerson is notified of his election as a member of the House of Representatives from Sweetwater County. Signed by J. A. Campbell, Governor of Wyoming Territory, and H. Glafcke, Secretary of the Territory. Dated September 30, 1871.

Union Pacific Railroad Pass made out to H. G. Nickerson on November 12, 1871.

H. G. Nickerson was selected to attend at Cheyenne six days before the commencement of the session of the Legislative Assembly for the purpose of settling with the Auditor and Treasurer of the Territory. Signed by H. Glafcke, Secretary of Wyoming Territory. Dated October 11, 1871.

Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, May 18, 1872, Captain Nickerson, residing at Hamilton, Wyoming Territory, was appointed Commissioner of Supreme Court. Signed by J. W. Fisher, Chief Justice; Joseph M. Carey, Associate Justice; and J. W. Kingman, Associate Justice.

Letter signed by nine members of the Lorain County Bar in the State of Ohio, written to President R. B. Hayes, recommending Captain Nickerson for an official appointment in Wyoming Territory under that administration. Dated February 20, 1877, Elyria, Ohio.

H. G. Nickerson appointed Justice of the Peace for Miners Delight Precinct in Sweetwater County, in Wyoming Territory. Dated October 17, 1877.

A certificate stating that H. G. Nickerson is a member of the Wyoming Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters for the year 1881-1882. Signed by John W. Hoyt, President. Dated December 23, 1881.

Letter signed by E. S. N. Morgan, Secretary of Wyoming Territory, and dated May 22, 1882, in which H. G. Nickerson is authorized as a Commissioner for the Denver National Exposition.

Certificate signed by John W. Hoyt, Governor of Wyoming Territory, and E. S. N. Morgan, Secretary of Wyoming

Territory, in which Captain Nickerson is commissioned a Commissioner for the Denver National Exposition. Dated May 20, 1882.

On Jan. 12, 1883, Captain Nickerson's Certificate of Election for representative from Sweetwater County, Eighth Legislative Assembly, Wyoming Territory, was signed by William Hale, Territorial Governor, and E. S. N. Morgan, Acting Governor and Secretary of Territory.

Letter written to H. G. Nickerson by E. S. N. Morgan, Secretary of Wyoming Territory, in which Captain Nickerson is commissioned as a Commissioner to organize the County of Fremont. Dated March 27, 1884.

Certificate authorizing H. G. Nickerson as a Commissioner to organize Fremont County. Signed by William Hale, Governor of the Territory and E. S. N. Morgan, Secretary. Dated March 27, 1884.

On May 3, 1884, Captain Nickerson received two commissions from the Territory of Wyoming. One was for County Treasurer for Fremont County and the other for Probate Judge. Both documents carry the beautiful Territorial Seal and are signed by the Acting Governor, E. S. N. Morgan.

On May 11, 1885, the proclamation declaring the 30th of May, 1885, as Memorial Day, is signed by E. S. N. Morgan, Acting Governor and Secretary of Wyoming Territory.

H. G. Nickerson is appointed Aide de Camp by the Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. Dated June 27, 1890.

Certificate designating that H. G. Nickerson has been appointed Agent for the Indians of the Shoshone Agency in Wyoming. Signed by President William McKinley and Cornelius N. Bliss, Secretary of the Interior. Dated February 15, 1898.

Letter to Captain Nickerson signed by William McKinley, President of the United States.

Letter written to Captain Nickerson by Garret A. Hobart, of Paterson, New Jersey, Nov. 24, 1896.

Letter from James Boyle, Private Secretary to President McKinley, Nov. 24, 1896.

Letter signed by M. A. Hanna, Dec. 1, 1896.

Certificate of membership in the McKinley National Memorial Association. This also carries the signature of M. A. Hanna. President McKinley and Captain Nickerson were Civil War comrades of the Ohio 23d Regiment.

Two letters from Colonel John C. Fremont written by Captain Nickerson. These letters are dated March 22, 1884, and September 8, 1887. They are written from the summer home of Colonel Fremont in New Jersey. They are mounted with glass and framed with copper so that the letters can be easily read.

One copy of the Wind River Mountaineer, Lander, August 19, 1886.

One copy of Rules and Committees of the Constitutional Convention of Wyoming, 1889.

One copy of United States Mining Laws and Regulations thereunder, General Land Office, June 10, 1872.

Lead pencil list of the names and politics of the first Territorial Council and Assembly held in the Territory of Wyoming.

Address of General E. P. Scammon, First Colonel of the 23d O. V. V. I., at Annual Reunion, Lakeside, Ohio, August 22, 1888.

Diaries kept by Captain Nickerson during the years 1866, 1873 and 1889. The 1866 diary is written in shorthand.

A pamphlet containing the Story of the Lost Train to Oregon.

Picture of eighteen Civil War soldiers and a drummer boy. Undated.

Picture of the members of the Eighth Legislative Assembly, Wyoming Territory, 1884.

Picture of President Lincoln and his Generals in the Civil War.

Picture of South Pass City, in Wyoming.

Picture of Atlantic City, in Wyoming.

Picture of sixteen Civil War Veterans who were also pioneers of Fremont County, Wyoming.

Official report of the Oregon Trail Commission, 1920.

The following newspaper clippings:

A man by the name of John O'Grady frozen to death between Fort Washakie and the railroad. Acting Coroner Justice Nickerson, of Miners Delight, empanels a jury and holds an inquest. Dated March 31, 1880.

"Effect Woman's Suffrage," an address by Mrs. Hansen of Wyoming, before the Political Equality Club, Des Moines, Iowa, June 2, 1899.

The Future of Miners' Delight, a deserted mining camp in the mountains, at an elevation of 8,500 feet, where nuggets of pure gold have been taken from the adjacent mountains and gulches, valued at hundreds of dollars. Undated.

Lander, a new town in an old settled community, wherein agriculture, stock raising and mining proves profitable. Undated.

Henry DeWolf; golden wedding; death; poem written by Addie E. Holmberg, entitled "Farewell, Old Pioneer." Clipping is made from the Wyoming State Journal, August 29, 1928.

The following army papers:

Special Orders No. 9. Dated December 2, 1863, Camp White, West Virginia.

An army circular dated July 12, 1864, and the poem written by J. A. Smith, Company "K", 28th Iowa Volunteers, and both signed at Cedar Creek, September 18, 1864, by Captain Nickerson.

Sergeant Nickerson is commissioned Captain in the 186th Regiment, O. V. I. Signed by R. B. Hayes, Brig. General. Dated March 1, 1865, Columbus, Ohio.

H. G. Nickerson is appointed Captain in the 186th Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry, in the service of the United States by John Brough, Governor of the State of Ohio. Dated March 4, 1865.

Special Orders No. 111. Dated April 10, 1865, Columbus, Ohio.

Special Orders No. 6. Dated April 22, 1865, Cleveland, Tenn. Captain Nickerson is honorably discharged from the service of the United States on September 18, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.

Special Orders No. 111. Dated September 23, 1865, Columbus, Ohio.

Document from the Adjutant General's office of the State of Ohio, giving the dates of H. G. Nickerson's enrollment in the army, promotions, and discharges. Dated February 26, 1884, Columbus, Ohio.

Soldiers' Memorial. List of soldiers in Company "D", 23d Reg't Ohio Vet. Vols. H. G. Nickerson was at this time 1st Sergeant. Undated.

List of names and addresses of the enlisted men of Co. "I", 186th Reg't Ohio Volunteers. Undated.

One transfer card recommending James Ryan for admission into any Post of the Order (Grand Army of the Republic). Dated June 30, 1886, Fort Custer, Montana.

Muster-in Roll of Captain Nickerson. Undated.

Two blank army discharge papers.

Letter to H. G. Nickerson from J. P. and S. I. Wright, United States Pension and Claim Attorneys, containing instructions regarding the procuring of a pension.

Note from the Bureau of Pensions, Army and Navy Survivors Div., Washington, D. C. Undated.

Three Wells, Fargo and Express Company Waybill books:

Waybills from Bryan Station into the Sweetwater Mining District. 1870.

Waybills from Bryan Station into the Sweetwater Mining District. Jan., 1870, to June, 1877.

Waybills forwarded from the Sweetwater Mining District to Bryan Station. Dated 1870.

Myers, E. P.—Two framed pictures of the Boulder Dam, dated 1913. One framed picture of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. One picture of the Underwood Livestock Company Float, three Red Cross pictures, one Boy Scout picture, two Y. W. C. A. pictures, one picture of the inauguration of Frank C. Emerson as Governor of Wyoming, two class pictures of Cheyenne High School students, one picture of Frank Clark's garage in Cheyenne, one picture of the 15th District Lions International Float, two pictures of the Union Pacific Machine Shops in Cheyenne, one picture of a Children's Clinic, a group picture of the different Governors taken at the time of their meeting in Cheyenne in 1926, a picture of an old map of the United States dated 1853, negatives of the above map, two pictures of the plane "Spirit of St. Louis" taken in 1927, two pictures of the Pole Mountain Reserve dated 1926, one picture of the C. M. T. C. Cavalry Base Ball Team, C. M. T. C. mess line at F. S. King's Ranch taken July 1, 1926, a picture of the C. M. T. C. boys in camp at the F. S. King Ranch on July 1, 1926, one picture of the C. M. T. C. Field Artillery dated June, 1926.

Allen, George—An Indian axe found on the farm belonging to his brother, William Allen, near Azalia, Indiana.

- Johnson, Arthur C.—A copy of the Annual Stock Show Edition of The Denver Daily Record Stockman for 1930.
- Willard, James F.—A 1913 report on the archives of the State of Wyoming written by Mr. Willard, who is the Professor of History at the University of Colorado.
- Ellis, Mrs. Charles—Seven original manuscripts:—"Life of Oscar Collister," "Michael Quealy," "Jens Hansen," "Frederick Herman," "Robert Foote," "David Ellis," "William Richardson."
- Richardson, Clarence—Pamphlet entitled "Pioneering Western Trails with Clarence Richardson." It is an address delivered before the Cheyenne Rotary Club on December 18, 1929.
- Crow, I. R.—An invitation to attend the grand ball and entertainment given to celebrate the opening of Wisner's Hotel, at the Forks of Hay Creek, on Miles City Road, Sept. 11, 1883. An invitation to attend the opening ball at Slaughter's New Opera House, Douglas, Wyoming, June 1, 1887.
- Durbin, Thomas F.—A program for the opening night of the New Cheyenne Opera House, Thursday, May 25th, 1882. These programs were perfumed by Geo. W. Hoyt. Emblem from the 50th Annual Communication, Grand Lodge A. F. & A. M. of Wyoming, Laramie, Aug. 27-28, 1924. Two McKinley-Hobart buttons, one Mondell button, bearing these words: "Protection, Bimetallism," one Theodore Roosevelt button, one Methodist Sunday School button. Emblem from the 40th Convocation General Grand Chapter held in Denver, Colorado, in 1921. Two Royal Arch Masonic emblems from the convention held in Denver in 1921. A Pythian Veteran medal which belonged to Geo. L. Durbin, brother of Mr. Thomas Durbin. Two Masonic badges. Knight Templar buttons taken from Mr. Durbin's coat. Badge from the Panama Pacific International Exposition held in San Francisco in 1915. Revolver patented in 1865 by E. Allen & Co. of Worcester, Mass. Official Brands, State of Wyoming, 1908. Thomas Durbin, Secretary. Shiloh Battlefield Association Badge, April 6-7, 1862. One copy of the Commencement number of the *Lariat*, published by the Cheyenne High School in 1904. Three tickets to the Floto Circus in 1904. Exposition Universelle Badge, 1889. Good luck piece from the Denver Gas and Electric Co. Eleven business documents dated 1919 and 1921. The following First National Bank Books in account with the Durbin Bros.: Aug. 2, 1877-Sept. 30, 1880; Oct. 13, 1880-Apr. 1, 1884; Aug. 17, 1882-Mar. 20, 1884; Apr. 1, 1884-Jan. 23, 1888; Mar. 18, 1884-June 25, 1886; Jan. 2, 1890-July 2, 1893. Letters regarding the Silver Anniversary of the Grand Chapter Order of Eastern Star of Wyoming and an invitation to attend. Program from the Grand Chapter of Wyoming, Order of the Eastern Star, 25th Anniversary, held on Sept. 11 and 12, 1922, in Rawlins, Wyoming. By Laws and official directory Wyoming Number 1, Knights Templar, 1914. By Laws and official directory, Wyoming Chapter No. 1, Royal Arch Masons, 1920.
- Burnett, Edward—A phostat map published by the Kansas Pacific Railroad in 1878 in which there is given a reasonably correct outline of what is known as the old Chisolm Trail.



